THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 18, 1908

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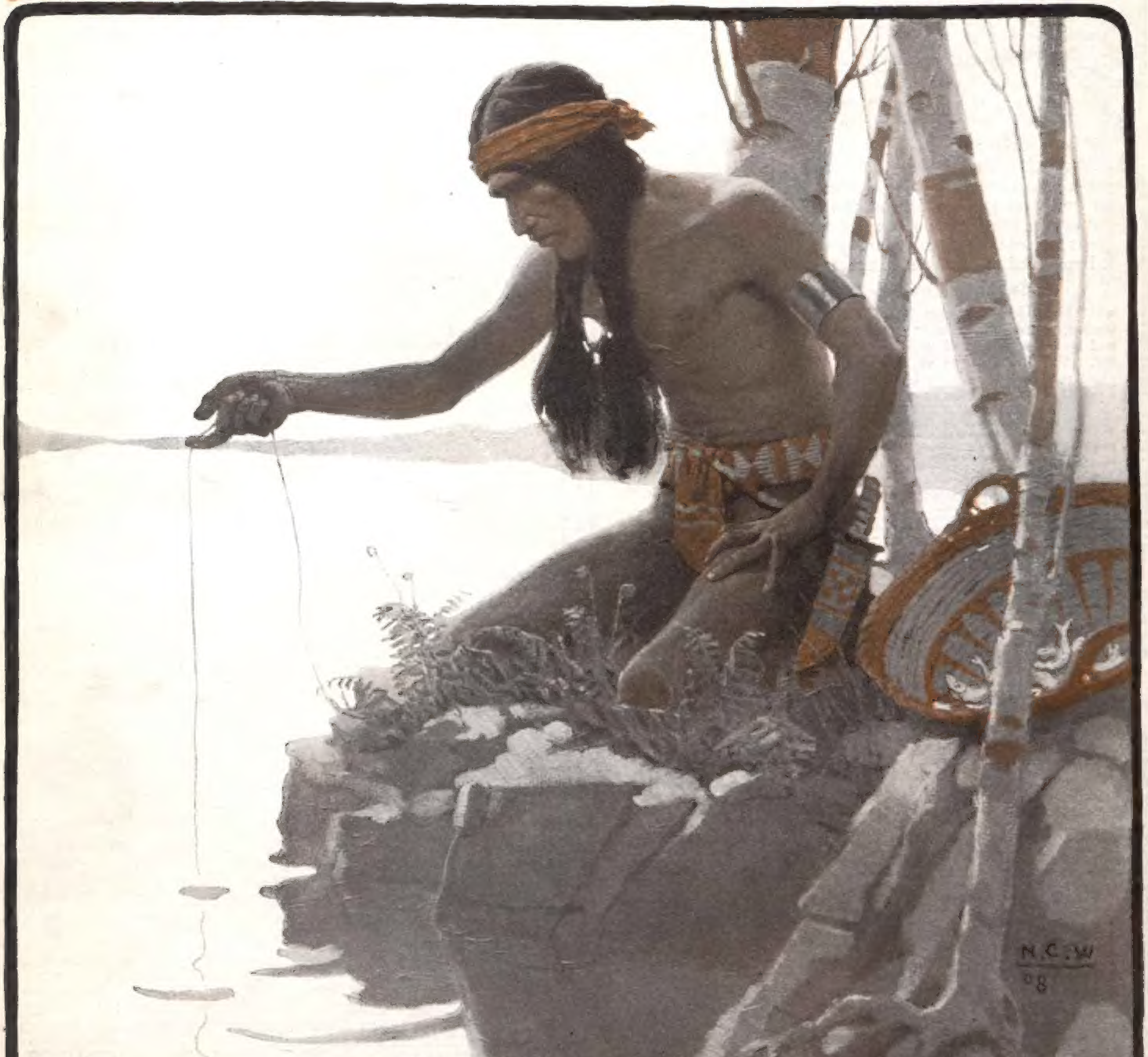

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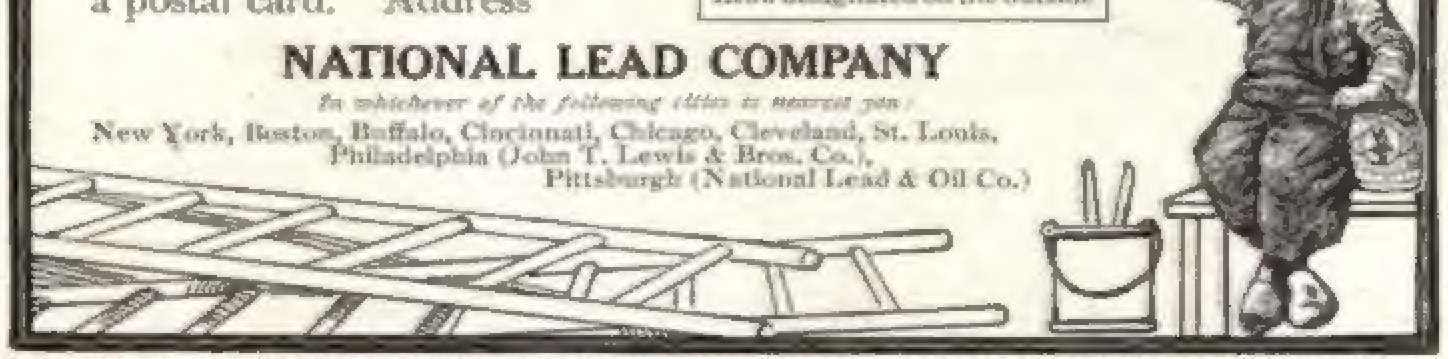

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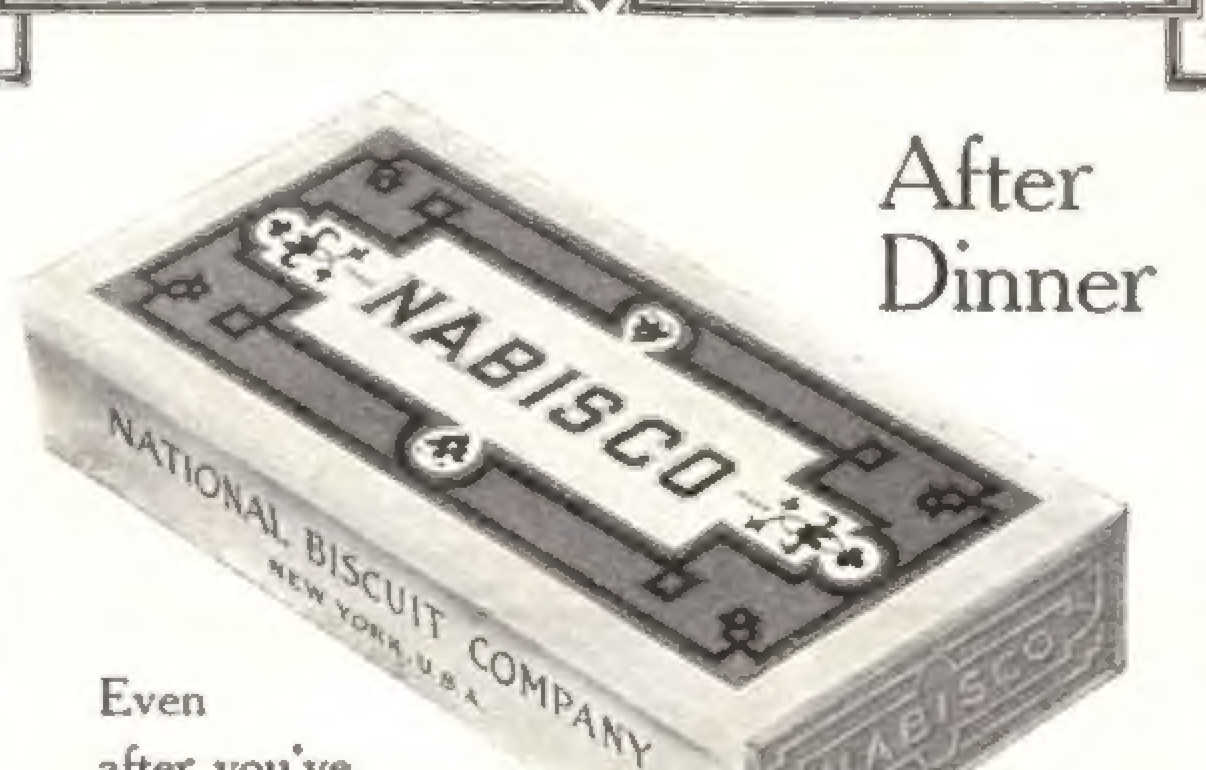

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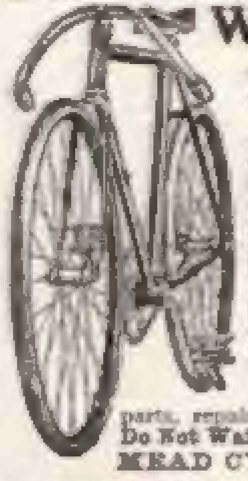

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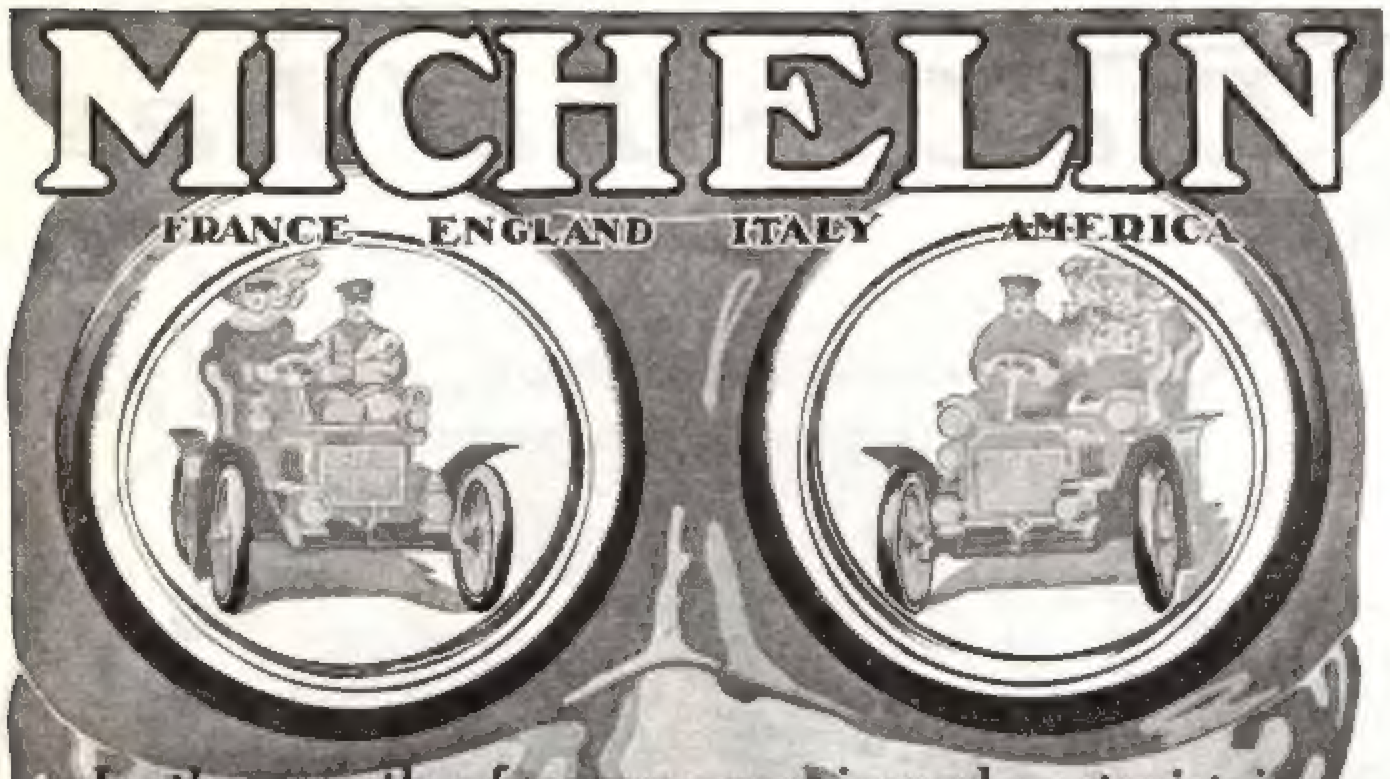

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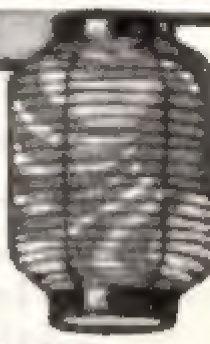

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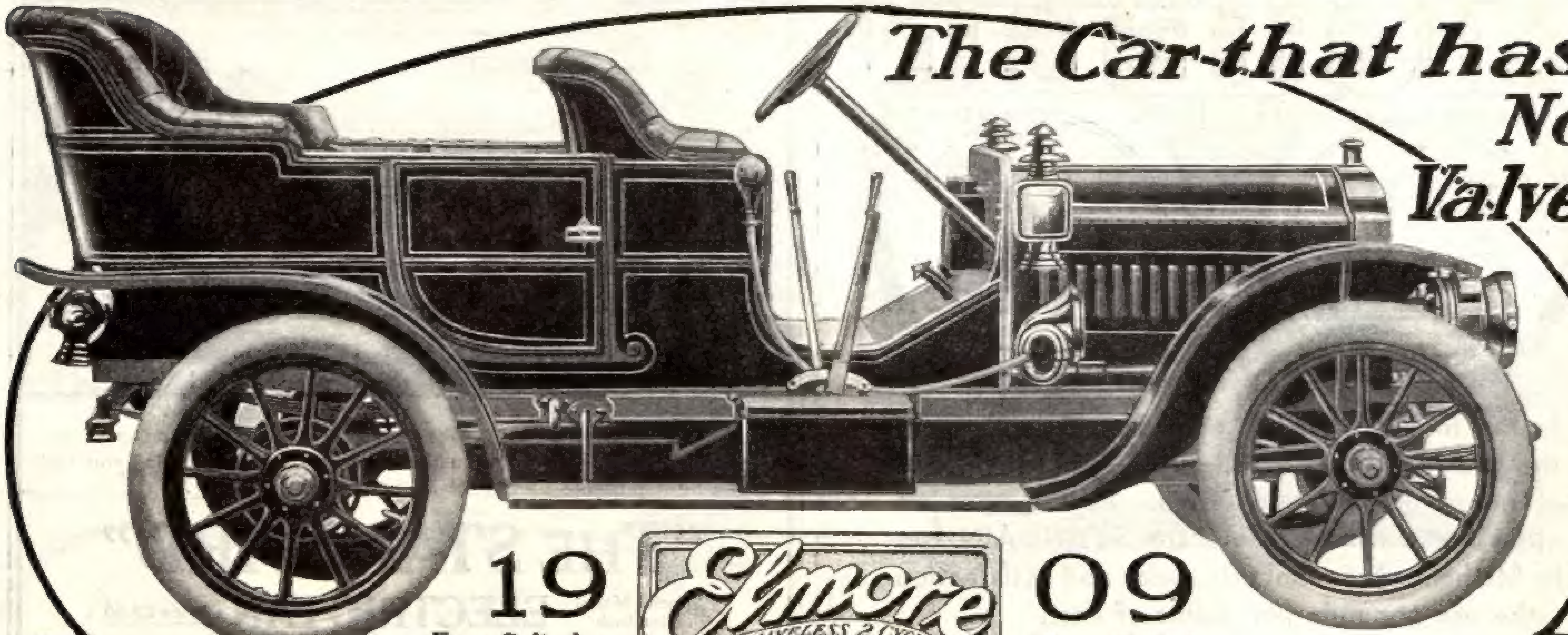

19 **Elmore** 09

VALVELESS 2 CYCLE

Four Cylinder
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Three Cylinder
$1750

The Reason Why the 1909 ELMORE is ready thus early is both interesting and important

It is important, because the country has once more absorbed the increased output of the Elmore plant with an eagerness that compelled us as far back as the first of last April to decline any further orders for the 1908 car.

The significance of this—its importance to you—in turn consists in the fact that the Elmore is totally at variance in its principles of construction with any other car now before the public.

Its astounding growth in popular favor is due precisely to the fact that it does so differ from the ordinary car—that both in basic idea and in operative qualities it is unique and different.

In short, the virtues of the Elmore—the peculiar qualities and advantages which have caused the public to exhaust the supply thus early for the past *two* seasons—arise from the fact that it is elementally simple; that it has no valves; and that it possesses the most perfect ignition system in the world.

The output was exhausted last year and this year, because a rapidly growing number of people have found out the simple but astounding fact that the only way to get two cycle advantages and avoid four cycle disadvantages, is to own an Elmore.

That these advantages are real, tangible, and vital to the economy, comfort and satisfaction of every moment you spend in the car, is demonstrable within a very few moments' riding.

The superb riding qualities which come from the unbroken application of power—riding qualities which are mechanically impossible with the intermittent four cycle—the investigator perceives almost immediately. He finds himself for the first time absolutely free from the mental strain he always experiences in any other car.

The advantage of an engine free from valves he grasps before the Elmore dealer can elucidate it.

And so the Elmore valveless, two cycle idea has been growing just as rapidly as people could find those things out—find out in other words that no matter what price they pay for a four cycle car they must take it as it comes, with all its inherent difficulties and weaknesses, and that there is no way of securing the desirable features which the four cycle lacks, without owning an Elmore.

Tempt an Elmore owner with a low price on a four cycle car of any make, and he will reply: "Why should I put up with a car which lacks the vital virtues of the Elmore valveless, two cycle engine, no matter what price you offer me?"

The Elmore owner never changes. Suggest to him a six cylinder car, and he will retort: "Why have six cylinders, with all their trappiness and expense, when I can get the same results—and the one important result of unbroken power which your six cylinder has—with half as many cylinders in an Elmore?"

Show him a car of lavish cost—even of the most distinguished foreign manufacture—and he will smile and say: "It has all the four cycle handicaps; it is hampered with intermittent power; it has valves; its ignition system in comparison with that of the Elmore is faulty; and by reason of the very fact that it is four cycle, it costs more to maintain."

We believe that during the coming season there will be five Elmore converts from the four cycle field, for every three who changed last year.

Therefore, in all seriousness and sincerity we would urge you to an early investigation of the 1909 Elmore—if the superiorities implied in the Elmore valveless two cycle engine appeal to you at all. If they do not—any one of a dozen or more four cycle cars will answer your purpose.

We warned our dealers early in the last season that even with an increased output and the output in other factories reduced, we could not meet the demand for 1908.

Again we wish to state our belief that we will not be able to keep pace with the growth of the Elmore's popularity—tho' we have once more almost doubled our capacity.

Send for the 1909 Literature.

The Elmore Manufacturing Company, 704 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

Members A. L. A. M.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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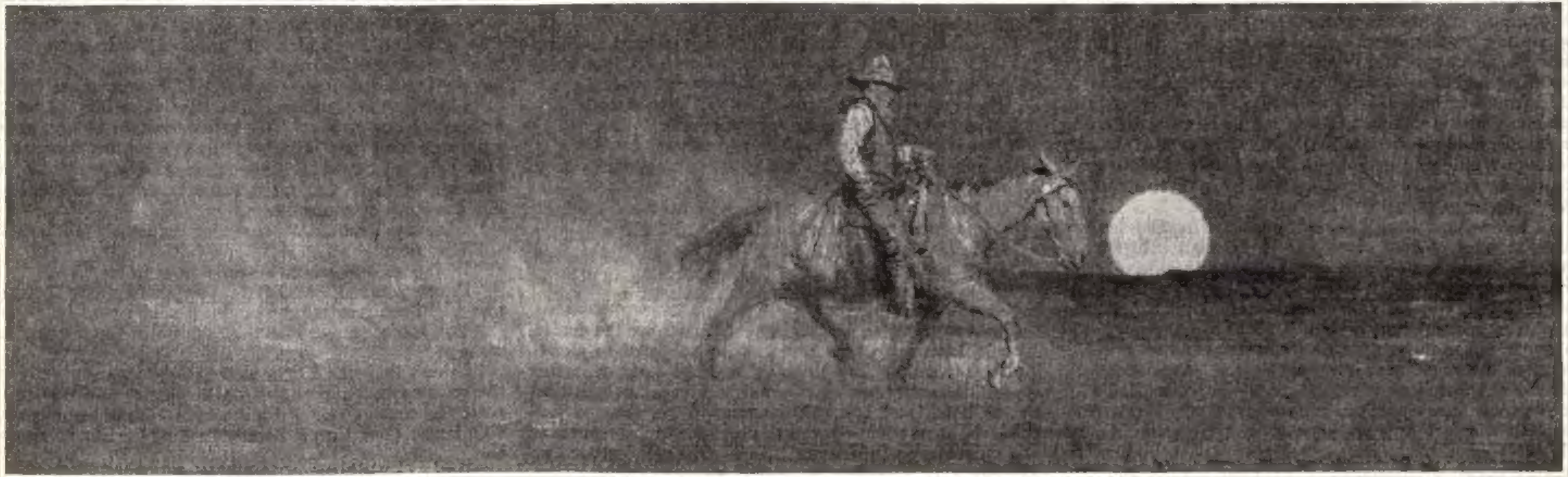
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 181 PHILADELPHIA, JULY 18, 1908 Number 3

THE GIFT HORSE



By OWEN WISTER

AUTHOR OF THE VIRGINIAN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

I SAT high up amid white Winter and looked far down where Autumn stayed, looked at Wind River shrunk to map-size at the mountain's feet, a basking valley, a drowsy country, tawny and warm, winding southeastward away to the tawny plain, and there dissolving with air and earth in one great hazy, golden sleep. Somewhere in that slumberous haze beyond the buttes and utmost foothills, and burrowed in the vast unfeatured level, lay my problem, Still Hunt Spring.

I had inquired much about Still Hunt Spring. It was a place that every man seemed to know of, but never any man you talked with had been to. Scipio I except; Scipio assured me he had been once to it. It was no easy spot to find; a man might pass it close and come back and pass it on the other side, yet never guess it was at his elbow: so they said. The Indians believed it was not there every day, few of them would talk readily about it; but it was they who had showed it first to the white man. And because they repeated of a valley two hundred feet deep, a mile long and a quarter-mile wide at its widest, this haunted legend of presence and absence, its name now possessed my mind. Like a fragment of music it recurred in my thoughts each day of my November hunting in the mountains of Wind River. Still Hunt Spring—down there, somewhere in that drowsy distance out from the mountains in the plain it lay. One trail alone led down into its bottom; from one end to the other—they said—grew a single file of trees so lank and tall it was as if they stood on stilts to see out over the top, and at the farther end was a spring, small, cold and sweet; though it welled up in the midst of the sage-brush desert, there was no alkali—they said—in that water. Still Hunt Spring!

One night suddenly, at supper, I announced to my two camp companions my new project: next summer I should see Still Hunt Spring for myself.

"Alone?" Scipio inquired.

"Not if you will come."

"It is no tenderfoot's trail."

"Then if I find it I shall cease to be a tenderfoot."

"Go on," said Scipio with indulgence. "We'll not let you stay lost."

"It is no tenderfoot's place," the cook now muttered.

"Then you have been there?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "I am in this country for my health," he drawled. On this a certain look passed between my companions, and a certain laugh. A sudden suspicion came to me, which I kept to myself until next afternoon when we had broken this camp where no game save health seemed plentiful, and were down the mountains at Horse Creek and Wind River.

"I don't believe there is any such place as Still Hunt Spring."

This I said sitting with a company in the cabin known later on the Postal Route map as Dubois. The nearest post-office then was seventy-five miles away. No one spoke until a minute after that, I suppose, when a man slowly remarked: "Some call that Blind Spring."

He was presently followed by another, speaking equally slowly: "I've heard it called Arapaho Spring."

"Still Hunt Spring is right." This was a heavy, rosy-faced man, of hearty and capable appearance. His clothes were strong and good, made of whipcord, but his maroon-colored straw hat was what one most remarked at this season. His voice asserted itself, having in it something of authority, if not of threat. "Some claim there's such a place," he continued, eying me steadily and curiously, "and some claim there's not." Here he made a pause. "But I tell you there is."

Were these men concerted to practice on tenderfoot credulity, or what was it? I was framing a retort when sounds of trouble came from outside.

"Man down in the corral," said somebody. "It's that wild horse."

Scipio met us, running. "No doctor here?" he began. "McDonough has bruck his leg, looks like." But the doctor was seventy-five miles away, like the post-office.

"Who's McDonough?" inquired the rosy-faced man with the straw hat.

A young fellow from Colorado, they told him, a new settler on Wind River this summer. He had taken up a ranch on North Fork and built him a cabin. Hard luck if he had broken his leg; he had a bunch of horses; was going to raise horses; he had good horses. Hard luck!

We found young McDonough lying in the corral, propped against a neighbor's kindly knees. The wild horse was snorting and showing us red nostrils and white eyes in a far corner; he had reared and fallen backward while being roped, and the bars had prevented dodging in time. Dirt was ground into McDonough's flaxen hair, the skin was tight on his cheeks, and his lips were as white as his large, thick nails; but he smiled at us, and his strange blue eyes twinkled with the full spark of humor undaunted.

"Ain't I a son of a gun?" he began, and shook his head over himself and his clumsiness. Further speech was stopped by violent vomiting, and I am enough of a doctor to have feared then that this augured worse hurt than a leg broken. But no blood came up, and soon he was talking to us again, applying to himself sundry jocular epithets which were very well in that rough corral, but which must stay there.

He was lifted to the only bed in the cabin, no sound escaping him, though his lips remained white, and when he thought himself unwatched he shut his eyes; but he kept them open and twinkling at any one's approach. They were singular, perplexed eyes, evidently very large, but deep-set, their lids screwed together; later that evening I noticed that he held his playing-cards close up to them, and slightly to one side. Scipio called him "skewbald," but I could see no defect answering to this. He was not injured internally, it proved later, but his right leg, as all of us could see, was broken above the ankle. We had to cut his boot off, so swollen already was the limb. The heavy man with the straw hat advised getting him to the hospital at the post without delay, and regretted he himself had not come up the river in his wagon; he could have given the patient a lift. With this he departed upon a tall roan horse, with an air about him of business and dispatch uncommon in these parts. Wind River horsemen mostly managed to look as if there was no such thing as being behind time, because there was no such thing as time.

"Who is he?" I asked, looking after the broad back of whipcord and the unseasonable straw hat.

All were surprised. Did I not know Lem Speed, the biggest cattleman in the country, with a store and a bank in Lander, and a house in Salt Lake, and a wife in Los Angeles, and a son at Yale?

"Up here looking after his interests?" I pursued.

"Up here looking after his interests." My exact words were given back to me in that particular tone which showed I was again being left out of something.

"What's the matter with my questions?" I asked.

"What's the matter with our answers?" said a man. Truly, mine had been a tenderfoot speech, and I sat silent.

McDonough's white lips regained no color that night, and the skin drew tighter over the bones of his face as the hours wore on. He was proof against complaining, but no stoic endurance could hide such pain as he was in. Beneath the sunburn on his thick hand the flesh was blanched, yet never did he ask once if the hay wagon was not come for him. They had expected to get him off in it by seven, but it did not arrive until ten minutes before midnight; they had found it fifteen miles up the river, instead of two. Sitting up twisted uncomfortably, he played cards until one of the company, with that lovable tact of the frontier, took the cards from him, remarking, "You'll lose all you've got," and, with his consent, played his hand and made his bets for him. McDonough then sank flat, watching the game with his perplexed, half-shut eyes.

What I could do for him I did, but it was little. Finding his leg burning and his hand cold I got my brandy—their whisky was too doubtful—and I laid wet rags on the leg, keeping them wet. He accepted my offices and my brandy without a sign. Laudanum alone among my few drugs seemed applicable, and he took twenty drops of this with dumb acquiescence, but it brought him neither sleep nor doze. More I was afraid in my ignorance to give him, and so he bore, unpalliated, what must have become well-nigh agony by midnight, when we lifted him into the wagon. So useless had I been, and his screwed-up eyes with their valiant sparkle, and his stoic restraint, made me feel so sorry for him, that while they were making his traveling bed as soft as they could I scrawled a message to the army surgeon at the Post. "Do everything you can for him," I wrote, "and as I doubt if he has five dollars to his name, hold me responsible." This I gave McDonough without telling him its contents, and Scipio thus summed up the seventy-five miles the patient had before him: "I don't expect he'll improve any on the road."

In new camps among other mountains I now tried my luck, through deeper snow, thicker ice and colder days, coming out at length lean and limber, and ravenous for every good that flesh is heir to, yet reluctant to turn eastward to that city life which would unfailingly tarnish the hard, bright steel of my health. Of Still Hunt Spring I said no more, but thought often, and with plans to visit it undiscouraged. I mentioned it but once again. Old Washakie, chief of the Shoshone tribe, did me the honor to dine with me at the military post which bore his name. Words cannot tell the face and presence of that old man; ragged clothes took nothing from his dignity. A past like the world's beginning looked out of his eyes; his jaw and long white hair made you feel as tall mountains make you feel. After we had dined and I had made him presents, he drew pictures in the sand for me with his finger. Not as I expected—almost to my disappointment—this Indian betrayed no mystery concerning the object of my quest.

"Hé!" he said (it was like a shrug). "No hard find. You want see him? Water pretty good, yes. Trees heap big. You make ranch maybe?"

When he heard my desire was merely to see Still Hunt Spring I am not certain he understood me, or if so, believed me. "Hé!" he exclaimed again, and laughed because I laughed. "You go this way," he said, beginning to trace a groove in the sand. "So." He laid a match here and there and pinched up little hillocks, and presently he had it all. I tore off a piece of wrapping-paper from the store and copied the map carefully, with his comments. The place was less distant than I had thought. I thanked him, spoke of returning "after one snow" to see him and Still Hunt Spring. "Hé!" he repeated. Then he mounted and rode off without any "good-by," Indian fashion. I felt I had got a treasure from him.

McDonough's leg had knit well, and I met him on crutches crossing the parade ground. He was discharged from hospital, and (I confess it) his mere nod of greeting seemed somewhat too scant acknowledgment of the good will I had certainly tried to show him. Yet his smile was very pleasant, and while I noted his face no longer embrowned with sun and riding, but pale from confinement, I noted also the eternal twinkle in his perplexed eyes. Why should I need thanks? As he hobbled away with his yellow hair sticking out in a cowlick under his hat behind, I smiled at my smallness.

The doctor, a hospitable acquaintance I had made on first coming through the Post this year, would not listen to my paying him anything for his services to McDonough. Army surgeons, he said, were expected to render what aid they could to civilians, as well as to soldiers, in the hospital; he good-humoredly forbade all remonstrance I attempted. When civilians could pay him themselves he let them do so according to their power; it was just as well that the surrounding country should not grow accustomed to treating "Uncle Sam" as a purely charitable institution. McDonough had offered to pay, when he could, what he could afford. The doctor had thought it due to me to let him know the contents of my note, and that no such arrangement could be allowed.

"And what said he to that?" I asked.

"Nothing, as usual."

"Disgusted, perhaps?"

"Not in the least. His myopic eyes were just as cheerful then as they were the second before he fainted away under my surgical attentions. He scorned ether."

"Poor fellow! He's a good fellow!" I exclaimed.

"Mm," went the doctor doubtfully.

"Know anything against him?" I asked.

"Know his kind. All the way from Assiniboin to Lowell Barracks."

"It has made you hard to please," I declared.

"Mm," went the doctor again.

"Think he'll not pay you?"

"May. May not."

"Well, good-by, Cynic."

"Good-by, Tenderfoot."

The next morning, had there been time to see the doctor, I could have proved to him that he was hard to please. At the moment of my stepping into the early departing stage I had a surprise. McDonough had been at breakfast at the hotel, and had said nothing to me there; a nod sufficed him as usual—it was as much social intercourse as was customary at these breakfasts. The stage rattled up as I sat, and I, its only passenger, rose and spoke a farewell syllable to McDonough, who repeated his scanty nod. My next few minutes were spent in paying a bill, seeing my baggage roped behind the stage, and bidding Scipio good-by. One foot was up to get into the vehicle when a voice behind said, "So you're going."

There was McDonough, hobbled out after me to the fence. He stood awkwardly at the open gate, smiling his pleasant smile. I told him yes, and still he stood.

"Coming next year?"

Again I told him yes, and again he stood silent, smiling and awkward. Then it was uttered; the difficult word which shyness had choked: "If you come you shall have the best horse on the river."

Before I could answer him he was hobbling back to the hotel. Thus from his heart his untrained lips at last had spoken.

I drove away, triumphing over the doctor, and in my thoughts my holiday passed in review—my camps, and Scipio, and Still Hunt Spring, and most of all this fellow with his broken leg and his perplexed eyes.

At Lander they said, had I come two days earlier, I should have had the company of Lem Speed. So he and his maroon straw hat came into my thoughts too. He had started for California, I heard from the driver, whose company I sought on the box. He assured me that Lem Speed was rich, but that I carried better whisky. Trouble was "due" in this country, he said (after more of my whisky), "pretty near" the sort of trouble they were having on Powder River. Yes, trouble was "sure due"; what brought Lem Speed up here so long after the beef round-up? Still, he "guessed" he hadn't told Lem Speed anything that would hurt a poor fellow. No, sir; the big cattlemen were going to demonstrate over here as they had on the Dry Cheyenne and Box Elder. I perceived "demonstration" to be the driver's word for the sudden hanging of somebody without due process of law, and I expressed a doubt as to its being needed here; I had heard nothing of cattle or horses being stolen. This he received in silence, presently repeating that Lem Speed hadn't got anything from *him*. We left this subject for mines, and after mines we touched on more and more subjects, until I confided to him the story of McDonough.

"Of course I should never accept the horse," I finished.

"Why not?"

"Well—well—it would scarcely be suitable."

"Please yourself," said the driver shortly, and looking away. "Such treatment would not please me."

"You mean, 'never look a gift horse in the mouth,' as we say?"

"I don't know as I ever said that." A steep gully in the road caused him to put on the break and release it before he continued: "I'd not consider I had the right to do a man a good turn if I wasn't willing for him to do me one."

"But I really did nothing for him."

"Please yourself. Maybe folks are different East."

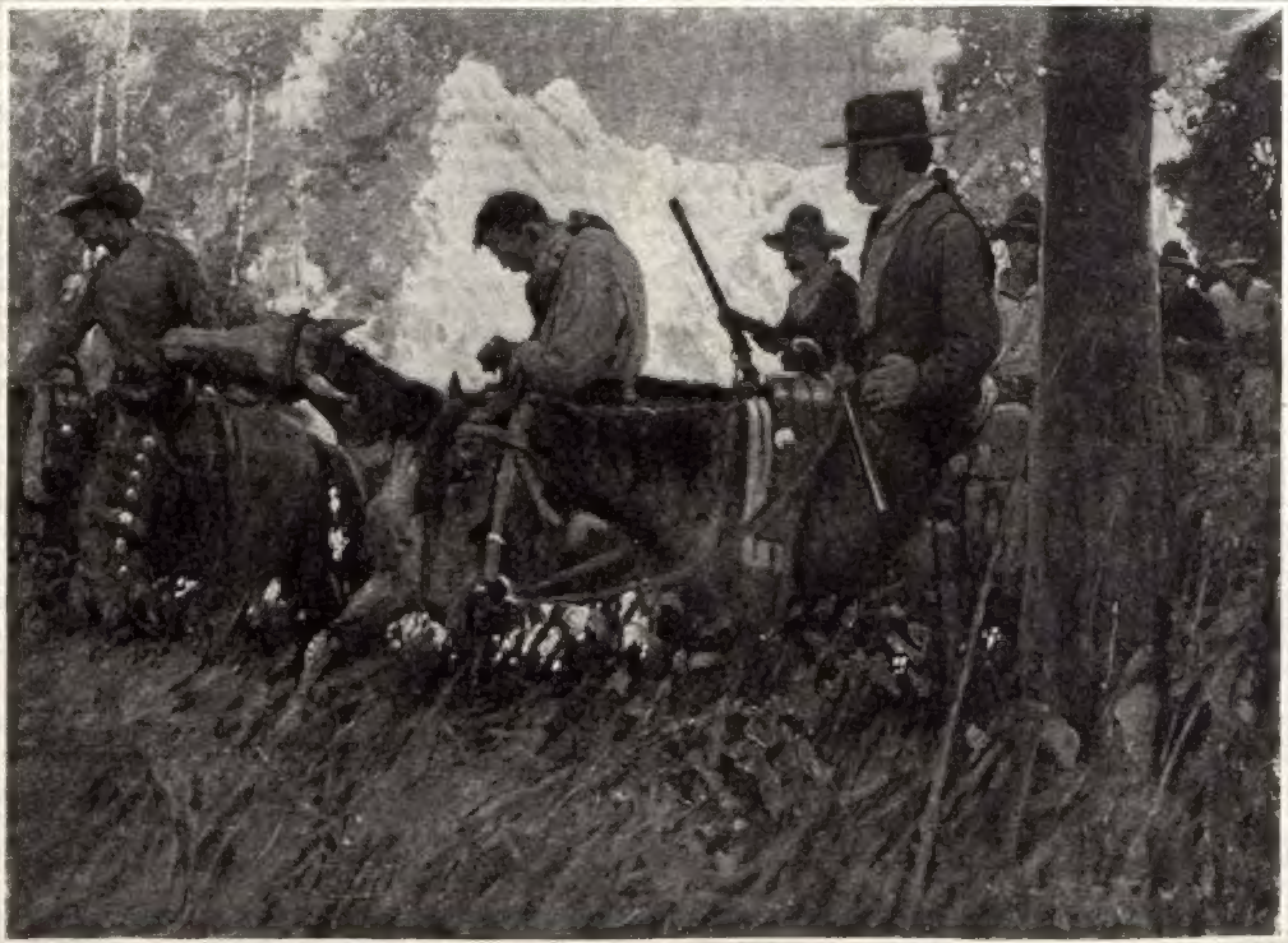
"Well!" I cried, laughing, "I understand you, and am not the hopeless snob I sound like, and I'll take his horse next summer if you will take a drink now."

We finished our journey in amity.

The intervening months, whatever drafts they made upon my Rocky Mountain health, weakened my designs not a whit; late June found me again in the stage-coach, taking with eagerness that drive of thirty-two jolting hours. Roped behind were my camp belongings, and treasured in my pocket was Chief Washakie's trail to Still Hunt Spring. My friend, the driver, was on the down stage, and so to my regret we could not take up our talk where we had left it; but I entered at once again that atmosphere of unspoken doings and misdoings which had encompassed me as I went out of the country. At the station called Crook's Gap I ran upon new rumors of Lem Speed, and asked if he had come about his interests again.

"You and him acquainted?" inquired a man on a horse. And, on my answering that I was not, he cursed Lem Speed slow and long, looking about for contradiction; then, as none present took it up, he rode sullenly away, leaving silence behind him.

When I alighted next afternoon at the Washakie post-traders' store and walked back to the private office of the building where I was wont always to repair, what I saw in



I Got on Myself, a Man on Each Side of Me that private room, through a sort of lattice which fenced it off from the general area, was a close-drawn knot of men round a table, and on a chair a maroon-colored straw hat! Rather hastily the post-trader came out and, shaking my hand warmly, drew me away from the lattice. After a few cordial questions he said: "Come back this evening."

"Does he never get a new hat?" I asked.

"Hat? Who? What? Oh; yes, to be sure!" laughed the post-trader. "I'll tell him he ought to."

I sought out the doctor, soon learning from him that McDonough had paid him for his services. But this had not modified his opinion of the young fellow, though he had heard nothing against him, nor even any mention of his name; he repeated his formula that he had known McDonough's kind all the way from Assiniboin to Lowell Barracks, upon which I again called him "cynic," and he retorted with "tenderfoot," and thus amicably I left him for my postponed gossip with the post-trader. Him I found hospitable, but preoccupied, holding a long cigar unlighted between his taciturn lips. Each topic that I started soon died away: my Eastern news; my summer plans to ramble with Scipio across the Divide on Gros Ventre and Snake; the proposed extension of the Yellowstone Park—everything failed.

"That was quite a company you had this afternoon," I said, reaching the end of my resources.

"Yes. Nice gentlemen. Yes." And he rolled the long, unlighted cigar between his lips.

"Cattlemen, I suppose?"

"Cattlemen. Yes."

"Business all right, I hope?"

"Well, no worse than usual."

Here again we came to an end, and I rose to go.

"Seen your friend McDonough yet?" said he.

"Why, how do you know he's a friend of mine?"

"Says so every time he comes into the Post."

"Well, the doctor's all wrong about him!" I exclaimed, and gave my views. The post-trader watched me in his tilted chair, with a half-whimsical smile, rolling his eternal cigar, and I finished with the story of the horse. Then the smile left his face. He got up slowly and slowly took a number of turns round his office, pottered with some papers on his desk, and finally looked at me again.

"Tell me if he does," he said.

"Offer the horse? I shall not remind him—and I should only take it as a loan."

"You tell me if he does," repeated the post-trader, now smiling again, and so we parted.

"I wonder what he didn't say?" I thought as I proceeded to the hotel. At breakfast next morning, one of the invariable characters at such breakfasts, an unshaven person in tattered overalls, with rope-scarred fists and grimy knuckles, to me unknown, said:

"Figure on meeting your friend McDonough?"

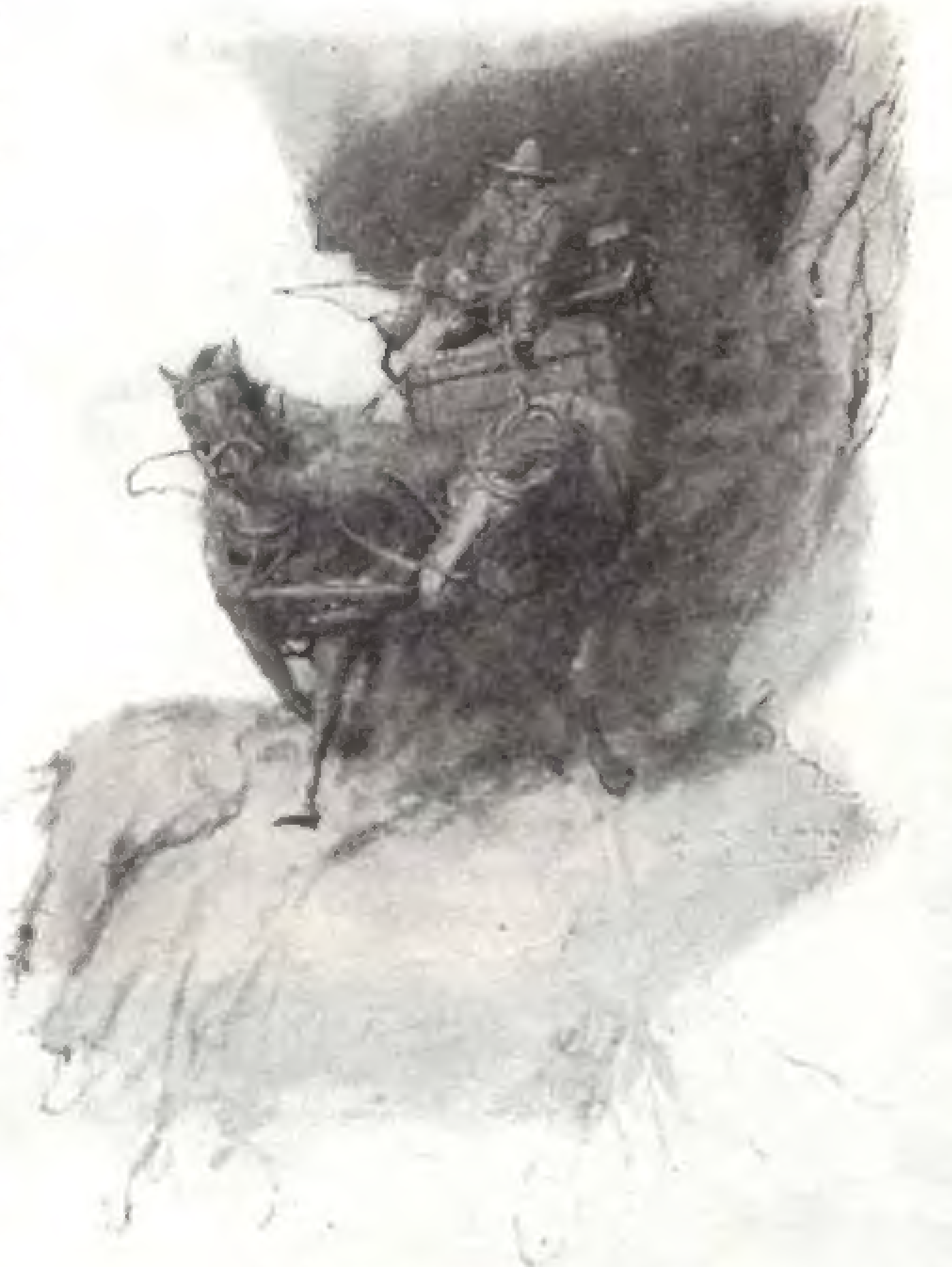
"Not if he doesn't figure on meeting me."

They all took quiet turns at looking at me until some one remarked:

"He ain't been in town lately."

"I'm glad his leg's all right," I said.

"Oh, his leg's all right."



The Stage Rattled Up as I Sat

The tone of this caused me to look at them. "Well, I hope he's *all* all right!"

Not immediately came the answer: "By latest reports he was enjoying good health."

Truly they were a desperate people to get anything direct from.

That afternoon I drove myself and my camp things out of town in a "buggy"—very different from the Eastern vehicle which bears this name—and the next afternoon between Dinwiddie and Red Creek, on a waste stretch high above the river, who should join me but McDonough. He was riding down the mountains apparently from nowhere, and my pleasure at seeing him was keen. His words were few and halting, as I remembered them, and, in his pleasant round face the blue eyes twinkled, screwed up and perplexed as ever. I abstained from more than glancing at the fine sorrel that he rode, lest I should seem to be hinting.

"Water pretty low for this season," he said.

"Was there not much snow?"

"Next to none, and went early."

I turned from my direct course and camped at his cabin.

"What's your hurry?" he said next morning when I was preparing to go.

There was no hurry indeed, those days had no hurry in them, and I bless their memory for that. I sat on a stump, smoking a "Missouri meerschaum," and telling him my plans. To the geography of my route he listened quite intently.

"So you're going to keep over the other side the mountains?" he said.

"Even to Idaho," I answered; "and home that way."

"Not back this way?"

"Not this year."

"You're settled as to that?" he said after a pause.

"Quite."

He seemed to think this over, and then gave an awkward jerk with his head toward the corral. "Like him?" he inquired gruffly. It was the sorrel horse, which I perceived was standing saddled.

"Looks good to me," I replied, adopting his gruffness.

He rose and brought the horse to me. "Get on."

"Hulloa! You've got my saddle on him."

"Get on. He ain't the one that bruck my leg."

I obeyed. Thus was the gift offered and accepted. I rode the horse down and up the level river bottom. "How shall I get him back to you?" I then asked.

McDonough's face fell. "He'll be all right in the East," he protested.

I smiled. "No, my good friend. Not that. Let me send him back with the outfit."

We compromised on this and caught white fish for the rest of the day, also shooting some young sage chickens. The sorrel proved a fine animal. Again McDonough delayed my departure. "I can broil those chickens fine," he said, "and—and you'll not be back this way."

He would not look at me as he said this, but busied with his fire. Dense doctor! I reflected, not to have been warmed by this nature. But later this lonely fellow touched my heart more acutely. A fine thought had come to me during the evening: to leave my wagon here, to leave a note for Scipio at the E A outfit, to descend Wind River to the Sand Gulch, strike Washakie's trail to the northeast of Crow Heart Butte, and on my splendid sorrel find Still Hunt Spring by myself. The whole ride need take but two days. I think I must have swelled with pride at the prospect of this secret achievement, to be divulged, when perfected, to an astonished community. But I intended to have the pleasure of divulging it to McDonough at once, and I forthwith composed a jeering note to Scipio Le Moyne.

"Esteemed friend" (this would anger him immediately), "come and find me at Still Hunt Spring if you don't fear getting lost. If you do, avoid the risk, and I will tell you all about it Friday evening. Yours, Tenderfoot."

I pushed this over to McDonough, who was practicing various cuts with a pack of cards. "That will make Scipio jump," I said.

Somewhat to my disappointment it did not have this or any effect upon McDonough. He held the paper close

(Continued on Page 27)

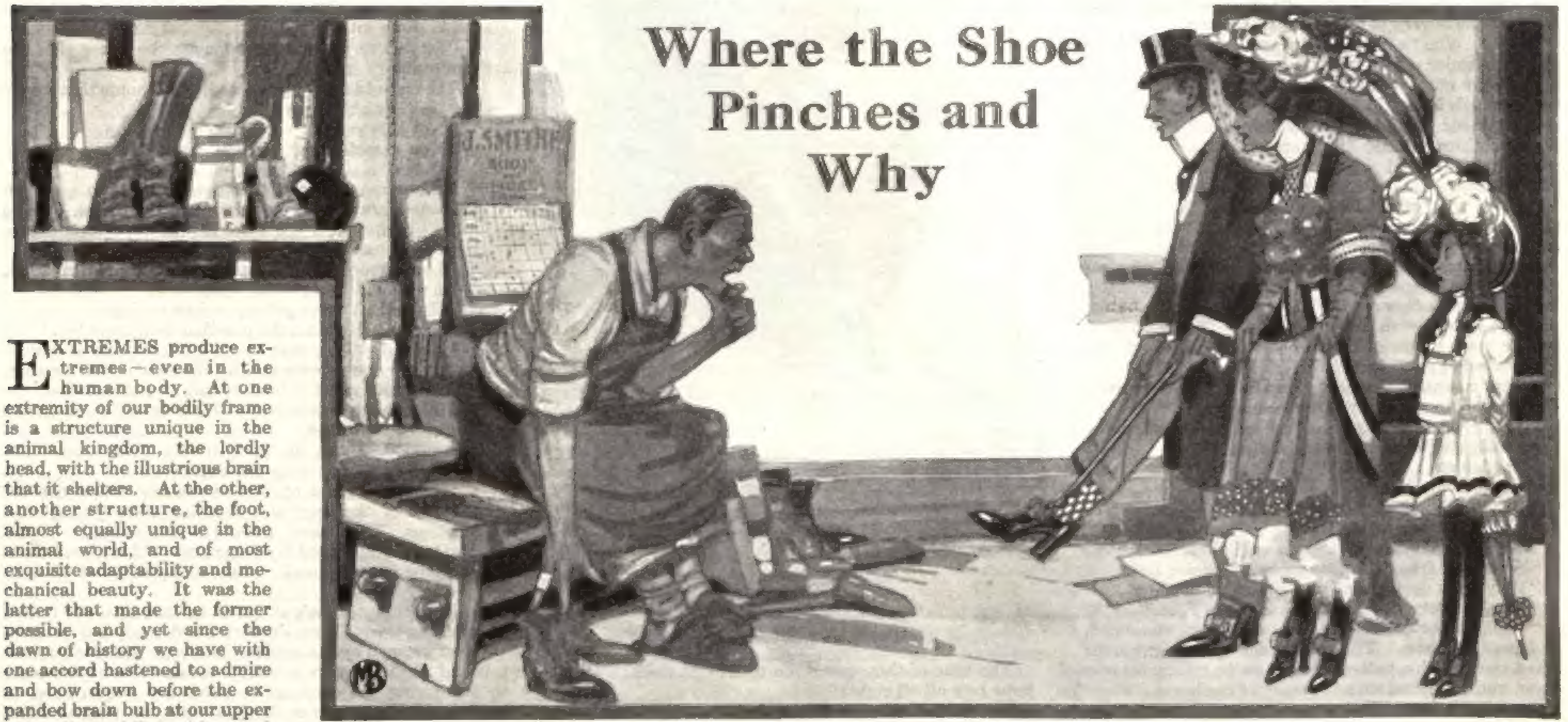
GROVER CLEVELAND

Nay, not Olympian! For better far
Than hero of the ancient sort was here;
No demigod descended from some star,
Remote, unlike, of other clay: we see,
Lying in all his faults upon this bier
What we ourselves at ourselves' best could be.
Slow to decision, sudden then to act,
And firm in resolution as the hills,
With glance encompassing th' unvarnished fact
Beyond the passing theory's painted hour,
The Master-Will of all the warring wills
That sought to wreck, but could not shake, his power;
He stood, amid the storm of falling creeds,
The cries of partisans in gain or flight,
Aloof from all the crash of dubious deeds,
Giving ungrudging all he had to give,
Yet yielding nothing of his sense of right,
Serene, secure, unmoved, conservative.
And those who saw with other minds than his
The Past's high prophecy, the Future's way,
The destined goal, saw also in him this:
The large, warm-hearted, ever kindly man,
Fearless as Night, yet open as the Day,
Simple, direct, sincere, American.
Stilled are the pounding pulse-beats, closed the eyes
That none could blind with pandering praise or blame;
The mere life passes and the mere man dies,
Flutters and fades the merely mortal breath,
BUT THAT WHICH ALWAYS WAS IS ALWAYS STILL THE SAME:
WHO CONQUERED LIFE SHALL ALSO CONQUER DEATH!

—R. W. KAUFFMAN.

The Sins of the Shoemaker

Where the Shoe Pinches and Why



By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

EXTREMES produce extremes—even in the human body. At one extremity of our bodily frame is a structure unique in the animal kingdom, the lordly head, with the illustrious brain that it shelters. At the other, another structure, the foot, almost equally unique in the animal world, and of most exquisite adaptability and mechanical beauty. It was the latter that made the former possible, and yet since the dawn of history we have with one accord hastened to admire and bow down before the expanded brain bulb at our upper extremity, while, with equal unanimity, we have thought little of, or even treated with contempt and ridicule, the equally necessary and almost equally valuable and beautiful development at our lower, or pedal, extremity. We have almost paralleled the fabled attitude of the peacock, who, it is alleged, would die of pride if it were not for his feet.

Certainly, we are almost as unanimously inclined to be ashamed of our feet as to be proud of our brains. Yet in no small percentage of cases (I will not say how large) our pride would be more justly expended upon our feet than upon our heads.

We seldom appreciate the exquisite adaptations and mechanical perfection and beauty of the human foot. Indeed, it is only sober and painful truth to say that one of the most frequent fads of fashion, of custom—even of morality—has been to endeavor to hide it from view, either by shutting it in tight leather boxes or concealing it with skirts and drapery. In many a savage tribe, in many a barbarous—nay, semi-civilized—court it has been considered the height of impoliteness to refer to the existence of the foot at all, to even imply that our High Serenity is encumbered with such a lowly and plebeian member. We fondly endeavor to keep up the delusion, in public, at least, that, like the fabled bird of paradise, we have no feet.

Even in this enlightened age we ruthlessly deprive our feet—if not of life—of liberty and the pursuit of happiness, as regards expansion, fresh air and sunlight. And then we wonder that they so frequently give us trouble. Like every other "submerged tenth" or servile class in a community, they take their revenge upon their oppressors, and a bitter one it often is. Civilized man too often has reason to be ashamed of his feet, as a result of the way in which he has maltreated and deformed them.

The Advantages of Being a Quadruped

THE first requisite for the intelligent understanding of a structure and mechanism is to know its problem—the uses which it has to subserve. The problem of the human foot is a new and exceedingly difficult one in the animal world. The support and propulsion of the quadruped is a comparatively simple affair. He has simply one prop "at each corner," upon which he can stand at rest, with almost the mechanical stolidity of a table on its legs. Like the table, three legs will support him perfectly, and he always has "one leg left" for other purposes, such as rest, repair, attack. When he wishes to move all he has to do is to propel himself upward and forward in a rising curve with his powerful hindlegs, swing his sticklike forelegs forward and catch himself on them, gather up his hindlegs and repeat the process indefinitely. Or, if slower movements are required, he can swing forward any pair of his legs, either on the same side, or diagonally, balancing meanwhile on the other pair. Consequently, he has been able to modify his limbs in a score of different ways, solely for speed purposes, and to alter his feet from the primitive five-toed pad into every conceivable shape and smaller number of claws and hoofs, even to the extreme of resting his entire weight upon a single toe-nail, expanded into a boxlike hoof, like that of the horse.

In man, with his erect position, the problem, though more similar than might appear at first sight, is markedly altered, and that in the direction of difficulty.

In the first place, instead of being able to have two kinds of feet, one to lift and throw him forward, the other to catch and support him, he has to make one kind of foot perform both functions. This means that a sufficient length of foot must be laid flat upon the ground, in order to serve as a lever to lift and throw forward the body. As this lever must have a "handle," this makes necessary the spurlike projection of the posterior arm, or heel, behind the ankle, as well as the anterior projection, or lever proper, in front. There is an unexpected biologic basis for the quaint Western gibe at a No. 11 shoe, "He'd be a right tall man if he didn't have so much of him doubled up under fer feet."

In the second place, as the body is obliged to balance itself fairly securely, in walking or running, upon one foot, it is necessary that the foot-spread should be broad as well as long. In other words, the human foot, to fulfill the demands imposed upon it by the erect position, must be of generous length for leverage, and of liberal breadth for balance and support.

A Work of Art — and Admired Accordingly

Against both of these requirements Fashion has persistently fought, with her usual inspired idiocy. Why she should have chosen to do so is a mystery, except that, everywhere we turn, in our attacks upon the shape and outline of our bodily members, feet, hands, waist, teeth, ears, lips, even head and nose, we seem to have been inspired by a firm determination just to make them "look different." From earliest savagery it has been the inveterate habit of the race to cramp and pinch its feet, to amputate one or more of its fingers, to knock out, discolor or file to a sharp point its front teeth, to distort its lips, nose and ears by rings of all sizes, to flatten the head by tight bandaging in infancy, and to compress the waist to a wasplike slenderness. A study of the whims of "beauty-makers" will go farther to make one doubt whether man can be truthfully described as a rational animal than almost anything else. The most puzzling thing about the problem is that not only are none of these "improved" or "beautified" feet, hands, eyes, teeth, waists, as efficient or as healthful as in their natural or unspoiled condition, but, though their distortion has been committed in the name of "Beauty," they are as inferior in beauty and gracefulness as they are in efficiency. The physiologist is tempted to paraphrase Madame de Stäel: "O Beauty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" The only consistent impulse that appears to have inspired them has been the desire to look different, unnatural, to produce some change in our appearance which shall be recognized as a work of art, and admired accordingly.

A Proper Pride in the Pedal Extremities

WOULD that a poet could arise who, in lofty measures, would sing, not "Arms and the Man," but "Feet and the Man!" Pride is currently reputed to be a sin. But if there be one sentiment which I would like to implant in the human bosom it is pride in our feet. They are among the most wonderful and beautiful mechanisms in the world. Yet we often cramp them into tight leather cases, carefully planned to diminish their size and hide, or even alter, their shape as much as possible, as if they were something that we were ashamed to expose to the light of Heaven. As they are now, as we have made them, we often ought to be. But as we are born, there is nothing under Heaven that we have a better right to be proud of and to exhibit on every possible occasion than our feet. It may at first sight seem almost absurd for a physiologist or hygienist to seek to alter codes of etiquette or traditions of minor morals. But the sober fact of the matter is that there are few things that do more to prevent the proper development and promote the diseases and deformities of the human foot than our present mental—and I had almost said moral—attitude toward bare feet. After the years of innocence, to be seen barefooted in public would probably fill most of us with a livelier and more irrepressible sense of shame and embarrassment than almost any other condition of *déshabillé*. Indeed, our sense of disgrace and mortification would be almost as acute as if we had been detected in some petty crime or gross impropriety. Like many of the more senseless of our pruderies and prejudices, this dread of displaying the foot is a part of that extraordinary feeling, half vice and half virtue, called modesty. But the puzzle still remains how it ever came to be included even under that capacious heading, except from its usual ostrich-like tendency to insist upon hiding every portion of the human body, and declaring the exposure of even the face, the hand, the hair of the head, or the foot to be immodest. Although, as we shall see, there are many serious practical objections, especially in our Northern climates, to going barefoot, as well as the purely conventional ones, yet there is very little question that we shall never learn to admire and appreciate as they deserve the beauties of the natural and healthy human foot until we get free of this morbid prejudice against its display in public. We rave over the beauties and "cuteness" of a baby's "footsies," but we hide our own as if they were cloven! And until we do come to admire and recognize the natural beauty of the human foot we shall never accept, or more than tolerate, the gracefulness of the proportions of the shoes or other covering which would allow it to retain and develop this shape.

Do as the Romans Did and Be Happy

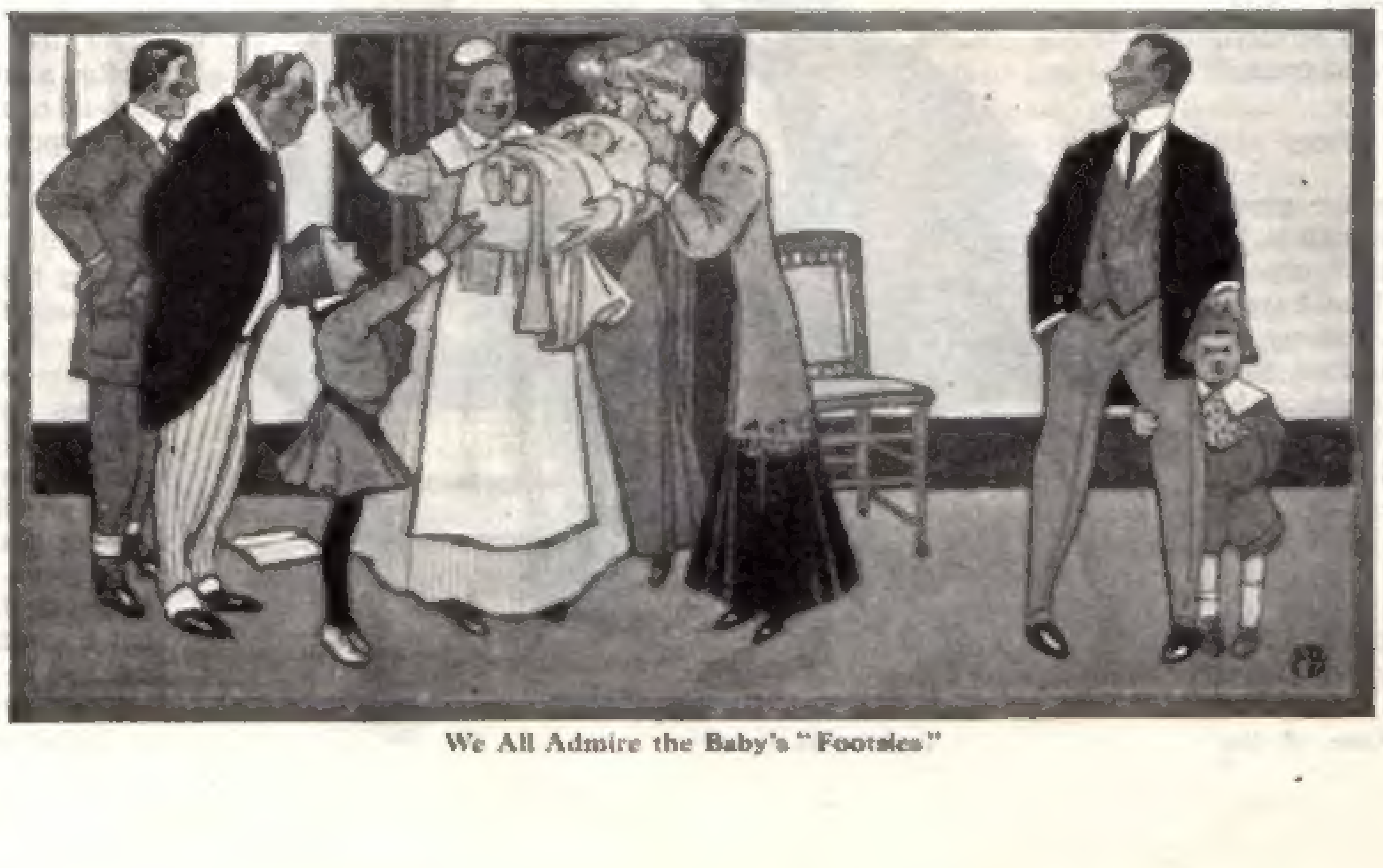
WHILE there are practical difficulties in the way, and wide differences of opinion among those who have carefully studied the question, there is fairly substantial agreement that the adoption of some form of footwear, at least indoors and upon ceremonial occasions, resembling, in its looseness, its free access of air, and its liberty for expansion and movement of the foot, the classic sandals of the Greeks and Romans, would be an immense help in our attempt to secure healthy, vigorous and beautiful feet for civilized man.

The most effective way to get rid of corns, for instance, is to make us ashamed of them, as we certainly should be if we had to exhibit them in public upon state occasions. We will gladly continue to pay the penalty of the most exquisite tortures from them, so long as we can hide them from public view, and console ourselves with the thought that they are the penalty which we pay for the ability to wear small and "beautiful" shoes.

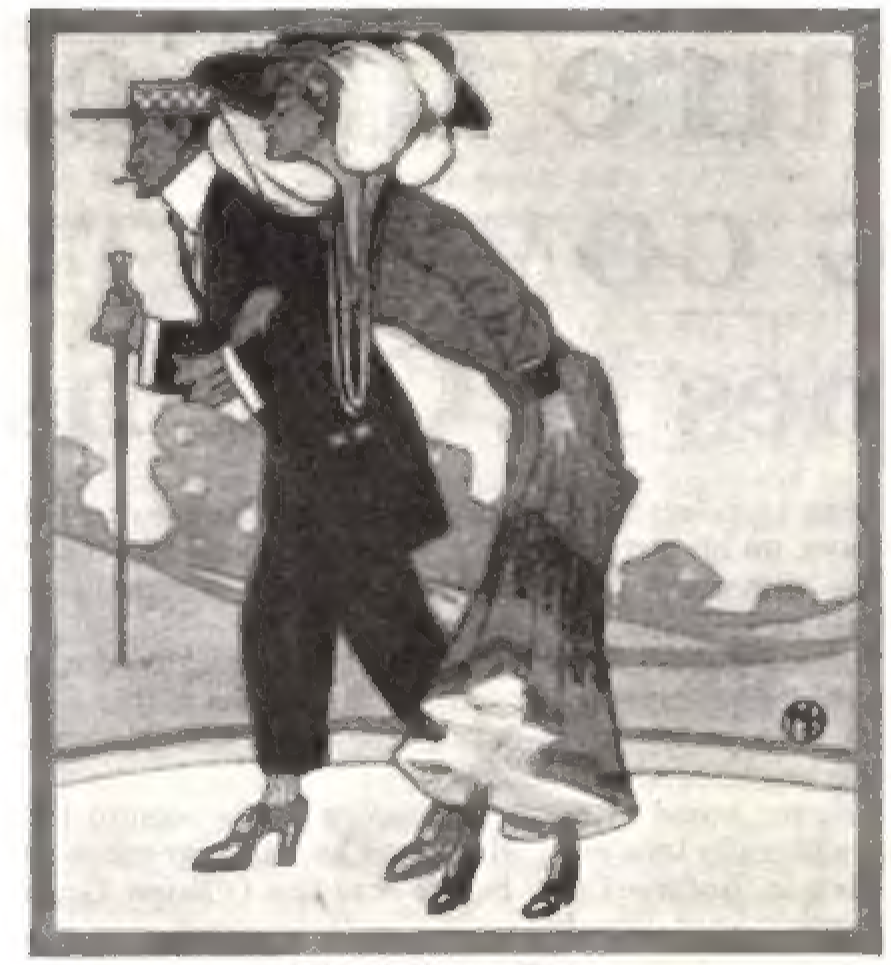
However necessary practical considerations of comfort and of protection and efficiency may make the wearing of heavy shoes upon the street and across country, I cannot see any possible objection, and much advantage every way, in releasing our feet from their bondage indoors, and during sports which, like tennis and golf, are played upon smooth surfaces, free from stumps, thorns, stones and other sources of danger to the feet. Certainly, children under ten years of age, and women during the greater part of the time that they spend indoors and are not actually working or standing upon their feet, should be encouraged to go barefoot as much as possible.

Just as a counsel of perfection, it is pretty generally agreed that the ideal footwear, except in stormy or most inclement weather, would be of the nature of a soft, porous and elastic moccasin or buskin, of cotton, silk or linen in summer, and of woolen cloth, felt or buckskin in winter, which should be worn constantly indoors, with well-ventilated sandals fastening by a simple clasp, which could be readily slipped on at the threshold for outdoor wear, and off again on returning indoors. But these, like the divided skirt, the Grecian waist-line, the soft hat with a real brim, and other details of a rational costume, appear about coeval with the millennium.

Were such footwear adopted, and the feet permitted to develop in their full natural beauty, we might even come to spend as much time upon whitening, manicuring, polishing and otherwise beautifying our feet as we do now upon our hands, for the purpose of displaying them upon state occasions. It would be quite as reasonable from either an æsthetic or a hygienic point of view, and would do infinitely more to promote our comfort and our efficiency. As it is, we load our hands with gold and diamonds, and our feet with iron and sole-leather, and then wonder that we have corns and bunions upon the latter, and never upon the former.



We All Admire the Baby's "Footsies"



The Kangaroo Droop

One of the gravest difficulties of this subject is that we do not half appreciate its importance. Even when our attention is called to the fact that our celestial intelligences must touch the earth at some point, and that the nature of the contact is of some importance, we dismiss it airily with some such time-worn pleasantry as the importance of a "good understanding," and continue placidly to hug our fashionable shoes and our corns. As a matter of cold and uncompromising fact, until we either develop wings or our intellects become sufficiently powerful to walk alone and carry the body, our only means of a leverage upon and connection with Mother Earth is through our despised feet. And the breadth and balance of that contact is a factor of greatest importance in not merely our comfort but our efficiency. Kipling has placed one of his keenest flashes of wisdom in the mouth of the ever-delightful Mulvaney, who admonishes a raw recruit on his first night in camp: "But remimber, me son, a soljer on the marrch is no bетther than his feet!" An aphorism that is fit to take rank with that of Napoleon, when reproached for spending time upon such details as bread and bacon for one of his campaigns: "An army, sir, is like a serpent—it travels on its belly." It will apply to many a soldier in the march of life who has never smelled gunpowder.

The vital importance and necessity of strong, elastic, healthy feet as a means of movement and progress in all outdoor occupations, and indoor ones that have to be carried out standing, is, of course, obvious to the dullest. Two-thirds of the breadwinners of the world are absolutely and directly dependent upon the efficiency of their feet for their ability to continue their labor. And when they are "off their feet" they are practically disabled.

The Cause of the Kangaroo Droop

BUT what we do not properly appreciate is the immense importance of firm, strong, well-expanded, pain-free feet as a basis for the entire carriage and balance of the body. So little muscular effort is required to support a quadruped that many of them habitually sleep standing. In man, on the other hand, every instant of maintenance of the erect position of the body, whether sitting or standing, is at the expense of vigorous muscular effort. The most powerful and incessant part of this effort is expended by the greatest mass of muscles in the body, namely, the "small of the back." They are like a great bowstring, subtending the forward curve of the lower half of the spinal column. Pitch the plane of support of the body forward even a few degrees, as is done by a high heel, and you instantly disturb all the delicate relations and counterplay of these great balancing muscles of the back and abdomen.

The pains and penalties attending bad shoes and weak feet are not confined to the extremities, but punish every other muscle in the body which is connected with the maintenance of the balance. No small percentage of the backaches from which we are so apt to suffer whenever fatigued, especially among the gentler sex, is due to the disturbance of balance by excessively high heels or bad shoes. Backache is the second commonest pain from which the human body suffers, because the great muscles in which it occurs are upon the most constant and unrelievable strain all through our waking hours. Everything that disturbs the plane, the expansion, or even the comfort of the feet, adds markedly to the already enormous difficulty of maintaining the erect position, and causes probably from twenty to thirty per cent. of this common and disabling pain in the back, and aggravates fifty per cent.

A striking illustration of the disturbance of the body-balance caused by very high heels is that ridiculous marsupial-like carriage, which, under the names of the "Grecian Bend," or the "Kangaroo Droop," appears upon our streets about once in twenty years, whenever one of the periodic attacks of this form of *folie circulaire* is at its height. And really, if high heels must be worn, it is much better, from a hygienic point of view, frankly to abandon the erect position and resume this semi-quadrupedal one until the periodic insanity has subsided. For the last five years we have been in the negative phase of this recurrent delusion, and many of us had even been laying the flattering unction to our souls that the short bicycle skirt and the low heel and the long last were really signs of an increasing intelligence and rationality in the human species. But, alas! There are signs that the curve is again mounting toward the positive phase. The short skirt is almost gone already, and the high heel is reappearing.

Punishing the Feet to Feed the Fancy

THE most serious aspect of the sins of the shoemaker is the degree to which some of them turn what should be the most enjoyable and exhilarating of all exercises—walking—into a labor and a punishment. Fully half the difficulty which physicians have in getting their patients to take a rational and healthful amount of exercise in the open air depends upon the disabling and punishing effects of the tight, narrow, wedge-shaped shoes, of shiny, air-proof and water-proof material, with or without high heels, which not merely etiquette, but even decency and decorum, have inexorably prescribed for formal wear during business hours and in public.

This is, of course, doubly effective in women, although it must divide the honors of percentage of crippling with the undivided skirt. When it comes to the point that you have to go home and change your shoes before you can take any real exercise with comfort you may be certain that your muscles are going to be permanently underexercised and your tissues underventilated.

The principal abuses of that double-edged gift of the gods, the shoe, are making it too tight, disturbing the proper balance and elasticity of the foot by thrusting blocks under it in the form of exaggerated or misplaced heels, making it of an unnatural shape, so as to interfere with the proper pushing movements of the foot in walking, and making it of too impervious, too rigid or too thin materials. Of course, every living human being will admit that shoes should not be too tight, as well as that the whole is greater than a part, or any other of the fundamental axioms. But equally of course, "*I* never wear my shoes tight; I have *lots* of room in them."

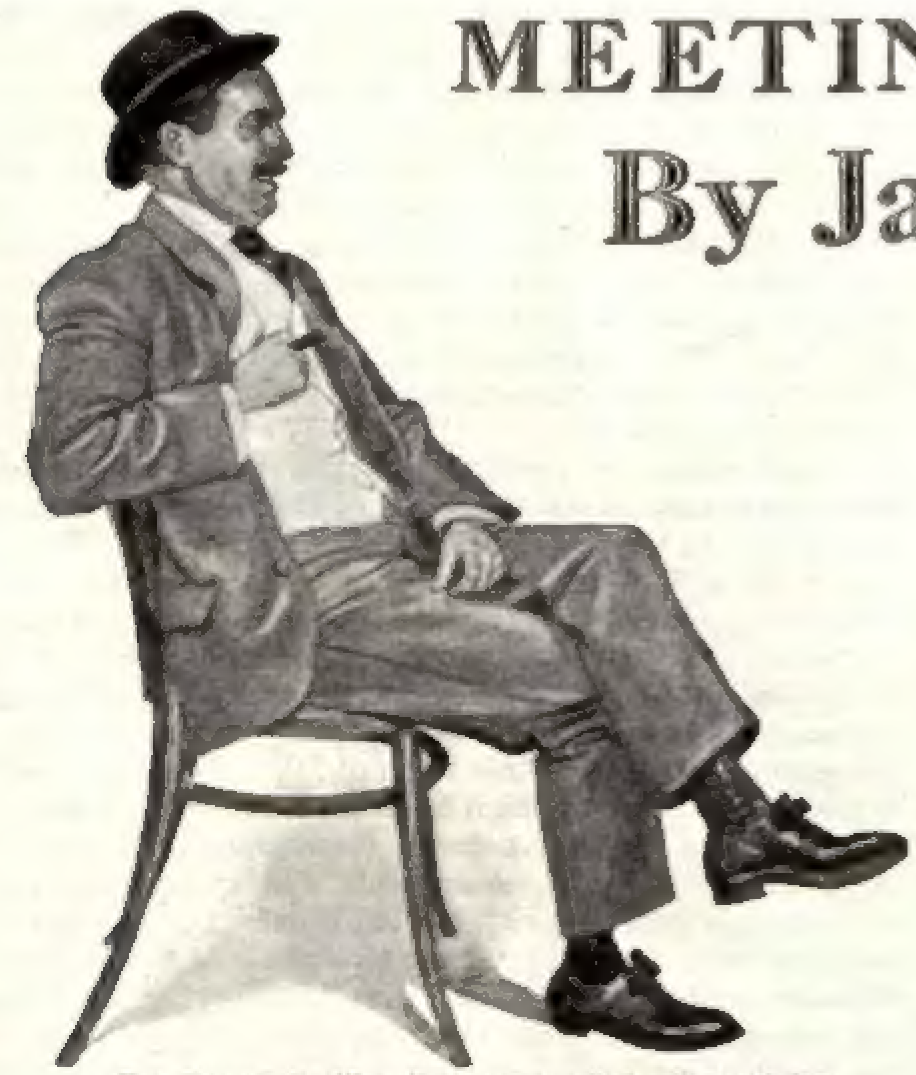
Tight shoes are like unorthodox opinions. They always belong to somebody else. Why, in the first place, we should ever be ashamed of a large foot and proud of a small one is, from a dispassionate point of view, one of those things which, in the language of Lord Dundreary, "No fellah evah can find out." We are immensely proud of a large head, of broad shoulders, a deep chest, or of six-foot stature. But of a No. 10 foot, which matches accurately with all the rest of these, and should accompany them, we are almost as acutely ashamed. A long, well-spread, well-arched, muscular foot is just as much a sign of vigor, efficiency and endurance as a big head is of great brain power. Nor is our prejudice in favor of a small foot a whit less absurd from an artistic point of view. From the foot of the Apollo Belvedere and that of the Venus de Milo to "*les beaux pieds de Trilby*" the pedal extremity which the sculptor and the artist have delighted

(Concluded on Page 30)

Human Nature in Selling Goods

MEETING COMPETITION

By James H. Collins



But Suave, Smiling Ignorance of the Opposition is the Common Policy

A GREEN young man goes out to sell goods.

It is profoundly disquieting to discover how many others are selling goods, too. Many have the same line. Men from rival houses are just ahead of him, just behind, on the same train. He waits with them in the same ante-rooms, and by diabolical devices they interrupt his argument to get a chance at the same customer.

He writes to the sales manager about this.

Yesterday, he nearly sold a bill of stuff. But the Consolidated salesman visited that customer the day before. To-day, he was just on the point of selling a bill when the customer remembered that the Consolidated man would be along to-morrow. Customers everywhere speak glowingly of the Consolidated man. He has the lowest prices, the best terms, the most reliable merchandise, the longest acquaintance in the trade—blast him! The novice suggests modifications in *our* line so it will be more like the Consolidated man's. He specifies articles he might have sold had he had them—the Consolidated man has. He telegraphs for a special quotation to help him land an order the Consolidated man is bidding on this afternoon.

But the sales-manager is deaf to suggestion and blind to improvement. He lightly puts the novice off with a funny story:

"My son, if you find just one town that hasn't been visited by competitors in ten days, don't lose a minute in wiring us—we'll buy it for a rest-cure. In twenty years on the road I found only one town like that, and hurried into it Sunday to be on hand before anybody else could get in Monday morning. I went to church. The clergyman talked to the sleepiest congregation I ever saw. He wasn't going to preach hell-fire that evening, he said. He would tell them about something a good deal worse. He wasn't going to take his text from the Scriptures. He would take it from something of the utmost importance that had happened in their own town and their own daily lives. Did they realize, dearly beloved, that the last Hebrew had given up the struggle and moved away from their town the week before —— ? Now, son, when I heard the text I didn't need any sermon, but got out of this town too, by the midnight train."

A Stalking Horse to Beat Down Prices

THAT is not especially comforting to the green salesman, however. Shut off in his complaints, he still broods secretly over competition—until experience teaches him a few things. One is, that buyers shrewdly use the Consolidated man as a dummy, to scare him and beat down his prices. Another, that they use himself in the same way to frighten the Consolidated man. Still another, that there are at least three fundamental ways to deal with any competitor:

First—Ignore him utterly.

Second—Fight him hand to hand.

Third—Use and exploit him.

Studied ignorance of competitors is often the best attitude in those lines of trade where a salesman covers the same territory season after season with staple merchandise—groceries, hardware, drugs. One of the veteran travelers for a Western grocery house learned this, he says, on his very first trip, years ago. He also learned to be discreetly uninformed about the competitors of people he sells to.

"There was a new feller in here last week," said a merchant, "representing Bryant's, in Kansas City. That must be a pretty up-to-date house, ain't it? He was an awful bright sort of a feller."

"Never heard of them before," was the prompt reply, and a literally true one. His house had an aggressive competitor in Kansas City, but it was the O'Brien Grocery Company—not Bryant.

"Well, I suppose you've sold a good bill to MacAllister down the street," continued the merchant. "Bryant's man did."

"I'd rather not talk about that, Mr. Matthews. "I'm here to find out what you need yourself."

"Why, you'd surely tell me what you sell in this town, wouldn't you? Bryant's man showed me his order book."

"No, sir! That's Mr. MacAllister's business."

"Say! young man, you act like a feller with some sense. Come back in the office and I'll look at your stuff. If you won't tell me what MacAllister buys, you won't tell him what I buy." The upshot was a very heavy order of merchandise that this merchant had been buying of different houses to conceal the magnitude of his trade.

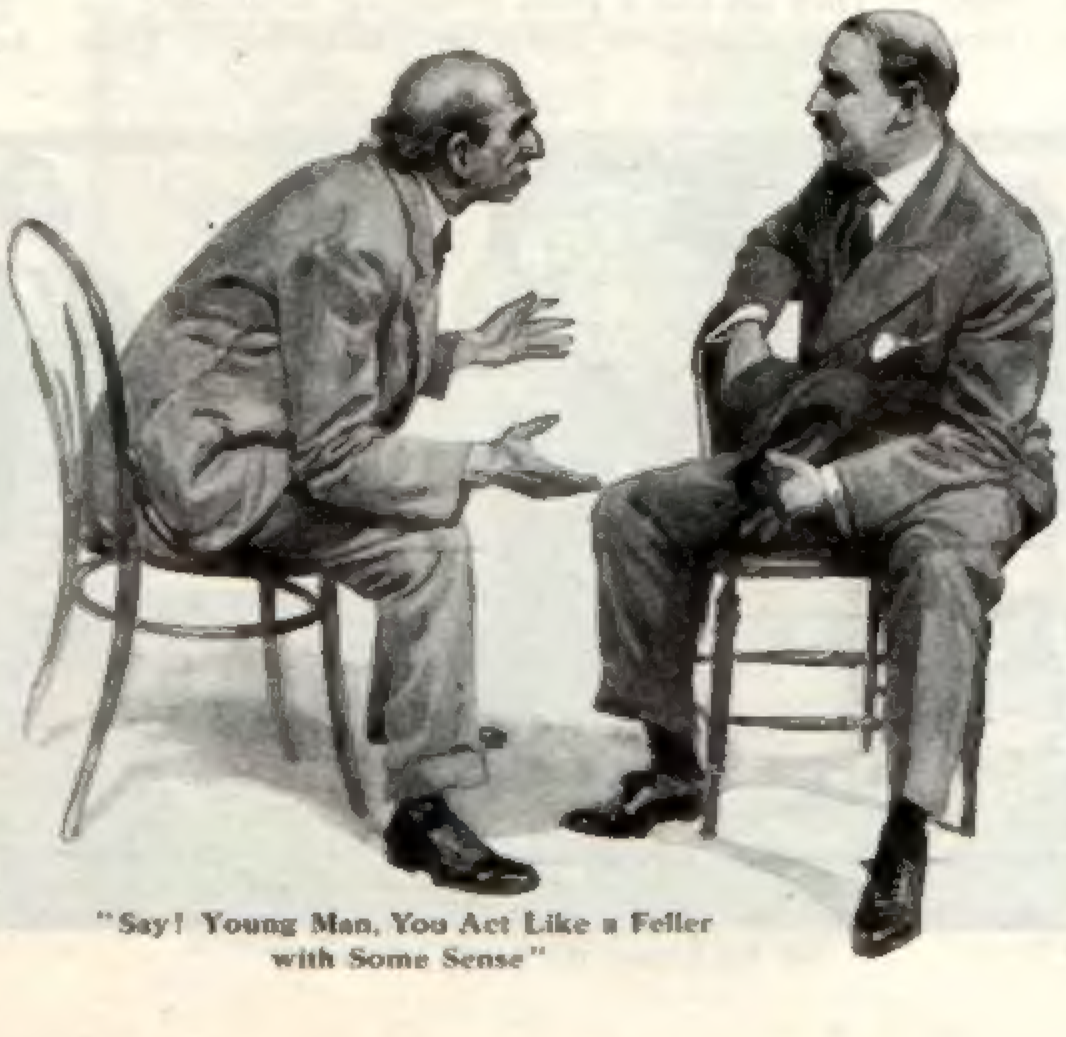
In building up trade for a comparatively new house, or a small one, against old and powerful competitors, it seems to be absolutely imperative in certain staple lines of business that the attitude toward opposition be one of tactful ignorance. No matter how big the other fellow may be, the salesman for the little house has never heard of him.

A new afternoon newspaper was established in a city where an old publisher had enjoyed a monopoly for years. The latter owned two other afternoon papers, and a morning journal as well. Competition rose from time to time, but he crushed it or bought it up. Unlike many monopolists, he kept an aggressive staff of advertising solicitors at work continually, so that merchants in this city not only advertised in his evening papers, but believed that they reached every family. A competitor like the new Globe might be ever so good, but they couldn't see that it was needed.

Patronage from a Policy of Ignorance

THE Globe's first advertising manager attempted to meet such beliefs squarely by comparing his paper with the old ones. But three years' work along that line showed small results. There was much to be said on behalf of the Globe itself. But when it was put in the form of comparisons it raised questions that were simply unanswerable. It was not until a new manager took charge and laid down a policy of ignorance for his advertising solicitors that the Globe got patronage.

"Ours isn't the biggest proposition in town, boys," he told his staff. "But what we have got is good, and *ours*. It's all we have to sell, and all we talk about—understand? From to-day, nobody on the Globe is aware that there are other newspapers in the city." That policy was adhered to, and it soon turned the current. It is sometimes excellent policy, too, for the salesmen of a strong dominating house to ignore a small competitor.



"Say! Young Man, You Act Like a Feller with Some Sense"

Several years ago a young man took over a factory that had apparently been ruined by the Trust in its industry—a staple food line. He made just one kind of goods, known as the "Home Comfort" brand. Presently, he had three-fourths of the trade around his factory. That didn't worry the Trust. "Local spirit," it said. But soon this brand had spread over the whole State, and a little later into adjoining States. Then the octopus was concerned, and began to investigate. What was the secret of this young man's success? His stockholders were influential merchants—but that only helped him locally. His salesmen were aggressive—but the Trust had ten times as many, and paid twice the salary. His prices didn't explain it.

Finally, the octopus hit upon a reason for this success that often occurs last to men steeped in the routine of a great staple business—it made up its mind that people bought the stuff because they really liked it. So the Trust hired the independent factory's superintendent, and presently its salesmen were invading "Home Comfort's" territory with a product nearly like it.

But when it came to selling, an amusing difficulty arose.

The Boomerang in "Just-as-Good"

THIS new brand had only one selling appeal—that of a "just-as-good." The salesman had to take a merchant into a corner and whisper that this new stuff was made by the superintendent who had made "Home Comfort." If the merchant sold the latter, he concluded that it must be even better than he had thought, or the Trust wouldn't be marketing something like it. But, perhaps, he had never handled "Home Comfort" at all. Then the salesman had to explain how popular it was, and how it sold. Until this was done he could not get a strong comparison for his own goods. In many cases he made the comparison so strong that "Home Comfort" was ordered instead. Eventually, a policy of silence had to be adopted. The octopus, as it were, could not spell "coffee-pot" without saying "tea-pot."

In staple lines of trade the salesman goes over the same territory season after season; selling goods that are not only familiar and simple, but which are sold largely on price. There isn't much opportunity to mystify a grocer in granulated sugar. Therefore, in staple trade, much of the burden of competition is thrown on the salesman. He has little advantage in goods. There is little to say about them. So he depends largely on tact, acquaintance, plain-dealing. Sometimes Providence is kind, and gives him fools or greenhorns for competitors. In that case he may profit by their errors. But suave, smiling ignorance of the opposition is the common policy.

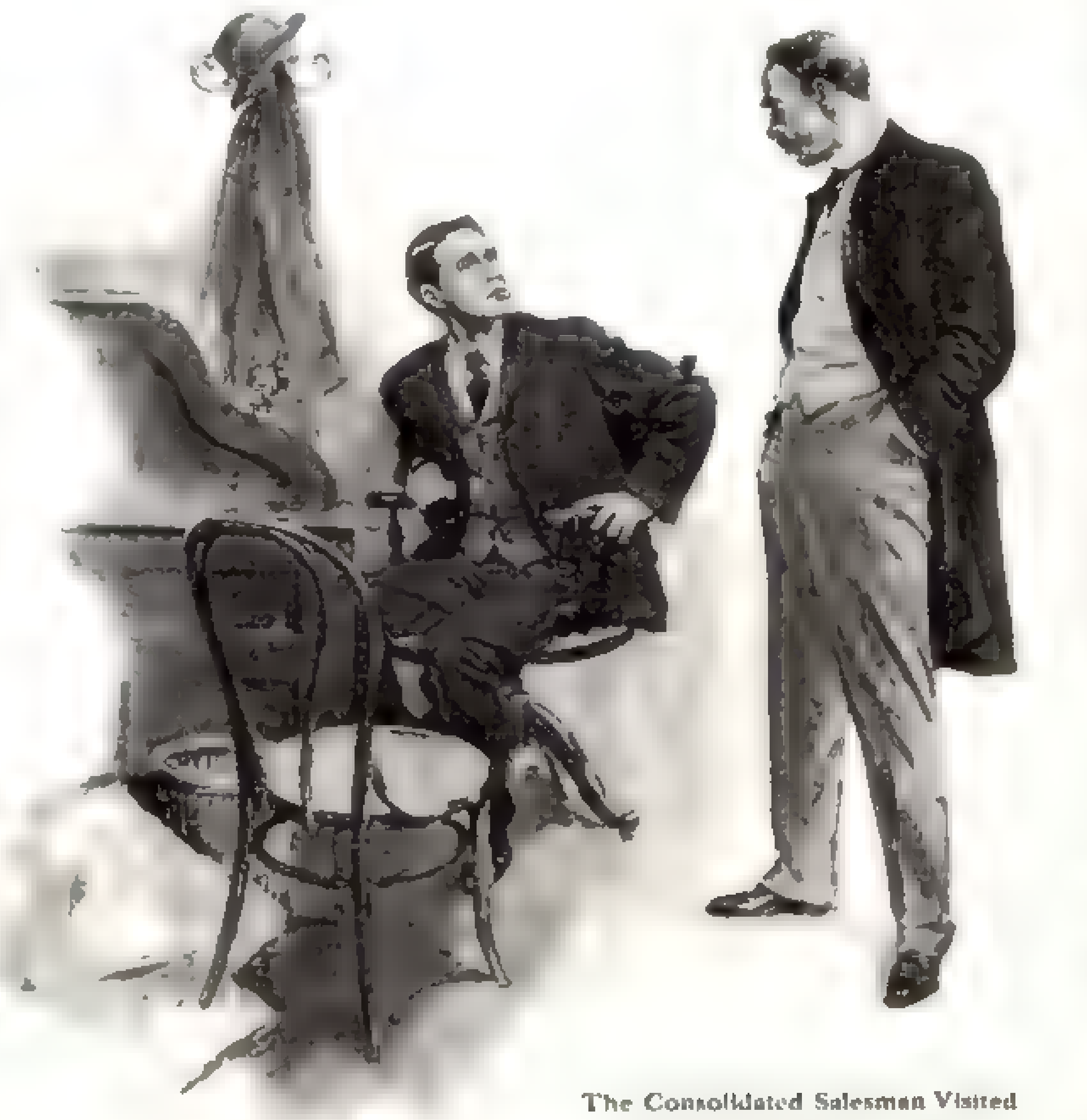
Suppose, however, that the salesman has something new and novel, like a labor-saving office device. Or something abounding in technical complexities, like a piece of machinery. Or an article that people buy only once or twice in a lifetime, like a fireproof safe.

Then the whole attitude toward competitors changes. Price can be made secondary. The demonstration and the "talking point" make acquaintance superfluous. Logic replaces tact—and sophistry sometimes reënforces logic. Instead of ignoring the opposition it is possible to fight it openly, to exploit it, to thrive upon it. Instead of a weapon in the hands of the buyer, like the Consolidated man, one's competitor is often a missionary who goes about creating interest. Instead of a thorn in the side, he is often fun.

A corporation lawyer bought an old farmhouse, and gave it character by some simple changes, such as Colonial pillars in front, lattices screening outbuildings, white paint, green shutters. Then he wanted a heating plant to keep it warm, and wrote to several manufacturers, asking that they send representatives who could advise him. He knew nothing of the principles of such apparatus. But he did think that he knew something about presenting a case in court.

The first salesman to arrive was a hot-air furnace man, who began by asking the lawyer to let him understand clearly his own ideas of what a satisfactory heating plant should be. Before the lawyer could have given his idea, had he had one (he hadn't, in the least), the salesman forced a card by suggesting that he wanted the sort of apparatus that had been installed in three-fourths of modern American homes—didn't he? He wanted one that cost the least to install—that furnished an abundance of pure outdoor air, agreeably warmed and distributed—that was designed on time-tried principles—that was so simple a child could manage it. Didn't that meet his needs? Yes, this was what the lawyer wanted, exactly—especially one that was cheapest. Then the salesman showed him diagrams, explained principles, quoted prices. The lawyer thought heating apparatus very simple, and considered the deal virtually closed. But he would consult his wife.

Two hours later a hot-water apparatus salesman arrived, and also began by getting the "prospect's" ideas. The latter now had definite notions of what he wanted. He reviewed what the hot-air salesman had told him, and said he was sorry, but the decision was as good as made. The hot-water salesman admitted that hot-air had real advantages. But it behooved the lawyer to have all the information he could get on so important a matter. Had he considered, for example, the comfort and leisure of his wife? It must be remembered that he himself would have little to do with this heating plant, once installed. But no man who wished to lessen the drudgery of housework should make a decision in heating apparatus without looking into cleanliness. With hot water there could be no soot, dust or ashes distributed through the home. He frankly admitted that hot-water heating cost more to install. But, distributed over a lifetime, what did that extra cost amount to yearly? Would he install a system directly opposed to eternal laws of physics? It was a scientific fact, he said, that hot air could not rise against a descending current of cold air. Now, with a steady flow of hot water rising through the home and returning automatically to the boiler to be heated—— By that time the lawyer wanted to see diagrams. As the salesman spread them out he casually said something about there being no doubt that hot air was in many cases the cheapest—and put a subtle double emphasis on "cheapest" and "hot air."



The Consolidated Salesman Visited that Customer the Day Before

How Number Four Won Out

BEFORE he left the office that afternoon a steam-heater salesman called and respectfully asked if he had decided what sort of apparatus he needed. The lawyer said he had—hot air was unquestionably economical, but he believed hot water most suitable. Both very excellent systems, conceded the steam man. It was evident that the lawyer had investigated this whole matter with intelligence and an open mind. Far be it from him in any way to oppose his judgment. *But*—was he fond of opera, of amusement, of society? Would he and his wife be likely to run away for a winter holiday? Would it interest him to know that, if his fire went out when he was away, he might possibly return to find all his hot-water radiators burst by freezing? True, there was a very simple way to avoid this mishap—he had merely to drain the entire system every time he attended the theatre in freezing weather. But with steam, all water returns to the boiler, leaving the pipes empty. Then, where hot water required a double system, steam needed only one set of pipes, which gave economy of installation. And so forth, with diagrams.

When the hot-air salesman called next day the lawyer was out, so he entered no rebuttal. He would probably have rested his case on economy. The hot-water salesman found the prospect on a second visit, and demonstrated that with steam (which the prospect now favored) his house would be either overheated or freezing, as contrasted with the constant, even heat of hot water. Before the steam man could get round again a fourth salesman turned up. He had both steam and hot water, and was perfectly impartial. He asked attention to his special construction in both types, making it possible to enlarge the heating plant as needed. This fourth man got the lawyer down to his showrooms. And that meant the sale.

Now, this is the way competition is met where goods are complex, novel or unfamiliar to the buyer.

The mechanism of it is simple enough. Each of these four men had a good heating system, and represented a responsible firm. The lawyer might have installed any of the systems, and it would have heated his home. Moreover, each would have been good value according to its type and cost. All had both merits and shortcomings. To none was it possible to apply the words *best* or *worst*, because not even the experts agree upon these points. The whole thing is comparative.

But in meeting competition with such goods the salesman's chief object is to centre the customer's attention on technical differences, or "talking points," as they are called in sales-work. The battle is fought on these. Competition has distinct advantages for each salesman. Each makes capital of the demonstrations of the others. An able salesman in a line like this, far from disliking competitive argument, will welcome it, and ask only the advantage of talking last. The more his competitors have talked, the more material there is in the customer's mind to work upon. If competitors will only be specific and emphatic in their claims the last man will find it easy to tear them down. And whoever gets the order, it will usually be a better sale than would be the case were one man alone in the field. For the customer starts out with but one detail clear in his mind, as a rule—that he doesn't want to pay very much for a heating plant. By the time he is ready to purchase, these different arguments will have directed his attention to many other points. Price will be the last consideration, and the salesman who finally lands the order can often systematically raise the expenditure of the man who is buying because the latter's thought is now wholly centred on quality and service.

The talking point is so essential in sales-work of this character that many manufacturers build attractive selling devices into their goods.

In the safe industry, for example, there is a marked difference between a fireproof strongbox and one that will resist burglars. Fireproof safes are sold at moderate prices, being often packed with composition that gives off steam under heat, and built sufficiently strong to stand falls through a burning building. But a burglar-proof safe must be made of finely-tempered metal, and with nice adjustment of parts, so that the cost often puts them out of the reach of the man who wants a common office safe. In this industry there is strong selling competition. Each manufacturer's young men have fireproof arguments reduced to formula, so that the man who comes along last and persuades the prospect to visit his showroom has the best chance of landing the order. One concern, however, gains an advantage by building into its fireproof safes a "talking point" that enables the salesman to use burglar-proof arguments. This talking point is an alarm device. The burglar who puts a drill into that safe, or even touches the dial, closes an electric circuit, sets a large automobile horn squawking in the room over his head, and a great gong ringing outside the building. The effect upon the burglar may be imagined. But probably only one safe in a thousand will ever be tackled by a burglar. So the real value of this device is in leading a prospect up, under the impression that it is an ordinary safe, and letting him turn the combination dial and close the circuit. This is often just the last bit of realism needed to close the deal.

As soon as it was clear, in the autumn of last year, that the country faced a commercial depression, far-sighted manufacturers in lines like this prepared for it by developing goods with striking talking points. In safes, for instance, a little compartment to hold a private ledger would be added, under an individual combination lock. Or several small receptacles would be built into an office safe, like safe-deposit boxes, for the private papers of partners in a business. Such features, of course, must be genuine conveniences. Then they enable salesmen to maintain business during slack times.

In staple lines, too, it is often possible to give salesmen an advantage over competitors by special forms of packing.

Thousands upon thousands of sales are clinched every day in sharp competition by salesmen's skillful use of talking points that centre customer's attention on technicalities. There is admittedly a bit of chicanery in most of these selling-helps. But selling goods in competition is strictly a matter of policy and method—not ethics. The latter, however, are taken care of in an automatic way, for if the goods were not fair value for the money no talking point would sell them long. It might be laid down as a general rule, too, that the house with the most highly-developed goods will have developed its sales-work furthest in the direction of these talking points.

The method has weaknesses as well as advantages.

There were two department stores in a certain town, holding agencies for rival makes of mechanical piano-players. A staid, old-time music house had the agency for a third. Competition was hot. The two department stores fought mighty battles on points of durability. At one store the salesman would show the entire metal mechanism of the player, demonstrating that there was "nothing to wear out." The other department store had a player with a good deal of wood in its inwards. But they put it in the window, attached an electric motor, and ran it steadily night and day for several weeks in a "sensational non-stop endurance test."

Up at the music store they had altogether a different theory of selling.

The man in that town who wanted a piano-player usually shopped around and examined all three rivals. In one department store the salesman showed him the non-stop instrument, going forty miles an hour, and asked him candidly now, wasn't it clear to a man of *his* intelligence that nothing could be more honestly constructed? At the other department store they gave him a talk on pneumatics, illustrated with an instrument laid bare to display every working part. By the time he reached the music house (and it must be admitted that he didn't always get that far) his knowledge of player-construction was burdensome.

The sales-manager at the staid music house was an old-fashioned soul named Tackabury. On Sunday Mr. Tackabury was organist at Grace Church. He knew music. He knew human nature. He knew the music business. When a woman came to buy a piano for her daughter's wedding present, and had to be told that the old square instrument left by her grandmother, an heirloom prized for its matured tone, was worth just eighteen dollars in exchange, or five dollars cash, nobody could break the news to her so sympathetically as Mr. Tackabury.

The Tackabury Tactics

"I SUPPOSE your piano-player has primary and secondary pneumatics, metal tracker-board, adjustable——" the shopper would begin.

"My dear man! You've evidently studied those things very conscientiously," Mr. Tackabury would respond. "But what you want a piano-player for is to make music, isn't it?"

"Surely."

"Now, is there anything else you want it to do?"

"Why—no!"

"Well, we have a very reliable player, but that's all it does—just makes music. Suppose we go and hear it." Then he found out, tactfully, what sort of music the customer liked, and played it for him, and showed the different kinds of instruction and fun that can be got out of a player, and usually clinched the sale.

"But see here," asked the purchaser, "will this instrument last? What shall I do if it gets out of order?"

"You just telephone down, and we'll send a man up to fix it—we've been here forty years, you know."

In selling, a man meets his competitor largely as he can. Even when the house supplies an arsenal of talking points, there is a knack in making them go off with a pop. It comes by experience. In the novice's hands they may be "fizzers." If there are no talking points, then a good salesman campaigns without them, like the drummer who led a rival on the train to denounce a merchant in the town they had just left as the meanest man on earth, putting in an appreciative word for the merchant occasionally, to spur the disgruntled one on. This salesman saw the merchant's brother-in-law sitting two seats back. Another takes care of his rival by loading customers up with goods so that there is little chance to put anything more on top of the load. A third takes some subtle way of making his goods *first*, so that competitors have to talk up to them. A fourth finds that, when he has met a customer's preconceived notions of goods, and laid his prejudice, he need say nothing about the opposition.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles on the human factor in salesmanship.

THE LOOTERS

Spud Murphy Yields to a Terrible Temptation

By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ALL through the quake "Spud" Murphy lay stomach down on the hard concrete floor of his cell, his arms wrapped about the back of his head, his eyes tightly closed, in the intelligent mental posture of an ostrich with its beak in the sand. But when that fiendish boiling of the earth beneath and the swaying of the big-domed building above had finally stopped, and the roar of falling walls, diminishing through a trickle of smaller débris to a detached pit-a-pat-ing like the last drops of a rain shower, had ended in a great silence, then Spud ventured a timid inspecting peep. He found that the outer wall of his cell had parted like a bit of stage scenery, and that through the aperture the sky of dawn was showing green.

"Gee!" he said.

Getting up on his knees, he peered through the bars of the cell-door into the station. The long, low room was empty. The policeman on guard had disappeared; the sergeant at the desk had disappeared. Suddenly, with one weary blink, all the incandescent lights went out. From somewhere in the shadows there came a lonesome trickling of water from a broken pipe.

"Gee!" he said again; then, stopping to retie the twine-laces of his shoes (these were patent leathers, but seamed and scarred, with what was superfluous in their lengths turned up at the toes into prows like those of two gondolas), he rose to his feet and shuffled resolutely toward the hole in the wall.

But he did not go out right away. He hesitated, turned, started again, turned, and finally stepped back within. "Oh, Judge!" he shouted; "Judge! Don't you want to come along?"

The "Judge" was still sitting propped up in one of the remaining corners of the cell. His eyes were shut very tight, his mouth was twitching within the white tangle of his long beard, and his bulbous nose, red for years with sodden degradation, now was blue.

"Judge, wake up!" Spud shouted in his ear.

The Judge's right hand rose to the ear into which Spud was shouting and made a vague movement as if to brush away a fly. His mouth opened. "Somethin' turrible has happened," he said, in an enunciation pasty with the preceding night's debauch—and his eyes closed tighter.

"Judge, we can get out!" shouted Murphy.

"*You* get out," said the Judge. "Don't want to. It's the end of the world."

"Oh, Judge, don't be a fool!" exclaimed Murphy. The sight of that patch of sky in the gray wall, and of a human being refusing its blue invitation, made him almost tearful. It must be said that he had more cause than had the Judge to fully appreciate the opportunity. The Judge was within this cell merely because, for the one-hundred-and-eighth time in five years, he had been found quietly snoring in the gutter at midnight; Spud was there because, after having been there one hundred and eight and some odd times for the same reason as the Judge, he had been caught, the night before, in the act of "rolling a drunk." "Rolling a drunk" is a technical phrase better left unexplained, as to appreciate Spud's adventures, to be related, a modicum of sympathy for him is necessary.

The Judge was willing to be a fool; he did not move.

"Judge, hurry up; my feet are getting wet!"

The Judge remained as he was, encased in the angle of the two walls, his eyes closed. Murphy's cry, if unconvincing, was based on fact. The trickle of all the broken water-pipes of the vast building seemed to have united into a river which now flowed through the cell In a placid sheet it spread smoothly over the concrete and lapped the sitting Judge. Rising like a jack-in-the-box and with eyes at last wide open; "What's that?" he cried to the water's unwonted caress.

"Now you're acting like a little man," said Spud encouragingly; and taking him by the hand he led him through the breech, over a moraine of débris, out into the street.

The great columns of the City Hall, in the basement of which had been their cell, had fallen outward and lay upon the ground in huge blocks. Murphy and the Judge sat down on one of them. Murphy asked Judge, "Got the makings?"

The Judge fumbled in the pockets of his antediluvian and misfit frock (the garment which had given him his title) and drew three soiled bits of yellow paper. Murphy, exploring his own pockets, pinched out of their corners a bit of yellow dust. "Now we're fixed," he said. Climbing up the pyramid of masonry, shed by the municipal monument, to a point of vantage, they rolled their cigarettes and, humping their backs to the pleasant warmth of the rising sun, smoked in silence.

The city spread before them—a hurt city. Nearly all of the higher buildings had thrown down the tops of their walls and showed great gaps beneath the roofs; the entire façades of others had cascaded to the street, leaving them cross-sectioned like dolls' houses; and above the two vagrants the steel frame of the City Hall rose gaunt and naked (they were sitting upon the masonry that had fleshed it). It was a district of stores, sparsely populated, but farther down the streets were filled with a colored and agitated human swarm. Over by the water-front, to the east, the red sun was rising distorted and vibrant, as if behind a cracked sheet of glass. And a silence weighed upon all this; there was no ringing of bells, no shrieking of whistles, no clang of gongs; a giant paralysis lay heavy, like a nightmare, upon the stricken city.

"Judge," said Spud Murphy, "our town's on the bum."

And the Judge, subjective where Murphy was objective, hid his face in his hands and said: "My wife; zhee's in New York; five years, ten years zhee's been in New York. Divorced, you know!"

"Don't mention it, Judge," said Spud politely; "it's all right." But his mind was in his observations. He gave their total a moment later. "Cable cars all stopped," he said; "'lectric cars all stopped; no juice, no nothing; everything stopped."

"Mother-in-law—zhee's in city," said the Judge, still following his parallel line of reverie.

A fire-engine came hesitatingly down the street. There was only one man on it—the driver. It started to turn a corner, changed its mind, and went on down the street, zigzagging a bit, its bell, at irregular intervals, giving a lonesome little tap.

"Fire department up the flue," murmured Spud; "alarm system busted."

"Mother-in-law's house old, rotten," soliloquized the Judge, his soiled beard on his knees. "Collapsed, sure; mother-in-law in cellar. Used to tell wifie I drank. Liar, mother-in-law."

A red, rubber-tired buggy, driven by a sub fire chief, whirred up to a nearby hydrant. The man by the chief sprang out and swiftly unscrewed the hydrant. A stream of muddy water burst out, then, almost immediately, stopped. The buggy dashed to another hydrant; again the man sprang out; again the stream of water ceased almost as soon as started. And then the buggy fled off down-town, darting from hydrant to hydrant, till it was out of sight.

"No water," said Murphy.

The sun was rising higher above the lower city; and as it ascended it glowed redder, a duller red, and the film of cracked glass before its rotund face shimmered more opaquely.

"The town's on fire," said Spud, "and there ain't no water."

"Mother-in-law's house old, rotten," murmured the Judge. "Used to tell wifie. Wifie gone to New York. Five—ten years gone. Poor wifie!"

Murphy was thinking as he had not thought his life long. "Judge," he asked with sudden force—"Judge, have you had a square deal in this life—have you been treated right?"

"Eh?" said the Judge, awakening. Then as the full import of the question went through the corroded cells left in his still imposing head, his face again went into his hands.

"Been treated rotten," he wailed, "rotten! Mother-in-law said I drank. Liar! Wifie left me. Zhee's in New York. Five, ten, fifteen years ago left me. Left me all, all, all alone, just like a babe—like a poor liddle, poor liddle helplesh babe ——"

"Well," broke in Spud, "I sure ain't been treated right. I ain't never had me chance. No mudder, no wifie, no mudder-in-law, no nothing. But me chance has come now, Judge. The town's burning and there ain't no water, and here's where Spud Murphy makes his stake. L, double-o, t, Judge; do ye know wot that spells? I've got me chance and I takes it. L, double-o, t—no more bumming, no more drunk-rolling, no more jail; palaces and autos for Spuddie!"

"Damned old mother-in-law; damned old house," muttered the Judge, again caught in the labyrinth of his drunkard's grudge. "Earthquake; mother-in-law in cellar. *I'm* going to visit mother-in-law."

But Spud did not see the red smoulder in the old man's bleary eyes. Standing erect on a block of masonry, he was smiling to visions. "The makings," he said shortly. The Judge passed him his last paper; Spud poured into the folded centre of it the pinch of yellow dust remaining in his pockets, rolled it, lit it, then buttoning up his jacket tight over his undershirt, pulling down his battered derby truculently toward his right eye, he clambered down the débris and, the smoking cigarette dangling handsomely from one corner of his tightened mouth, he walked away toward the region of disorder, smoke and fire, toward his "chance" and his rehabilitation.

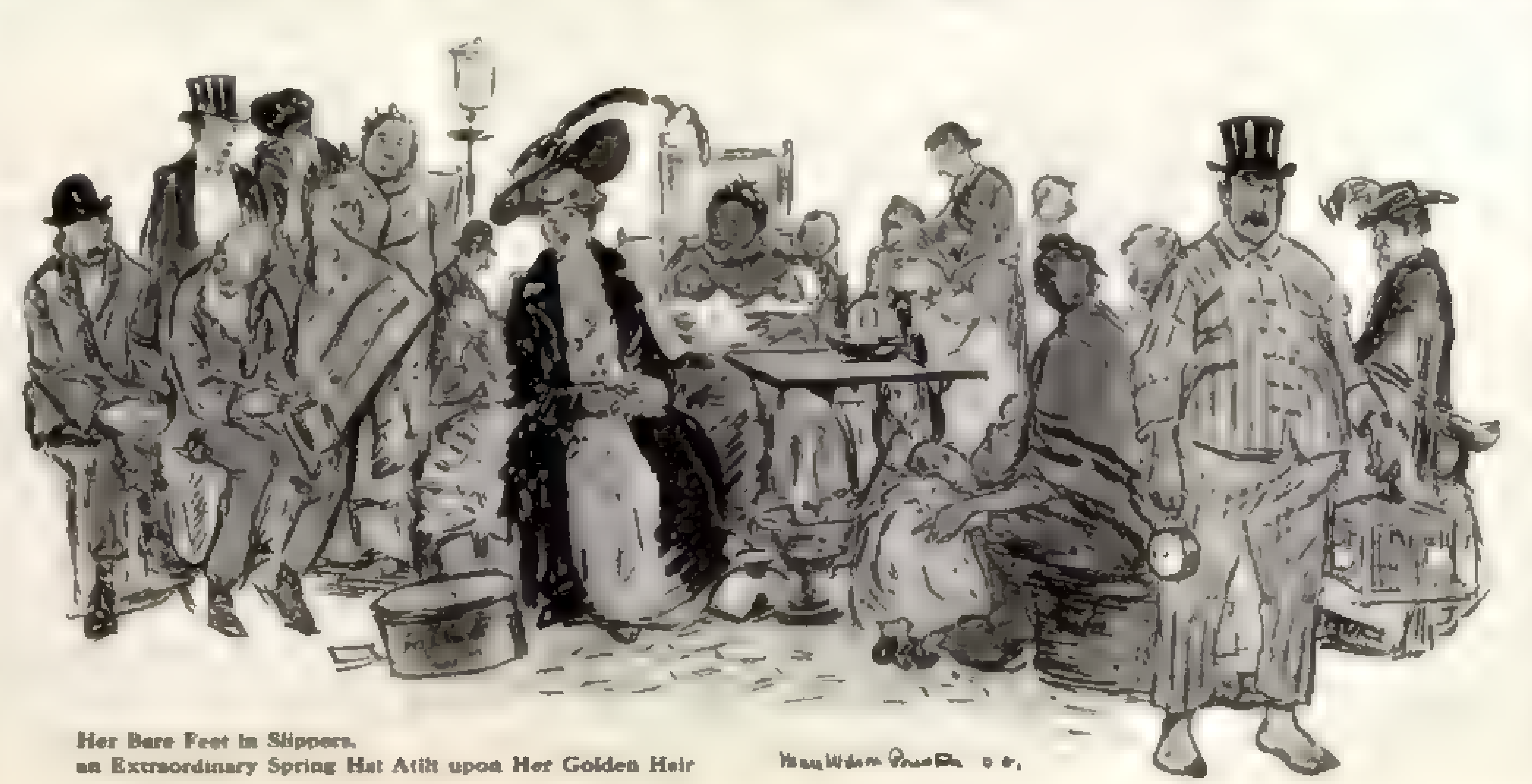
And the Judge, more slowly, slid down the pyramid of ruins and, a little unsteadily, but withal stubbornly, started off in search of his prevaricating relative, his little eyes set with baleful and enigmatic purpose.

II

SPUD, his jaws set, his eyes bright with a light they had not known for years, his heart ballooning with that singing joy which accompanies big resolutions, made for the regions of fire and anarchy. But he did not get there immediately; he was delayed.

His way lay through a little square in a district of apartment hotels. It was filled with ladies in sealskins, opera cloaks and night robes; and with men in full dress, in pajamas, or simply wrapped in bed-quilts. A group of these rather dazed individuals was huddled close on the lawn, gazing, with open mouths, across the street. "Look!" said one of them, a little old man with rims of spectacles, the lenses of which had dropped out, upon his nose; "Look!" he said, clutching Spud's elbow.

Spud looked—and his jaw dropped as those of the others were dropped. Between two tall brick buildings the side walls of which had fallen, stood the front of a lower wooden building. The front only—the rest seemingly had disappeared beneath the bombardment of bricks from its



Her Bare Feet in Slippers,
an Extraordinary Spring Hat Atilt upon Her Golden Hair

two big negligent neighbors—standing there thin and unreal, like a bit of cardboard scenery. Kneeling on the sill of one of the windows was a grossly fat man in a pink nightdress who was unrolling to the sidewalk something that looked like a thin ribbon, with the evident intention of sliding down it. The sight of that man made Spud laugh — but immediately the laugh was choked; for from beneath the lowered shade of another window a slim, white arm thrust itself out and waved feebly. "Oh, young man," said the little gentleman with the lenseless spectacles—"Oh, young man, go and help that poor lady!"

And Spud, with that inability to resist the immediate suggestion which had always been his curse, forgot his new resolutions and, running across the street, entered the house.

The stairs were still there, pasted along the inside of the front wall. Going up, Spud found himself in the remaining half of a room; and in the bed a woman lay beneath a heap of the ceiling plaster. He picked her up, ran down with her, laid her on the sidewalk, and went up again—in another room. It was his perverse Fate—another woman was there, on another bed, beneath another heap of plaster. This one weighed three hundred pounds, though, and screamed in a manner that made Spud helpless. Other rescuers, now pressing in, solved the problem. Unhinging a door, they placed her upon it and took her down. But all this time Spud could hear a sustained wailing somewhere in the rear part of the wrecked house. Looking in that direction, across the chasm which the centre was, he saw pacing back and forth on a sort of suspended platform which had been a hall, a disheveled woman who wrung her hands and wept bitterly. Spud made his way to her along a narrow board which stuck still to the side wall, on the right. "What's the matter, loydie?" he asked politely. "Can't yous get out?"

"Get my husband; he's over there!" she screamed, pointing back down the hall.

Spud took a few steps in the direction pointed and stopped abruptly. The hall ended here; the rest of the house had been crushed, and before him there was nothing but a pyramid of bricks rising from the basement floor to the level of his eyes. His lips pursed in a little whistle.

"He's under there," wailed the woman. "Oh, sir, get him out!"

And without another question Spud stepped out upon the heap and, squatting, began to take off bricks one by one, throwing them behind him over his shoulder. After a while a boy joined him, a red-headed youth, who without a word squatted by his side and began picking off brick after brick; then a third rescuer added himself to them—a fat little German who wheezed painfully as he worked.

They toiled thus long, in silence. The woman had disappeared. Above them the steel frame of the contiguous building rose high; upon this the frame strips of the wall still held precariously; they bulged and looked as if made of soft cheese. "They'll be coming down directly on our cocoanuts," Spud thought vaguely; but he worked on automatically, picking up brick after brick and throwing it over his shoulder. A fireman looked in on them. "That's right, boys, keep on; do your best!" he shouted, then vanished. They "kept on." By this time they had a respectable hole in the pile of débris. A man came and stood behind them. "What're you looking for?" he asked curiously.

"The husband of the lady," said Spud, throwing a brick over his shoulder.

"The husband of what lady?" asked the man.

"Of the lady what lives in the hall," said Spud, still engrossed in his task.

"The lady who lives in the hall?" repeated the man, very slowly.

"Yes," shouted Spud.

"Why, *I'm* the husband of the lady who lives in this hall," the man said apologetically; then in an injured tone that rose to indignation: "I ain't under there. What do you take me for? I cleared out."

Spud rose on his pile of bricks and confronted the man nose to nose

"You're that lady's husband?" he said, pointing to the hall-room door.

"I am," said the man.

"And you're not under there?" he pursued, pointing to the loose pyramid beneath his feet.

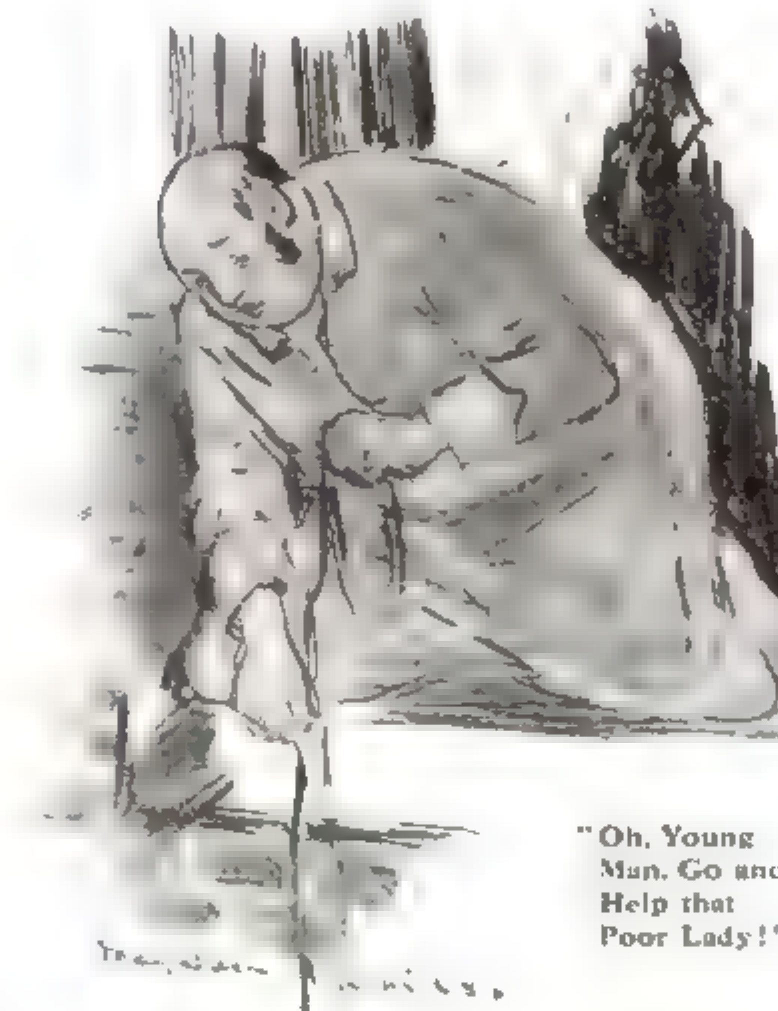
"I'm not," said the man.

"Then," roared Spud, "what do you mean by making us dig for you, eh? You impostor. Here I am, neglecting my business a-digging fer your rotten old carcass, and you standing behind me a-grinning like a cat!"

"I wasn't grinning," said the man, suddenly very much abashed.

"Then get out of my way," growled Murphy, smouldering; "go on, git!" and brushing past heavily made his way out to the street.

His purpose had returned to him, and something within him, long inert, which he failed to recognize, but which really was his conscience, was reproaching him keenly. He felt as though he had wasted years digging there within the ruins of that house. A glance about the plaza, though, reassured him. The pajamaed and bequilted group upon the lawn was as he had left it, still staring with open mouths and round eyes. He had not been so long, after all; the delay was still reparable. Spud resumed his interrupted way toward the lower city, above which, now, heavy volumes of smoke were rising.

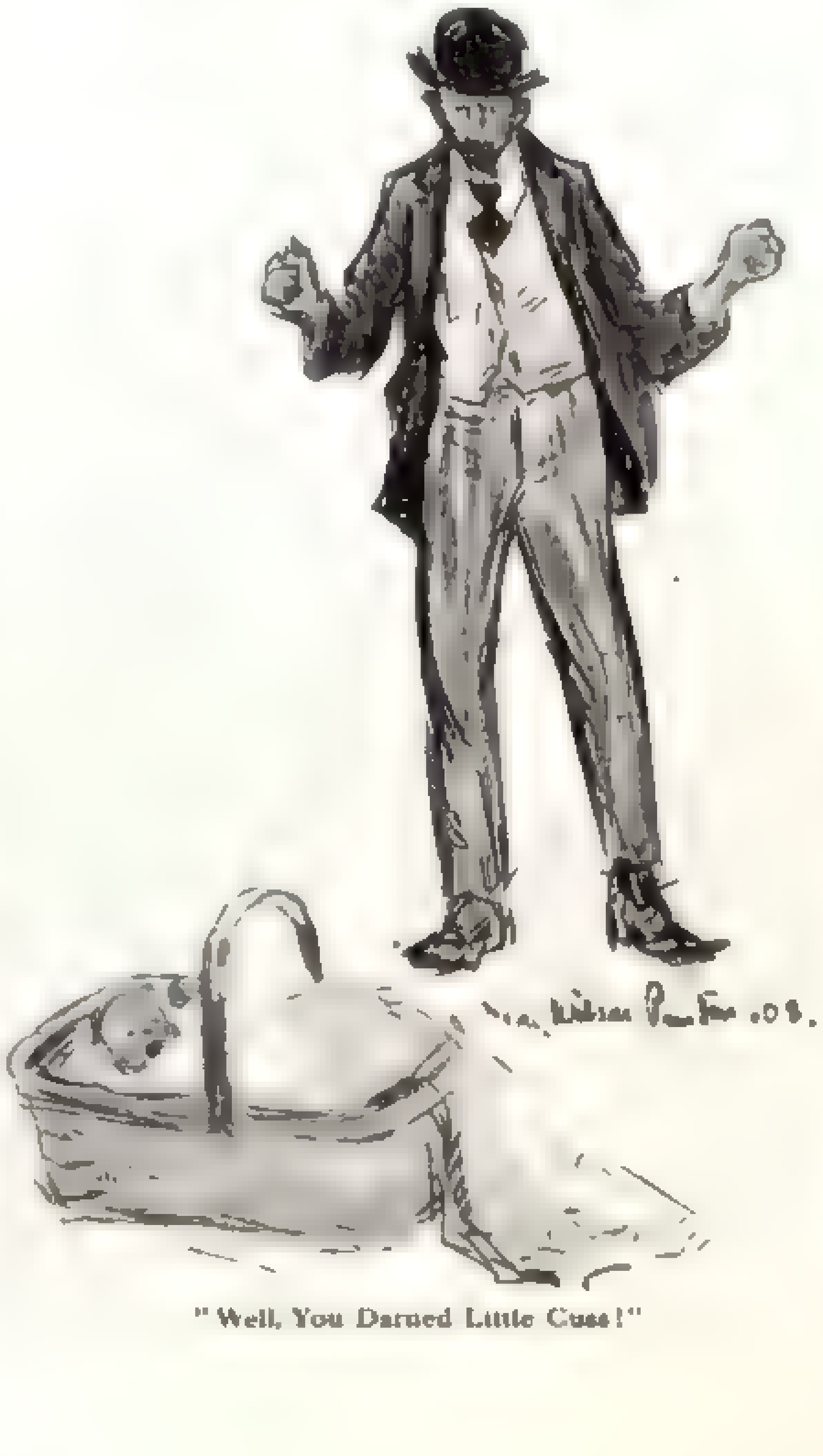

"Oh, Young Man, Go and Help that Poor Lady!"

He passed shops, many shops, but the confusion upon which he counted had not yet come. The people of the upper residential quarters, which was built mostly of wood and had been hurt but little by the quake, were beginning to flock down in bands curious to see the damage. The shops were all closed. Behind the plate-glass windows diamonds, rubies, precious stones glittered; silks shimmered. But somehow a lifelessness lay upon these things, a fixity; it was as if they had been nailed there for all time. The windows presented a glacial front, a haughtiness of vested rights; their transparency somehow was more forbidding than stone and steel. "Nothing doing yet," murmured Murphy.

He was gradually nearing the regions of heaviest smoke. He crossed Market Street, went on a bit farther and found himself on the edge of the fire—a sea of it already, some ten great blocks razed to the ground and seething red like a volcanic lake. It was what he had expected, what he had hoped; but at the sight a vague consternation made his jaw drop; he stared with vacant eyes.

"Here, lay hold of that hose!" bellowed a voice in his ear.

A small band of firemen had found a cistern and with one puny stream were attacking the roaring hell.


"Well, You Darned Little Cuss!"

"Take hold!" bellowed the voice again.

"My business ——" began Murphy, with a despairing gesture toward a nearby skyscraper.

"Take hold, or I crack ye wit' the nozzle!" roared the fireman.

And Murphy took hold. The left side of the street was burning fiercely, and the fire was coming down the right side in stolid advance. To a string of jolly oaths from a lieutenant standing behind them in his glistening oil-skins, the double line of men, the hose like a serpent between them, rushed with bent backs along the burning walls to their left and planted the hissing stream deep into the fire advancing down the right side.

The voice of the lieutenant came to Murphy like a siren: "Cassidy, you and the bum take the nozzle; and all of you other fellows, back with ye, and dig at the house!"

The line of men behind Spud dissolved; he heard their pounding feet on the cobbles. But as he dropped his hold to join them he was quickly set right. "*You're* the bum," said Cassidy; "you hold the nozzle wit' me!"

And Spud held the nozzle with Cassidy. They poured its stream ceaselessly and carefully back and forth along the wall of fire moving down the right side of the street, fighting for minutes, for seconds. From the fire to the left hot blasts poured, beneath which they cowered. Looking swiftly over his shoulder, Spud saw the firemen who had left the hose digging madly with pick, axe, hook and rope at the heaped planks and beams of a small house which had collapsed; and a woman's scream, shriller with every effort of the rescuers, now was in his ears continuously. "They'll git her off if we can hold out," panted Cassidy, his face close to Spud's, looking like a red moon in a fog. Heat waves rolled slowly over them; sometimes so slowly that before the short respite of cooler air could come they felt themselves dying. They crouched low on the cobbles; and to the movement of their four hands, pressed close on the nozzle, the stream passed ceaselessly along the marching wall of fire, lunging here and there like a rapier at the advancing red tongues.

At last, like a roaring benediction, the voice of the lieutenant came to them. "All right; drop that hose and cut for it!"

They dropped the nozzle and "cut for it." Galloping head down out of their inferno, they came to the wrecked house. A wagon was standing there and the rescued woman, who was wounded or ill with fright, had already been laid on it. The lieutenant was looking over the group of tired men. His eyes fell on Spud. "Here, you drive the wagon to the hospital!" he commanded.

But this time Spud rebelled. "Wot do ye tyke me fer!" he protested. "I've got me business to 'tend to, me property ——"

A roar of laughter burst out of the grim, black-faced crew of fire-fighters, their eyes upon Murphy's stubble beard, his misfit and ragged clothing, his unspeakable shoes, the battered derby still stolidly set about his ears; and heedless of his complaints they hustled him up on the wagon seat, put the reins in his hands and saw him off with a whoop of derision.

He drove, in obedience to the order of a burly policeman who had sprung into the wagon and knelt in the bed of the wagon, holding the woman's head from the rattling bottom, back all the way he had walked in the morning, to the Receiving Hospital in the City Hall. Spud could have told the officer that the City Hall was wrecked, but a certain instinctive prudence kept him off the subject. They drove slowly up a wide main street, parting throngs of half-stupefied men and women who, wandering idly, gazed with curiosity upon wrecked walls and hanging cornices, seemingly innocent of realization that the city was being eaten up by fire. They came to the ruined City Hall; Spud as he passed was given a hurried look into his cell, agape, flooded with a sunlight it had never known; then the driver of a clanging ambulance directed them with a gesture to a huge pavilion which, for years the scene of prize fights historic to Spud, had been turned hurriedly into a hospital. Farther up, to the west, a great umbrella of smoke in the sky told of another big fire. Spud stopped the horse before one of the doors of the pavilion, twisted the reins about the brakes, slid to the sidewalk, and with a very absent-minded air, went off down the street.

"Here, you come back here and help me!" roared the policeman.

Spud, starting to run, turned his head unconsciously — and immediately he was caught by two soft brown eyes gazing at him pleadingly over the edge of the wagon. Dragging his feet, and muttering a protest, he came back and, with the policeman, bore the woman within.

The big hall was filled with people—nurses, trained and volunteer, in natty apron-and-cap or incongruous finery; physicians, all kinds, young and old, from the city's famed surgeon to its most notorious quack. They were all working feverishly, rushing here and there, or bent over stretched forms that moaned. Spud and the policeman laid the woman down. A man with a Vandyke beard, coatless, a sheet tied around his neck for an apron, his shirt-sleeves rolled back to his elbows, slid swiftly to her.

Spud's eyes fell upon the improvised apron—and he turned sick. On tiptoes, he made furtively for the door.

"Oh, sir," said a soft voice at his elbow, "roll this for me!"

It was a plot, a plot of Fate. This time, the eyes were blue, humidly blue, like stars at dawn. Above them was a vapor of golden curls, and above that a little white cap. Spud felt a spool thrust into his left hand, the end of a long trailing bandage placed in his right. "Wind like this," said the blue-eyed voice, showing the way; and Spud's thick fingers mechanically began to wind.

He wound one bandage, and then another, and then another; he wound for many minutes; for an hour—for days, it seemed. He wound standing on his left leg; he wound standing on his right leg. He wound holding the spool in his left hand and the bandage in his right; holding the bandage in his left hand and the spool in his right. Upon one table was a pyramid of empty spools; upon another table a mountain of loose bandages; before him stretched an eternity of winding toil. At times, his purpose growling within him, he made a movement to escape; but immediately those eyes, blue like flowers, damp like dew, would turn upon him and settle him. And he wound. About him people ran to and fro, some moaned, some screamed; the uproar of the stricken city came in, attenuated to a ceaseless buzzing, as of a disturbed beehive. But he stood there, concentrated upon his simple task, winding bandages about spools beneath a blue-eyed despotism.

It took no less than the burning of the pavilion to liberate Spud. The fire to the west had gradually come within striking distance; it hurled on a few advance sparks to the roof of the big building, which soon was blazing. Then followed a quarter of an hour of mad toil, during which the wounded were all taken out and, in automobiles, cabs, wagons and trucks, evacuated to a safer part of the city.

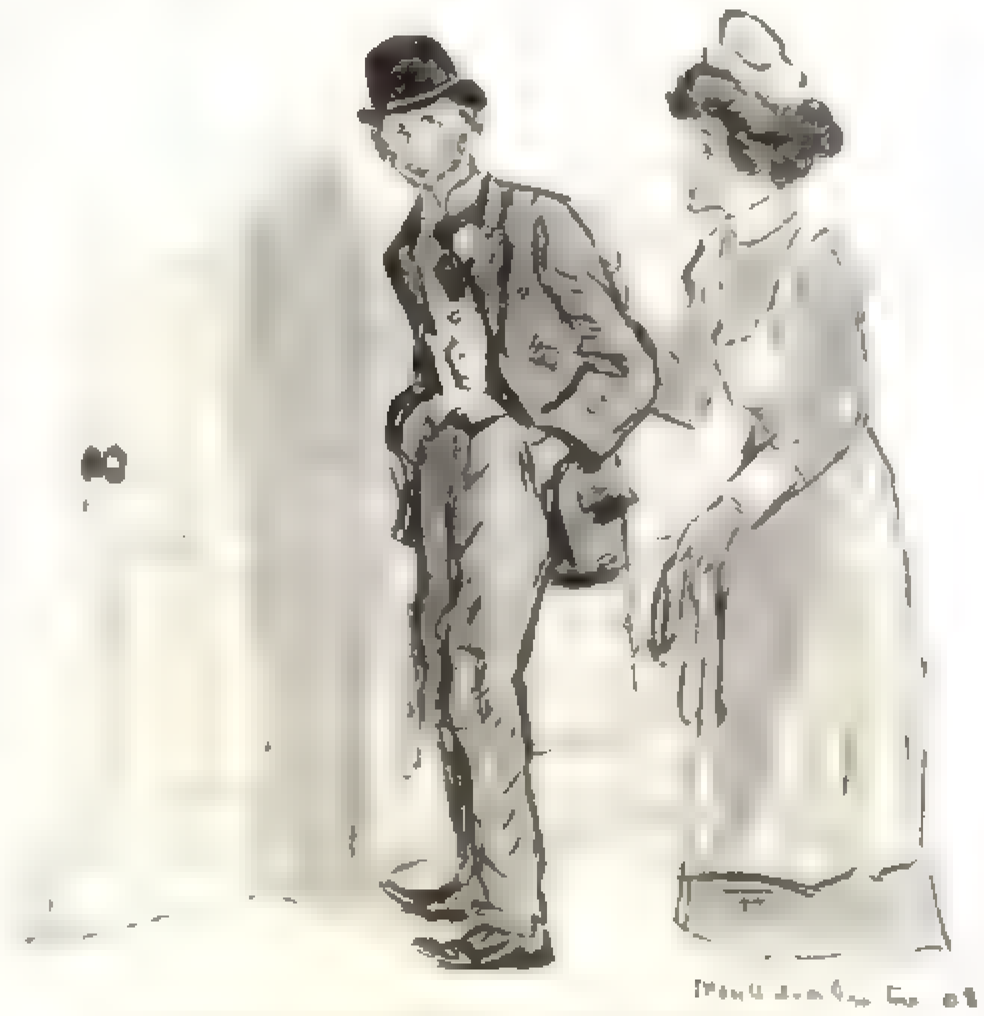
Murphy, in the disorder, managed to elude his captor, and sometime in the middle of the afternoon, rebuttoning his coat tight over his soiled undershirt, tightening the twine of his shoes, and slamming his battered derby more firmly about his ears, for the third time he started downtown to the urging of his purpose, still burning fixed within him.

III

IT WAS not long before Spud realized that his foolish delays had seriously endangered the success of his project. The soldiers were in town. Companies of them were encamped in the Federal Buildings. Companies of them were marching down Market Street to the cheers of the people. Detached sentinels paced back and forth before the few banks he passed on his way. And about the lower city which was now all burning, in a wide circle taking in the entire imperiled area, a cordon of troopers had been thrown, very free with their Krags, and letting no one within.

Spud slouched, dodged, ran, slunk, slipped about for an hour trying to break through. Once he was commandeered by a company of artillerymen who were pulling down wooden buildings. They would pass a rope cable about some small shack, and, pulling together, two hundred in unison, would rip it piecemeal off its foundation. For many despairing minutes Spud was forced to be a part of this novel tug-of-war team before he escaped by crawling on his stomach around a corner. Then, after more slouching, dodging, zigzagging, a careful crawl and a sudden dash finally placed him within the lines.

There the very condition which had endangered the success of his plan now was his own advantage. Within the military cordon he stood alone; alone in the city's storehouse of riches; unwittingly, the guards would take good care that he be not disturbed. It was now late in the afternoon. He stood on a corner which the day before had been the city's nucleus of financial activity. A bank was to his right; another to his left; before him towered the Merchants' Exchange; skyscrapers were all about him; and he was alone. The fire which had swept the lower city in a diagonal from southeast to northwest was now returning higher up from north to south in a second tremendous tack. It was coming toward Murphy, down the narrow street of high finance through the mountains of masonry, slowly and without much noise, with a sort of mournful and brooding stubbornness. Beneath the canopy of black smoke the day was rapidly falling. A stupor was enwrapping Murphy. The loneliness, the silence beneath the crackling of flames, impressed him. Now that he was here, surrounded by opportunity, he found himself unprepared. He had not thought out details; he was at a loss.



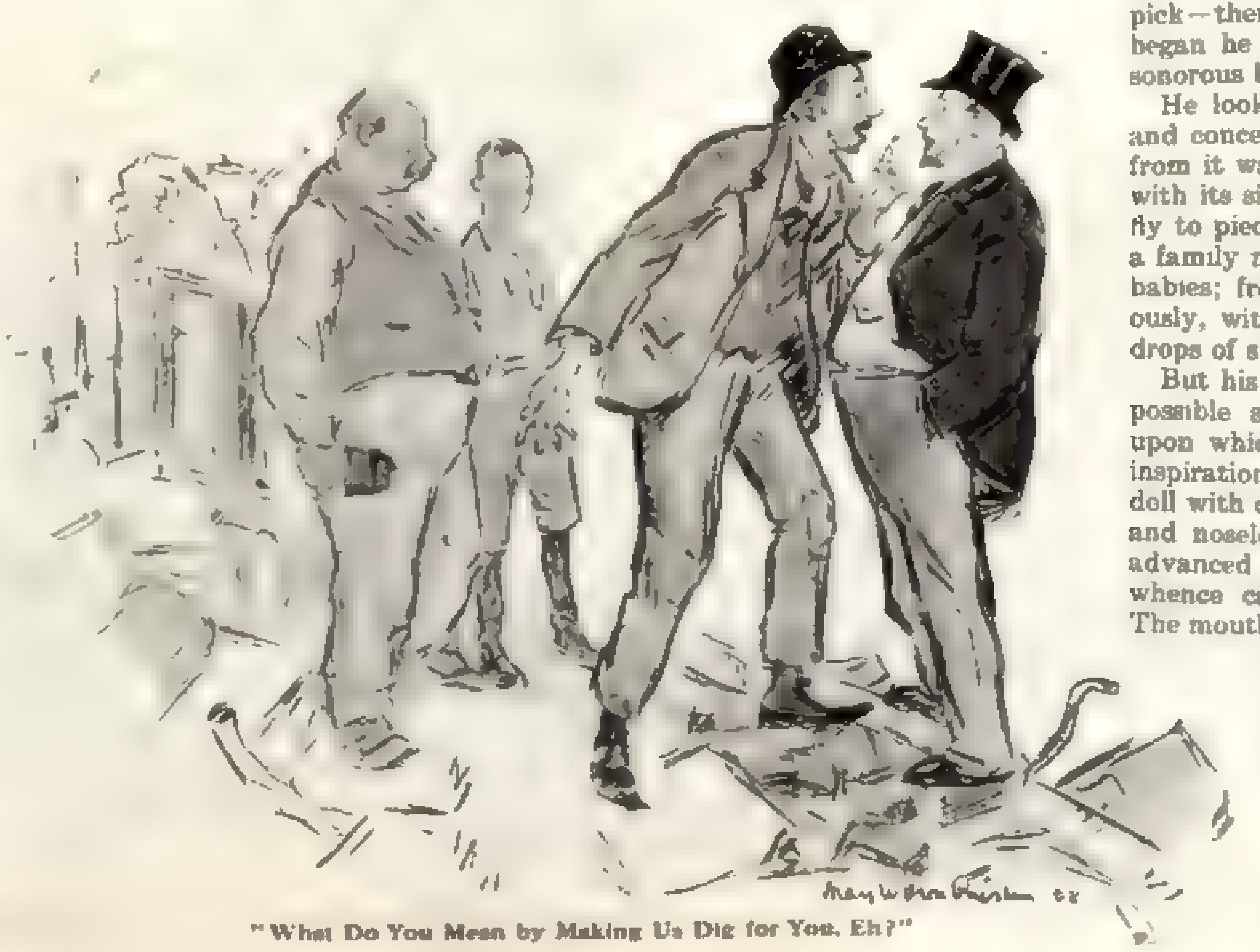
"Oh, Sir," Said a Soft Voice, "Roll This for Me!"

He shuffled uncertainly down one of the streets toward the water-front. Once he tried the door of a bank timorously, without conviction. It was locked; a look within showed him the brass cages, the polished counters, the cashier's glass cell; inkstands, blotters, pens, calendars, all in order, petrified as though for a thousand years they had been there, abandoned and undisturbed. In the wall the door of the safe stood like a great shield. Behind this lay wealth. It lay, this wealth, in the path of the cataclysm, doomed to shrivel to zero at the first lick of its devouring maw, and yet still watched over by the cupidity of man, under the passionless and incorruptible vigilance of his walls and locks, guarded with despairing stubbornness from Spud, here, to whom an infinitesimal fraction of it would mean happiness for all time ——

These are the thoughts that vaguely were going through Spud's uncultured brain. But he said only, with wistfulness: "Now, what the —— do *I* get out of all this, anyhow!"

He stepped out into the street and deliberated, scratching first his head with his hand, then the calf of his right leg with his left foot; then he noticed that the fire, progressing smoothly and certainly, had advanced a whole half-block toward him.

He retreated, then, with sudden decision in his movements, plunged down a narrow and unclean street. He had suddenly remembered a little shop that might serve his purpose—the shop of an old Dutchman, dealer in precious stones—a dark, cobwebbed, musty little place in the recess of which a fat old man bent over pellets which sparkled and glinted in the half-shadows, which flashed white, red, green or blue gleams, or emanated glowing pallors. There might be something left there, and anything left, a handful, enough to lie at the hollow of one's palm like a drop of dew, would be enough to last Spud till the coming of a more final cataclysm—that is, if the present one, which was doing very well (the fire had advanced another half-block) left anything to be finished.



"What Do You Mean by Making Us Dig for You, Eh?"

He was in a hurry now, going down the streets with long, decided strides; but as he was crossing the mouth of an alley he came to a stop. "Well, I'll be jig-jiggered!" he said, his tone mingling indignation with astonishment.

He stood on one foot, an indecision again tormenting him. He shook it off. "No, sir," he said firmly; "no, sir, not *this* time. No more of *that*. I don't stop for nobody."

But his step, as he started again, had lost its temporary elasticity, and his face was troubled. "No, sir," he repeated, as though in need of convincing himself; "no, sir, I don't stop. This is *my* time now."

But his feet, in spite of this, were gradually slowing. He stopped, and then, half turning as if addressing some person who, at his elbow, had been whispering into his ear some disreputable suggestion, "No, sir," he shouted; "I ain't heard nothing. I ain't *heard* nothing. If that darned fire, or that darned wind makes that kind of music, 'tain't my fault. It's just the fire, or just the wind, and I ain't heard it, anyhow. And I want them diamonds!"

And having thus seemingly routed his invisible tempter, he suddenly yielded to him. He turned, retraced his steps, entered the alley, and almost stumbled over a basket lying there on the ground—an open basket, covered with a blanket, out of one edge of which protruded a little red, wrinkled face from which issued a most astounding volume of shrill noise—the noise which Spud had been trying to persuade himself he heard not. "Well, you darned little cuss!" he said, looking down in mingled curiosity, horror and admiration.

The alley, crisscrossed with mangy clotheslines, was heaped with trunks, boxes, clothes, pieces of household furniture, kitchen utensils, dragged out of the rooms at the first knowledge of danger and abandoned in haste at the nearing of it; the child probably had been dropped in the panic flight, slipping, perhaps, from beneath the arm of some wide-hipped woman crazed by the tugging at her skirts of other little hands; or of some stalwart father, bearing on his shoulders a mirror, or a bird-cage, or some other incongruous treasure, chosen at the crisis. Anyway, it was most evidently far from satisfied with the situation. "You blamed little cuss!" repeated Murphy with progressive adequacy of expression. He was exasperated; a tremendous sense of injustice was vibrating in him; it was as if at the first big determination of his flaccid life all the mocking Fates had allied to foil him. "You damned little cuss, don't you think I've got other things to do now than to take care of you?"

Two little clenched hands rose straight up toward the sky; two curling-toed little feet kicked out of the blankets and joined the hands; hands and feet began a rageful beating of the atmosphere, while the mouth, somewhere down in the centre, opened to let out a sound like that of a humped-back cat perched upon a fence at midnight. "My God!" murmured Murphy, turning pale and casting a guilty look to right and left. His hands rose to his ears. Then his face froze with the return of his implacable resolution. "Here you," he said, addressing the basket with authority; "you just stay here for a while; 'twon't hurt you; you just stay here while I 'tend to business—then I'll 'tend to *you*." And pivoting on his heel he went out of the alley, turned the corner, and was in front of the little shop with its promise of wealth.

The iron curtain was down, but on a pile of earth and cobbles left by street laborers Spud found a pick. The fire now had come near; above Spud's head a whirl of smoke and cinders was passing, and a glare was on the sidewalk. Spud lifted his pick—then put it down gently. Before he began he simply *must* take a peep at that sonorous bundle in the alley.

He looked down upon it with indecision and concern. The volume of sound issuing from it was so manifestly out of proportion with its size, that certainly it was bound to fly to pieces sooner or later. Spud was not a family man; he knew little of women and babies; frenzies such as this he took seriously, without a grain of suspicion. Little drops of sweat welled up on his forehead.

But his eyes, rolling wildly in search of a possible solution, came athwart an object upon which he pounced with the fervor of inspiration. It was a doll, a little rubber doll with clothes of paint, faded and cracked and noseless. With a prudent gesture he advanced one foot of it toward the mouth whence came all this abominable clamor. The mouth closed about the foot with humid adhesion; the clamor ceased; a silence as of the tomb descended slowly and took its place. "Now for it!" exclaimed Spud, pounding off to his work.

He raised the pick and brought it down fair in the centre of the iron curtain. The shivering clangor that fled down the street

(Continued on Page 24)

THE FIRING LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

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CHAPTER XXII

MALCOURT and Portlaw descended to the living-room where Constance and Wayward whispered by the fire. Malcourt greeted them; they exchanged a few words, then he picked an umbrella from the rack and went across the lawn to his house where his bride of a fortnight awaited him. Portlaw rubbed his pudgy hands.

"Now that Louis is back," he said to Wayward, "this place will be run properly again."

"Is it likely," asked Wayward, "that a man who has just married several millions will do duty as your superintendent in the backwoods?"

"Well," said Portlaw, with his head on one side, "do you know, it is extremely likely. And I have a vague idea that he will draw his salary with great regularity and promptness."

"What are you talking about?" said Wayward bluntly.

"I'll tell you. But young Mrs. Malcourt does not know—and she is not to be told as long as it can be avoided: Cardross, Carrick & Co. are in a bad way."

"How bad?"

"The worst—unless the Clearing House does something ——"

"What!"

"And it won't! Mark my words, Wayward, the Clearing House won't lift a penny's weight from the load on their shoulders. *I* know. There's a string of banks due to blow up; the fuse has been lighted, and it's up to us to stand clear ——"

"Oh, hush!" whispered Constance in a frightened voice. The door swung open; a gust of chilly air sent the ashes in the fireplace whirling upward among the leaping flames.

Young Mrs. Malcourt entered the room.

Her gown, which was dark—and may have been black—set off her dead-white face and hands in a contrast almost startling. Confused for a moment by the brilliancy of the lamplight she stood looking around her; then, as Portlaw waddled forward, she greeted him very quietly; recognized and greeted Wayward, and then slowly turned toward Constance.

There was a pause; the girl took a hesitating step forward; but Miss Palliser met her more than half-way, took both her hands, and, holding them, looked her through and through.

Malcourt's voice broke in gravely:

"It is most unfortunate that my return to duty should happen under such circumstances. I do not think there is any man in the world for whom I have the respect—and affection—that I have for Hamil."

Wayward was staring at him almost insolently; Portlaw, comfortably affected, shook his head in profound sympathy, glancing sideways at the door where his butler always announced dinner. Constance had heard, but she looked only at young Mrs. Malcourt. Shiela alone had been unconscious of the voice of her lord and master.

She looked bravely back into the golden-brown eyes of Miss Palliser, and, suddenly realizing that, somehow, this woman knew the truth, flinched pitifully.

But Constance crushed the slender, colorless hands in her own, speaking tremulously low:

"Perhaps he'll have a chance now. I am so thankful that you've come."

"Yes." Her ashy lips soundlessly formed the word.

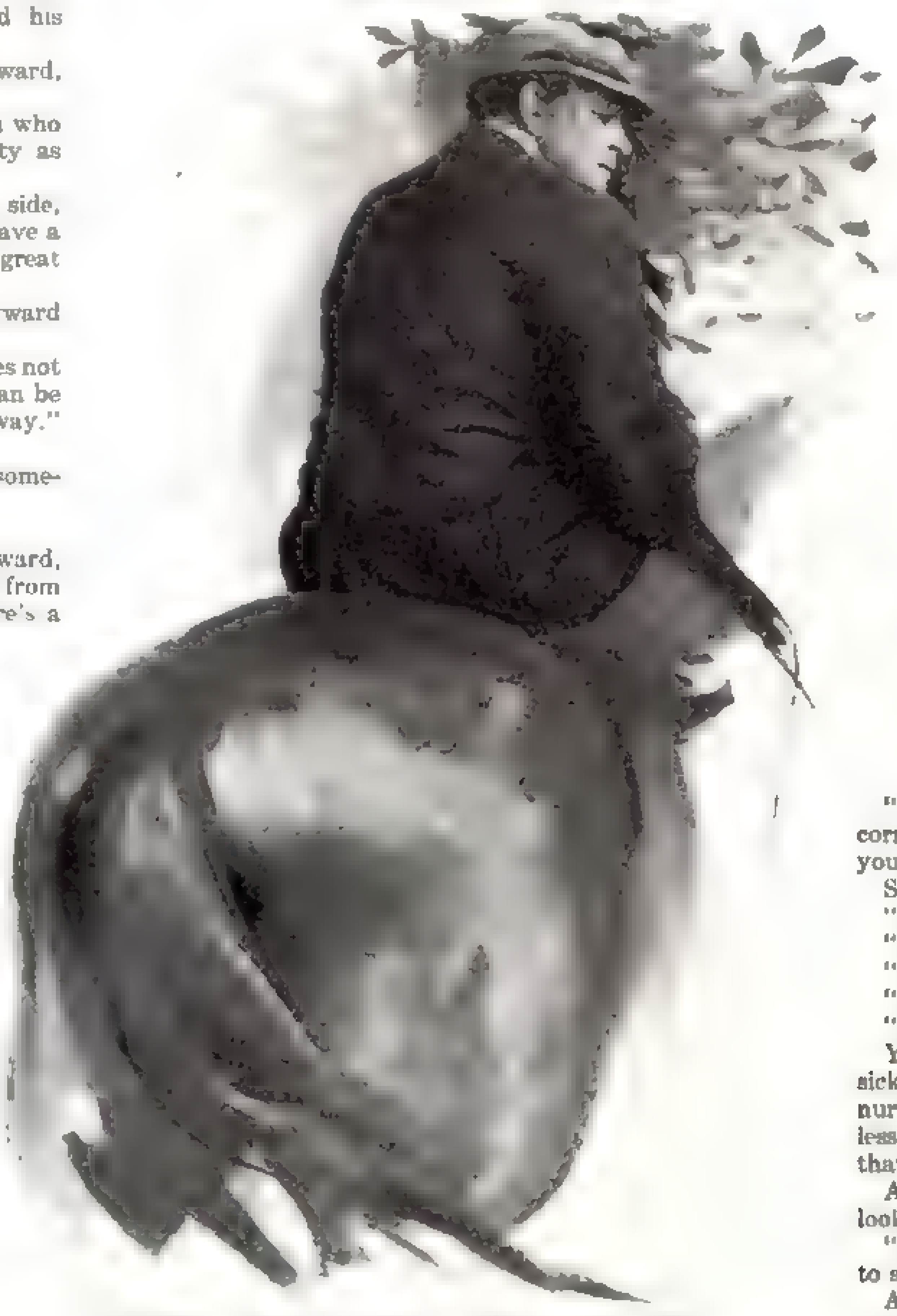
Dinner was announced with a decorous modulation befitting the circumstances.

Malcourt bore himself faultlessly during the trying function; Wayward was moody; his cynical glance through his gold-rimmed glasses resting now on Malcourt, now on Shiela. The latter ate nothing, which grieved Portlaw beyond measure, for the salad was ambrosial and the capon was truly Louis XI.

Later the men played Preference, having nothing else to do after the ladies left, Constance insisting on taking Shiela back to her own house, and Malcourt acquiescing in the best of taste.

The stars were out; a warm, sweet, dry wind had set in from the southwest.

"It was what we've prayed for," breathed Constance, pausing on the lawn. "It was what the doctors wanted for him. How deliciously warm it is! Oh, I hope it will help him!"



He Climbed Laboriously Aboard a Huge Chestnut Hack

"Is that *his* cottage?" whispered Shiela.

"Yes. . . . His room is there where the windows are open. . . . They keep them open, you know. . . . Do you want to go in?"

"Oh, *may* I see him!"

"No, dear. . . . Only I often sit in the corridor outside. . . . But, perhaps, you could not endure it ——"

"Endure what?"

"To hear—to listen—to his—breathing ——"

"Let me go with you!" she whispered, clasping her hands; "let me go with you, Miss Palliser. I will be very quiet, I will do whatever you tell me—only let me go with you!"

Miss Clay, just released from duty, met them at the door.

"There is nothing to say," she said; "of course every hour he holds out is an hour gained. The weather is more favorable. Miss Race will show you the chart."

As Shiela entered the house the ominous sounds from above struck her like a blow; she caught her breath and stood perfectly still, one small, clinched hand pressing her breast.

"That is not as bad as it has been," whispered Constance. Then she went forward again and noiselessly mounted the stairs.

Shiela crept after her and halted as though paralyzed as the elder woman pointed at a door which hung just ajar. Inside the door stood a screen and a shaded electric jet. A woman's shadow moved across the wall within.

Without the slightest noise Constance sank down on the hallway sofa; Shiela crept up close beside her, closer when the dreadful sounds broke out again, trembling in every limb, pressing her head convulsively against the elder woman's arm.

Young Doctor Lansdale came upstairs an hour later, nodded to Constance, looked sharply at Shiela, then turned to the nurse who had forestalled him at the door. A glance akin to telepathy flashed between physician and nurse, and the doctor turned to Miss Palliser:

"Would you mind asking Miss Clay to come back?" he said quietly. "Oh!—has she gone to bed?"

Shiela was on her feet: "I—I have brought a trained nurse," she said; "the very best—from Johns Hopkins ——"

"I should be very glad to have her for a few moments," said the doctor, looking at the chart by the light of the hall lamp.

Shiela sped down the stairs like a ghost; the nurse reëntered the room; the doctor turned to follow and halted short as a hand touched his arm.

"Doctor Lansdale?"

He nodded pleasantly.

"Does it do any good—when one is very, very ill—to see ——"

The doctor made a motion with his head. "Who is that young girl?" he asked coolly.

"Mrs. Malcourt ——"

"Oh! I thought it might have been this Shiela he is always talking about in his delirium ——"

"It *is*," whispered Constance.

For a moment they looked one another in the eyes; then a delicate color stole over the woman's face.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid that my boy is not making the fight he could make," she whispered.

"Why not?"

She was speechless.

"Why *not!*" . . . And in a lower voice: "This corridor is a confessional, Miss Palliser—if that helps you any."

She said: "They were in love."

"Oh! Are they yet?"

"Yes."

"Oh! *She* married the other man?"

"Yes."

"Oh!"

Young Lansdale wheeled abruptly and entered the sick-room. Shiela returned in a few minutes with her nurse, a quick-stepping, cool-eyed young woman in spotless uniform. A few minutes later the sounds indicated that oxygen was being used.

An hour later Miss Race came into the hallway and looked at Shiela.

"Mr. Hamil is conscious," she said. "Would you care to see him for a second?"

A dreadful fear smote her as she crouched, speechless.

"The danger of infection is slight," said the nurse—and knew at the same instant that she had misunderstood. "Did you think I meant he is dying?" she said gently, as Shiela straightened up to her slender height.

"Is he better?" whispered Constance.

"He is conscious," said the nurse patiently. "He knows"—turning to Shiela—"that you are here. You must not speak to him; you may let him see you for a moment. Come!"

In the shadowy half-light of the room Shiela halted at a sign from the nurse; the doctor glanced up, nodding almost imperceptibly as the girl's eyes fell upon the bed.

How she did it—what instinct moved her, what unsuspected reserve of courage prompted her, she never understood; but looking into those dreadful eyes there in the sombre shadows of the bed, she smiled a little gesture of gay recognition, then, turning, passed from the room.

"Did he know you?" motioned Constance.

"I don't know—I don't know. . . . I think he was—dying—before he saw me ——"

She was shuddering so violently that Constance could scarcely hold her, scarcely guide her down the stairs, across the lawn toward her own house. The doctor overtook and passed them on his way to his own quarters, but he only bowed very pleasantly, and would have gone on except for the soft appeal of Constance.

"Miss Palliser," he said, "I *don't* know—if you want the truth. You know all that I do; he is conscious—or was. I expect he will be, at intervals, now. This young lady behaved admirably—admirably! The thing to do is to wait."

He glanced at Shiela, hesitated, then:

"Would it be any comfort to learn that he knew you?"

"Yes. . . . Thank you."

The doctor nodded and said in a hearty voice: "Oh, I've got to pull him through somehow. That's what I'm here for." And he went away briskly across the lawn.

"What are you going to do?" asked Constance in a low voice.

"I don't know; write to my father, I think."

"You ought not to sit up after such a journey."

"Do you suppose I could sleep to-night!"

Constance drew her into her arms; the girl clung to her, head hidden on her breast.

"Shiela, Shiela," she murmured, "you can always come to me. Always, always!—for Garry's sake. . . . Listen, child; I do not understand your tragedy—his and yours—I only know you loved each other. . . . Love—and a boy's strange ways in love have always been to me a mystery—a sad one, Shiela. . . . For once upon a time—there was a boy—and never in all my life another. Dear, we women are all born mothers to men—and from birth to death our heritage is motherhood—grief for those of us who bear—sadness for us who shall never bear—mothers to sorrow every one. . . . Child, do you love him?"

"Yes"

"That is forbidden you, now."

"It was forbidden me from the first; yet, when I saw him I loved him. What was I to do?"

Constance waited, but the girl had fallen silent.

"Is there more you wish to tell me?"

"No more."

She bent and kissed the cold cheek on her shoulder.

"Don't sit up, child. If there is any reason for waking you I will come myself."

"Thank you."

So they parted, Constance to seek her rooms and lie down partly dressed; Shiela to the new quarters still strange and abhorrent to her.

Her maid, half dead with fatigue, slept in a chair, and young Mrs. Malcourt aroused her and sent her off to bed. Then she roamed through the rooms, striving to occupy her mind with the negative details of the furnishing; but it was all drearily harmless, unaccented anywhere by personal taste, merely the unmeaning harmony executed by a famous New York decorator, at Portlaw's request—a faultless monotony from garret to basement.

There was a desk in one room; ink in the well, note-paper bearing the name of Portlaw's camp. She looked at it and passed on to her bedroom.

But after she had unlaced and, hair unbound, stood staring vacantly about her, she remembered the desk; and drawing on her silken chamber-robe went into the writing-room

At intervals, during her writing, she would rise and gaze from the window across the darkness where in the sick-room a faint, steady glow remained; and she could see the white curtains in his room stirring like ghosts in the soft night wind and the shadow of the nurse on wall and ceiling.

"Dear, dear dad and mother," she wrote, "Mr. Portlaw was so anxious for Louis to begin his duties that we decided to come at once, particularly as we both were somewhat worried over the serious illness of Mr. Hamil.

"He is very, very ill, poor fellow. The sudden change from the South brought on pneumonia. I know that you both and Gray and Cecile and Jessie will feel as sorry as I do. His aunt, Miss Palliser, is here. To-night I was permitted to see him. Only his eyes were visible and they were wide open. It is very dreadful, very painful, and has cast a gloom over our gayety.

"To-night Doctor Lansdale said that he would pull him through. I am afraid he said it to encourage Miss Palliser.

"This is a beautiful place——" She dropped her pen with a shudder, closed her eyes, groped for it again, and forced herself to continue—"Mr. Portlaw is very kind. The superintendent's house is large and comfortable. Louis begins his duties to-morrow. Everything promises to be most interesting and enjoyable——" She laid her head in her arms, remaining so, motionless, until somewhere on the floor below a clock struck midnight.

At last she managed to go on:

"Dad, dear, what you said to Louis about my part of your estate was very sweet and generous of you; but I do not want it. Louis and I have talked it over in the last fortnight, and we came to the conclusion that you must make no provision for me at present. We wish to begin very simply and make our own way. Besides, I know from something I heard Acton say that even very wealthy people are hard pressed for ready money; and so Phil Gatewood acted as our attorney and Mr. Cupy's firm as our brokers, and now the Union Pacific and Government bonds have been transferred to Colonel Vetchen's bank subject to your order—is that the term?—and the two blocks on Lexington Avenue now stand in your name, and Cuyp, Van Dine and Siclen sold all those queer things for me—the Industrials, I think you call them—and I indorsed a sheaf of certified checks, making them all payable to your order.

"Dad, dear, I cannot take anything of that kind from you. . . . I am very, very tired of the things that money buys. All I shall ever care for is the quiet of unsettled places, the silence of the hills, where I can study and read and live out the life I am fitted for. The rest is too complex, too tiresome to keep up with or even to watch from my windows.

"Dear dad and dear mother, I am a little anxious about what Acton said to Gray—about money troubles that threaten wealthy people. And so it makes me very happy to know that the rather overwhelming fortune which you so long ago set aside for me to accumulate until my marriage is at last at your disposal again. Because Gray told me that Acton was forced to borrow such frightful sums at such ruinous rates. And now you need borrow no more, need you?

"You have been so good to me—both of you. I am afraid you won't believe how dearly I love you. I don't very well see how you can believe it. But it is true.

"The light in Mr. Hamil's sick-room seems to be out. I am going to ask what it means.

"Good-night, my darling two—I will write you every day.

"SHIELA."

She was standing, looking out across the night at the darkened windows of the sick-room, her sealed letter in her hand, when she heard the lower door open and shut, steps on the stairs—and turned to face her husband.

"W-what is it?" she faltered, white to the lips.

"What is what?" he asked coolly.

"The reason there is no light in Mr. Hamil's window?"

"He's asleep," said Malcourt in a dull voice.

"Louis! Are you telling me the truth?"

"Yes. . . . I'd tell you if he were dead. He isn't. Lansdale thinks there is a slight change for the better. So I came to tell you."

Every tense nerve and muscle in her body seemed to give way at the same instant as she dropped to the lounge. For a moment her mind was only a confused void, then the routine instinct of self-control asserted itself; she made the effort required of her, groping for composure and self-command.

"He is better, you say?"

"Lansdale said there was a change which might be slightly favorable. . . . I wish I could say more than that, Shiela."

"But—he is better, then?" pitifully persistent.

Malcourt looked at her a moment. "Yes, he is better; I believe it."

For a few moments they sat there in silence.

"That is a pretty gown," he said pleasantly.

"What! Oh!" Young Mrs. Malcourt bent her head, gazing fixedly at the sealed letter in her hand. The faint red of annoyance touched her pallor—perhaps because her chamber-robe suggested an informality between them that was impossible.

"I have written to my father and mother," she said, "about the securities."

"Have you?" he said grimly.

"Yes. And, Louis, I forgot to tell you that Mr. Cuyp telephoned me yesterday assuring me that everything had been transferred and recorded and that my father could use everything in an emergency—if it comes as you thought possible. . . . And I—I wish to say"—she went on in a curiously constrained voice—"that I appreciate what you have done—what you so willingly gave up——"

An odd smile hovered on Malcourt's lips:

"Nonsense," he said. "One couldn't give up what one never had and never wanted. . . . And you say that it was all available yesterday?"

"Available!"

"At the order of Cardross, Carrick & Co.?"

"Mr. Cuyp said so."

"You made all those checks over to them?"

"Yes. Mr. Cuyp took them away."

"And that Lexington Avenue stuff?"

"Deeded and recorded."

"The bonds?"

"Everything is father's again."

"*Was it yesterday?*"

"Yes. Why?"

"You are absolutely certain?"

"Mr. Cuyp said so."

Malcourt slowly rolled a cigarette and held it, unlighted, in his nervous fingers. Young Mrs. Malcourt watched him, but her mind was on other things.

Presently he rose, and she looked up as though startled painfully from her abstraction.

"You ought to turn in," he said quietly.

"Good-night."

He went out and started to descend the stairs, but somebody was banging at the lower door, entering clumsily and in haste.

"Louis!" panted Portlaw, "they say Hamil's dying."

"Damn you," whispered Malcourt fiercely, "will you shut your cursed mouth!"

Then slowly he turned, leaden-footed, head hanging, and ascended the stairs once more to the room where his wife had been. She was standing there, pale as a corpse, struggling into a heavy coat.

"Did you—hear?"

"Yes."

He aided her with her coat.

"Do you think you had better go over?"

"Yes, I must go."

She was trembling so that he could scarcely get her into the coat.

"Probably," he said, "Portlaw doesn't know what he's talking about. . . . Shiela, do you want me to go with you——"

"No no! Oh, hurry——"

She was crying now; he saw that she was breaking down.

"Wait till I find your shoes. You can't go that way. Wait a moment——"

"No—no!"

He followed her to the stairs, but:

"No—no!" she sobbed, pushing him back; "I want him to myself. Can't they let me have him even when he is dying?"

"You can't go!" he said.

She turned on him quivering, beside herself.

"Not in this condition—for your own sake," he repeated steadily. And again he said: "For the sake of your name in the years to come, Shiela, you cannot go to him like this. Control yourself."

She strove to pass him; all her strength was leaving her.

"You coward!" she gasped.

"I thought you would mistake me," he said quietly. "People usually do. . . . Sit down."

For a while she lay sobbing in her armchair, white hands clinched, biting at her lips to choke back the terror and grief.

"As soon as your self-command returns my commands are void," he said coolly. "Nobody here shall see you as you are. If you can't protect yourself, it's my duty to do it for you. . . . Do you want Portlaw to see you?—Wayward?—these doctors and nurses and servants? How long would it take for gossip to reach your family? . . . And what you've done for their sakes would be a crime instead of a sacrifice!"

She looked up; he continued his pacing to and fro, but said no more.

After a while she rose; an immense lassitude weighted her limbs and body.

"I think I am fit to go now," she said in a low voice.

"Use a sponge and cold water and fix your hair and put on your shoes," he said. "By the time you are ready I'll be back with the truth."

She was blindly involved with her tangled hair when she heard him on the stairs again—a quick, active step that she mistook for haste; and hair and arms fell as she turned to confront him.

"It was a sinking crisis; they got him through—both doctors. I tell you, Shiela, things look better," he said cheerily.

CHAPTER XXIII

AS IN similar cases of the same disease Hamil's progress toward recovery was scarcely appreciable for a fortnight or so, then, danger of reinfection practically over, convalescence began with the new moon of May.

Other things also began about that time, including a lawsuit against Portlaw, the lilacs, jonquils and apple-blossoms in Shiela's garden, and Malcourt's capricious journeys to New York on business concerning which he offered no explanation to anybody.

The summons bidding William Van Beuren Portlaw, of Camp Chickadee, town of Pride's Fall, Horican County, New York, to defend a suit for damages arising from trespass, tree-felling, the malicious diversion of the waters of Painted Creek, the willful and deliberate killing of game, the flooding of wild meadow lands in contemptuous disregard of riparian rights and the drowning of certain sheep thereby, had been impending since the return from Florida to her pretty residence at Pride's Fall of Mrs. Alida Ascott.

Trouble had begun the previous autumn with a lively exchange of notes between them concerning the shooting of woodcock on Mrs. Ascott's side of the boundary. Then Portlaw stupidly built a dam and diverted the waters of Painted Creek. Having been planned, designed and constructed according to Portlaw's own calculations, the dam presently burst and the escaping flood drowned some of Mrs. Ascott's sheep. Then somebody cut some pine timber on her side of the line and Mrs. Ascott's smouldering indignation flamed.

Personally she and Portlaw had been rather fond of one another; and to avoid trouble incident on hot temper Alida Ascott decamped, intending to cool off in the Palm Beach surf and think it over; but she met Portlaw at Palm Beach that winter, and Portlaw dodged the olive branch and neglected her so selfishly that she determined then and there upon his punishment, now long overdue.

"My word!" said Portlaw plaintively to Malcourt, "I had no idea she'd do such a thing to me; had you?"

"Didn't I tell you she would?" said Malcourt. "I know women better than you do, though you don't believe it."

"But I thought she was rather fond of me!" protested Portlaw indignantly.

"That may be the reason she's going to chasten you, friend. Don't come bleating to me; I advised you to be attentive to her at Palm Beach, but you sulked and stood about like a baby-hippopotamus and pouted and shot your cuffs. I warned you to be agreeable to her, but you preferred the Beach Club and pigeon shooting. It's easy enough to amuse yourself and be decent to a nice woman, too. Even I can combine those things."

"Didn't I go to that lawn party?"

"Yes, and scarcely spoke to her. And never went near her afterward. Now, she's mad all through."

"Well, I can get mad, too ——"

"No, you're too plump ever to become angry"

"Do you think I'm going to submit to"

"You'll submit, all right, when they've dragged you twenty-eight miles to the county court-house once or twice"

"Louis! Are you against me, too?"—in a voice vibrating with reproach and self-pity.

"Now, look here, William Van Beuren; your guests *did* shoot woodcock on Mrs. Ascott's land ——"

"They're migratory birds, confound it!"

"And," continued Malcourt, paying no attention to the interruption, "you did build that fool dam regardless of my advice; and you first left her cattle waterless, then drowned her sheep ——"

"That was a cloud-burst an act of God ——"

"It was a dam-burst, and the act of an obstinate chump!"

"Louis, I won't let anybody talk to me like that!"

"But you've *done* it, William."

Portlaw, in a miniature fury, began to run around in little circles, puffing threats which, however, he was cautious enough to make obscure; winding up with:

"And I might as well take this opportunity to ask you what you mean by calmly going off to town every ten days or so and absenting yourself without a word of ——"

"Oh, bosh," said Malcourt; "if you don't want me here, Billy, say so and be done with it."

"I didn't say that."

"Well, then, let me alone. I don't neglect your business and I don't intend to neglect my own. If the time comes when I can't attend to both I'll let you know soon enough, perhaps sooner than you expect."

"You're perfectly welcome to go to town," insisted Portlaw alarmed

"I know it," nodded Malcourt coolly. "Now, if you'll take my advice you'll behave less like a pig in this Ascott matter."

"I'm going to fight that suit——"

"Certainly fight it. But not the way you're planning."

"Well—how, then?"

"Go and see the little lady."

"See *her?* She wouldn't receive me."

"Probably not. That's unimportant. For Heaven's sake, Portlaw, you're becoming chuckle-headed with all your feeding and inertia and pampered self-indulgence. You're the limit!—with your thirty-eight-inch girth and your twin chins and baby wrists! You know, it's pitiable when I think what a clean-cut, decent-looking, decently set-up fellow you were only two years ago! it's enough to make a cat sick!"

"Can I help what I look like?" bellowed Portlaw.

"What an idiot question!" said Malcourt with weary patience. "All you've got to do is to cuddle yourself less, and go out into the fresh air on your ridiculous legs ——"

"Ridiculous!" gasped the other. "Well, I'm damned if I stand *that* ——!"

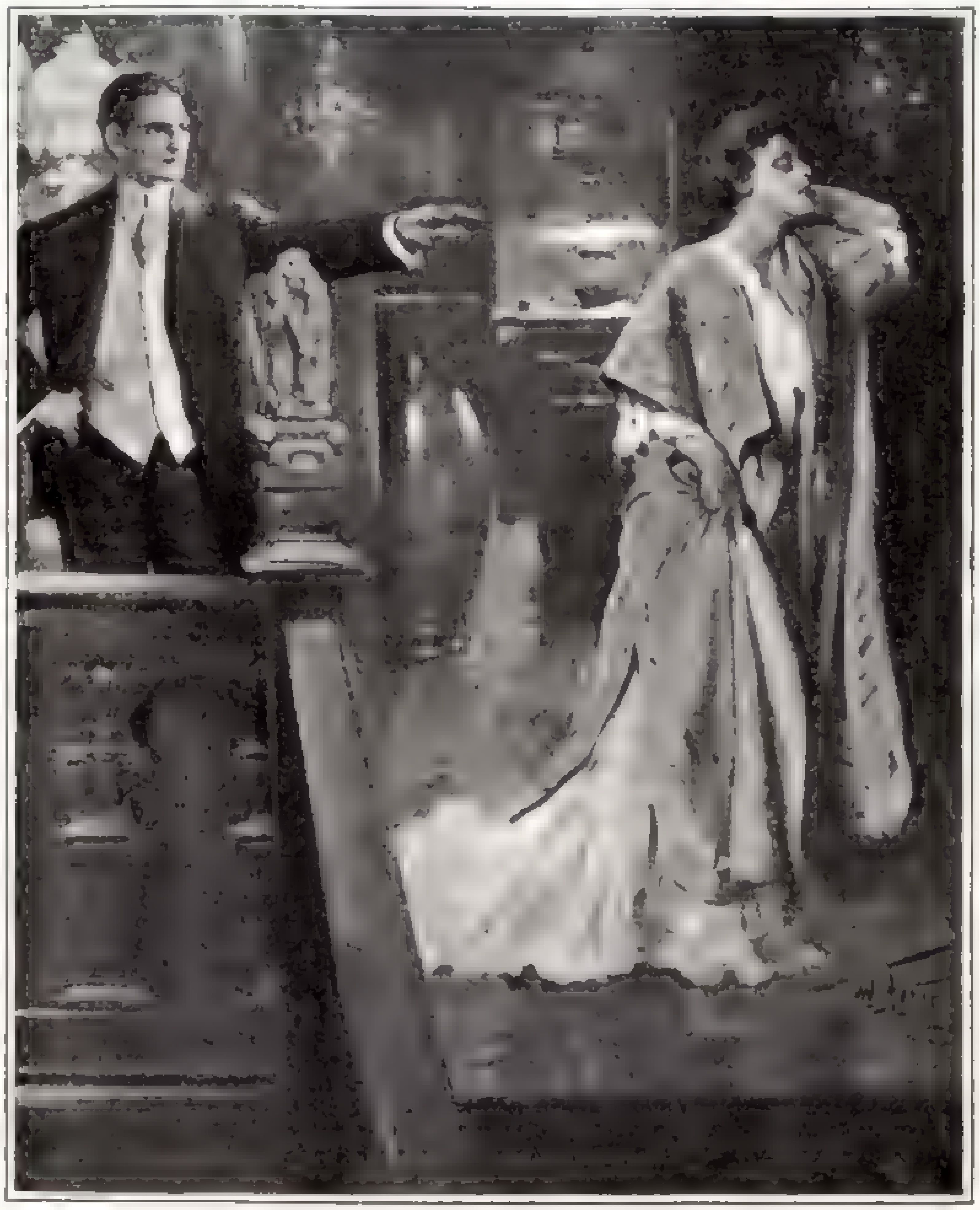
"You won't be able to stand at all if you continue eating and sitting in armchairs. You don't like what I say, do you?" with easy impudence. "Well, I said it to sting you—if there's any sensation left under your hide. And I'll say something else: if you'd care for somebody besides yourself for a change and give the overworked Ego a vacation, you'd get along with your pretty neighbor yonder. Oh, yes, you would; she was quite inclined to like you before you began to turn, physically, into a stall-fed prize-winner. You're only thirty-seven or eight; you've a reasonable chance yet to exchange obesity for perspicacity before it smothers what intellect remains. And, if you're anything except what you're beginning to resemble, you'll stop sharp, behave yourself, go to see your neighbor, and"—with a shrug—"marry her. Marriage—as easy a way out of trouble as it is in."

He swung carelessly on his heel, supple, erect, graceful.

"But," he threw back over his shoulder, "you'd better acquire the rudiments of a figure before you go a-courting Alida Ascott." And with that he left Portlaw sitting petrified in his wadded chair.

Malcourt strolled on, a humorously malicious smile hovering near his eyes, but his face grew serious as he glanced up at Hamil's window. He had not seen Hamil during his illness or his convalescence—had made no attempt to, evading lightly the casual suggestions of Portlaw that he and his young wife pay Hamil a visit; nor did he appear to take anything more than a politely perfunctory interest in the sick man's progress, yet Constance Palliser had often seen him pacing the lawn under Hamil's window long after midnight during those desperate hours when the life-flame scarcely flickered—those ominous moments when so many souls go out to meet the impending dawn.

But now, in the later stages of Hamil's rapid convalescence which is characteristic of a healthy recovery from his unpleasant malady, Malcourt avoided the cottage, even ceased to inquire, and Hamil had never asked to see him, although, for appearance' sake, he knew that he must do so very soon.



"Can't They Let Me Have Him Even When He is Dying?"

Wayward and Constance Palliser were visiting Mrs. Ascott at Pride's Fall; young Mrs. Malcourt had been there for a few days, but was returning to prepare for the series of house-parties arranged by Portlaw, who had included Cecile Cardross and Philip Gatewood in the first relay.

As for Malcourt, there was no counting on him; he was likely to remain for several days at any of the five distant gatekeepers' lodges across the mountains; or to be mousing about the woods with wardens and foresters, camping where convenient; or to start for New York without explanation. All of which activity annoyed Portlaw, who missed his manager at table and at cards—missed his nimble humor, his impudence, his casual malice—missed the paternal toleration which this man bestowed upon him—a sort of half-affectionate, half-contemptuous supervision.

And, now that Malcourt was so often absent, Portlaw was surprised to find how much he missed the veiled authority exercised—how dependent on it he had become, how secretly agreeable had been the half-mocking discipline which relieved him of any responsibility except as over-lord of the culinary régime.

Like a spoiled school-lad, badly brought up, he sometimes defied Malcourt's authority—as in the matter of the dam—enjoying his own perversity. But he always got into hot water and was glad enough to return to safety.

Even now, though his truancy had landed him in a very lively lawsuit, he was glad enough to slink back through the stinging comments to the security of authority, and his bellows of exasperation under reproof were half pretense. He expected Malcourt to get him out of it, if he could not extricate himself; he had no idea of defending the suit. Besides, there was sufficient vanity in him to rely on a personal meeting with Mrs. Ascott. But he laughed in his sleeve at the idea of the necessity of making love to her.

And one day when Hamil was out for the third or fourth time, walking about the drives and lawns in the sunshine, and Malcourt was not in sight, Portlaw called for his riding breeches and boots.

He had not been on a horse in years, and it seemed as though only faith and a shoe-horn could get him into his riding-breeches; but with the aid of Heaven and a powerful valet he stood before his mirror arrayed at last, and presently went out across the lawn and through the grove to Malcourt's house

Young Mrs. Malcourt, in pink gingham apron and sunbonnet, was digging with a trowel in her garden when he appeared upon the landscape.

"I don't want you to tell Louis," he cautioned her with a very knowing and subtle smile, "but I'm just going to ride over to Pride's this morning and settle this lawsuit matter, and surprise him."

Shiela had straightened up, trowel in her gloved hand, and now stood looking at him in amused surprise.

"I didn't know you rode," she said. "I should think it would be very good for you."

"Well," he admitted, turning red, "I suppose I ought to ride, now and then. Louis has been at me rather viciously. But you won't tell him, will you?"

"No," said Shiela.

"Because, you see, he doesn't think me capable of settling this thing; and so I'm just going to gallop over and have a little friendly chat with Mrs. Ascott ——"

"Friendly?" very gravely.

"Yes," he said, alarmed; "why not?"

"Do you think Mrs. Ascott will receive you?"

"Well—now—Louis said something of that sort. And then he added that it didn't matter—but he didn't explain what I was to do when she refused to see me. . . . Ah—could—would you mind telling me what to do in that case, Mrs. Malcourt?"

"What is there to do, Mr. Portlaw, if a woman refuses to receive you?"

"Why—*I* don't know," he admitted vacantly. "What would *you* do if you were I?"

Young Mrs. Malcourt, frankly amused, shook her head: "If Mrs. Ascott won't see you, she *won't!* You don't intend to carry Pride's Fall by assault, do you?"

"But Louis said ——"

"Mr. Malcourt knows quite well that Mrs. Ascott won't see you."

"W-why?"

"Ask yourself. Besides, her lawyers have forbidden her."

But Portlaw's simple faith in Malcourt never wavered; he stood his ground and quoted him naïvely, adding. "You see, Louis must have meant *something.* Couldn't you tell me what he meant? I'll promise to do it."

"I suppose," she answered, laughing, "that he meant me to write a note to Alida Ascott, making a personal appeal for your reception. He spoke of it; but Mr. Portlaw, I am scarcely on such a footing with her."

(Continued on Page 31)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 18, 1908

The Dead Leader

GROVER CLEVELAND introduced honesty and patriotism into a region peculiarly in need of them—namely, into politics.

It seems strange now that such a service should have been so bitterly opposed; but the road of every pioneer is hard. Cleveland was the pioneer. He preached and practiced that a party is admirable only in so far as it serves the common good. The preaching was familiar; the practice a novelty. He discovered no binding Jeffersonian principle in conniving at graft. Men who followed him in putting country above party were called mugwumps as a term of reproach.

There could have been no improvement in politics except by breaking down that blind allegiance to party which fortified and armed rascality.

It was harder to practice honesty and patriotism in politics twenty-four years ago than it is now. That it is easier now is due, first of all, to his powerful initiative. In a less striking and less important way than Washington and Lincoln, he was still a true leader of American men on their long road toward freedom.

The opposition to Roosevelt within the Republican organization is mild compared with the opposition to Cleveland within the organization of his party. It was with excellent reason that the Tammany of that day fought his nomination in 1892 to the last ditch. His kind of Democracy meant death to that kind. After his triumphant nomination and election Tammany was never the same sinisterly formidable organization that it had been before.

Much was burst in that campaign. The Republican electoral vote dropped from two hundred and thirty-three to one hundred and forty-five. That surge across party lines was truly a march toward freedom.

Paying a Hundred Cents

THE country now freely acknowledges Cleveland's most conspicuous service as President. But, in the day when it was performed, that service cost him much popularity. It happened to be a service that was grateful especially to Wall Street, and dubious to the South and West.

Cleveland had been violently opposed by New York; enthusiastically supported by the West. Yet Wall Street's view of the Treasury's need was right—which was decisive for him.

It is easy to doubt passed dangers. In '91, '92 and '93 the Treasury issued one hundred and forty-seven millions of notes, redeemable in "coin," to buy silver which, in 1893, was worth sixty cents on the dollar and in the two following years fifty cents. Soon after Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated net gold in the Treasury dropped below a hundred millions—later, below sixty millions.

In 1893 the Treasury was called upon to redeem in gold one hundred and two millions of notes, and exports of gold amounted to one hundred and eight millions.

In short, whether the United States should pay its debts at a hundred cents on the dollar in gold or at fifty cents in silver was a very practical and imminent question. Silver was powerful politically.

To a politician, mindful primarily of party, the case might have been difficult. To a man mindful primarily of country, it was simple.

President Cleveland said the nation should pay a hundred cents until the last shred of national resources which he could command was exhausted, and he stuck to the point with the same obstinacy which he displayed in other cases where the same principle seemed to him to be involved. He was blamed—and still is in a few quarters—for paying dear for gold when to get gold at any price was an achievement. He was content to get the gold that the country's credit needed, and to leave the blame to the future.

There is nothing picturesque about maintaining a country's credit under difficulties. It is, nevertheless, a not insignificant service.

He spoke in deliberate condemnation of the high tariff measure of the other party, but in burning anger of the high tariff measure of his own party.

He himself was a condition, not a theory—a condition of immovable honesty.

Plain Truths and Life Insurance

THAT life insurance is better than it used to be we are sure. For example, a big company's last official circular contains a clear statement of what a dividend is—namely, that it is no more a dividend, in the accepted meaning of that word, than is the change which you get back at the store. It is simply an overplus, above the cost of the insurance, which the company hands back at the end of the year.

Some people knew this before the explosion; but we do not recall that any big company took the trouble to explain it for general circulation.

Just how much better life insurance is we cannot say—not knowing what all the enterprising persons who are selling it over the country tell the people who buy it. Formerly, all too often, they told fairy stories; and a wholly erroneous impression that a life insurance company is a sort of benevolent enterprise by the management, or a kind of Fortunatus' purse which habitually gives back more than it receives, is not quite dead even now.

Not long ago we were grieved to receive a proposition so worded as to induce in the uninformed mind a notion that the insured stood a splendid chance of beating the company and getting his insurance almost for nothing.

The more clearly the companies, by themselves and their agents, tell the plain truth about life insurance, the better life insurance will be.

Making Good a Title

FEBRUARY first next, the Torrens system of registering land titles goes into effect in New York.

At present ownership of land is evidenced by a record in a public book, and the seller gives the buyer a deed and abstract

Under the new system, ownership may be evidenced by a record in a different public book, and the seller will give the buyer a deed and certificate.

This is a harrowing innovation.

The Torrens system was introduced in Illinois long ago; but for years it made scarcely any progress in public confidence. In New York, before the Legislature acted, a commission spent many months studying the subject—a minority of the commission finding grave objections.

The system does indubitably work, and it reduces the cost and trouble of transferring land to a fraction of what it is under the old method. But it is a departure; and any departure—especially in a matter of such vital importance as the title to land—must arouse dark apprehension in conservative minds.

Formerly, it will be remembered, ownership of land in Egypt was evidenced by four stone monuments, one at each corner of the lot. Cheops, however, needing stone for his famous pyramid, decreed that there should be only two monuments thereafter. Whereupon the proprietary breast of Egypt was given over to gloom and despair. Whenever the monarch strolled abroad he beheld landlords wringing their hands or watering the sites of their monolithic abstracts with hopeless tears.

Troubles of Rulers

SIX Socialists have been elected to the Prussian Diet, there is sedition in India, the Philippine Assembly has passed a resolution in favor of independence, and so it goes.

People everywhere are asking for more political power, and, at the same time, abusing such power as they have by employing it to vex their rulers.

The Prussian Government has long maintained that the mass of the people were unfit to have any considerable voice in Prussian affairs. The election of six radical opponents of the government simply proves that some of the people whom the government has permitted to vote effectively are also unfit for that privilege. What other view could a reasonable government take of it?

One and a half per cent. of the civilized population of the Philippines were permitted to amuse themselves by electing an Assembly, as a mild exercise in imitation of self-government. It was alleged, as we recall it, that the ninety-seven thousand electors were mainly of the better, more "loyal" sort. Yet their representatives are so little sensible of their true interests that they want independence—which proves conclusively that the capacity for self-government of the mass of the Filipinos must be so far below zero that simple arithmetic could never express it.

Our Incurable Honesty

AN OBSERVANT Martian might wonder at the almost ineradicable predilection for honesty which characterizes human beings. For example, two or three obscure gentlemen, some time ago, set up a mysterious investment company. Many, including business men of age and reputation, hastened to invest in it. Just what they expected to get for their money the receiver is unable to determine; but he surmises it was not what they will get—namely, experience.

Commenting upon which the Economist, of Chicago, observes: "It is astonishing how easy it is for men of moderate intelligence, comparatively unknown and of no business standing, to gather in other people's money by organizing a corporation and talking big."

So easy that we are sometime surprised that anybody elects to give people an equivalent for their money, instead of just swindling them out of it.

The reason, of course, is that almost all men prefer to be honest. Hardly any can bear to take the money of another without giving an equivalent—except by some method that is duly approved by their friends and has the sanction of law.

A Gentle Political Ambition

WE WISH very much that we could be permitted to arrange this Presidential campaign in just a few trivial and incidental particulars.

To begin with, we would have Mr. Bryan take dinner with Booker T. Washington in Atlanta, while Mr. Taft conferred the same social honor upon Miss Emma Goldman in Philadelphia.

We would not aspire to alter the platforms in the least particular, nor to change the public record of either candidate by so much as a comma. Neither would we have either do anything which in the smallest degree violated any law of the land or any quotable canon of religion. But by a few small and, so to speak, extraneous touches here and there we would endeavor to have the solid South go enthusiastically for Taft, and Pennsylvania roll up a majority of about half a million for Bryan.

The object, of course, would be the wholly salutary one of demonstrating how little people really care for what they are voting for. Persuaded by reason and argument that one doctrine of government is more enlightened than the other, men will stand firmly by their conviction—unless some proponent of that doctrine unfortunately offends their real and deep prepossessions.

Strangling the Solecisms

SLOVENLY use of English in every-day speech is a fact acknowledged by all, and by some deplored.

That women—who notoriously have more time and inclination for literary pursuits than men have—may be taught to speak correctly is the settled conviction of Professor Elias McNuttie, who has devoted many years to the subject. That the results so far attained have been comparatively slight is due, in Professor McNuttie's opinion, to the discursiveness of the methods employed.

By the coöperation of many teachers in the early eighties Professor McNuttie was able to secure an application of his own intensive method. This consisted in daily impressing upon such female pupils as seemed receptive that they must say "Don't—you" instead of "don-chew."

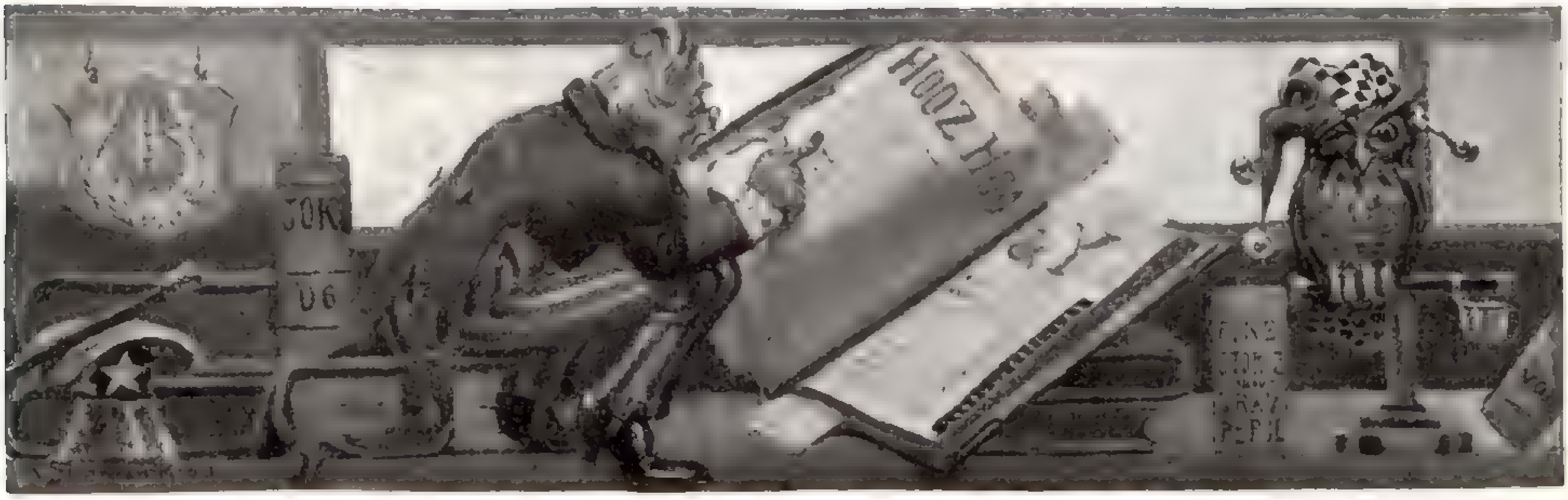
A recent canvass of 83,617 female grammar-school graduates in the Middle West shows that no fewer than 2869, as Professor McNuttie informs us, habitually say "Don't—you," except in moments of excitement. That they are the beneficiaries of his system is proved, in the Professor's opinion, by the fact that they still say "Whazer-name?" "Whiz-she?" "Yezzir," and so on.

Fifteen years ago Professor McNuttie essayed an extension of his system—confining grammatical instruction to a struggle with the appositional pronoun, "It is I," "It is he," "It is she."

Whether because the teachers were somewhat exhausted by their wrestle with "don-chew," or because the new subject was vastly more difficult, or because the effort befell in a Democratic Administration, he is unable to say; but he admits that the result has been disappointing.

Not that he is discouraged. He still believes that by attacking the notable solecisms singly, one after another, at intervals of fifteen or twenty years, much progress in the way of subduing them may be made; that the time will come when a considerable number of college graduates can tell almost offhand—or, at least, after a few moments' reflection—whether to say "shall" or "will."

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY



Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Rise of "Fingy" Conners

IT IS customary, with some people, to speak of William James Conners, chairman of the New York Democratic State Committee, as a rough diamond. In other circles, the diamond part of the designation is scrupulously dropped.

Considering the matter judicially, it can be said that, even though Mr. Conners may not be so high a grade of carbon as a diamond, he wears plenty of them, and that, although he is rough enough to suit the most fastidious of the admirers of the rugged, he is smooth enough for all practical purposes -and Mr. Conners' purposes are eminently practical. With that keen insight into the exact identity of the dominating influence that distinguishes so many of our leading millionaires, Mr. Conners has spent his fifty-odd years in accumulating money.

His platform on this point is delightfully simple "Jim," said a friend, some years ago, "now that you are getting along in the world you'd better try to tone down a bit. It wouldn't be a bad plan to get somebody to tutor you for a time."

"Education!" snorted Conners, with several additional snorts that added emphasis, even if they were expletive in character—"Education! I can hire all of them guys I want for twenty dollars a week."

Now, there is a sentiment that will give pause to the young man with his eye on a diploma. When so eminent an authority as Mr. Conners declares that education is worth only twenty dollars a week it is the moment for reflection, since Conners did not woo fortune, that fickle jade, with abilities, or the lack of them, manicured up to the A. M. or the Ph. D. stage.

The docks at Buffalo, where most of the enormous tonnage of the Great Lakes either starts West or finishes the first part of its journey East, have been the beginning of many men who have come to power and influence. There is an Archbishop who was born on the water-front of Buffalo, a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, a former Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and others who have gone far—and there is Conners.

On the docks at Buffalo the primal law still obtains. Strength wins. If you can't whip your man with your fists, whip him with a bale-stick, or a box-hook, or anything else that comes handy—but whip him. If a gentleman with whom you are bickering bites off one of your fingers, you retaliate, politely, by gouging out one of his eyes, or both, if the opportunity offers. The amenities are strictly observed. You do not kick your disputatious friend, whom you have down, in the head. That is the unwritten law. Instead, you jump on his face with both hob-nailed feet, which, as all will admit, is more sportsmanlike, as well as more permanent in results.

Naturally, the youthful Conners went to the docks for employment as soon as he had any size at all. He did various odd jobs, such as ferrying and painting smokestacks and acting as cook's helper, until he broadened into the measure of a man. Then he took a truck and went to be a stevedore. He was handy with his fists, thick through the chest and properly resentful of any infringement on his rights. It wasn't long until "Fingy" became one of the leaders among the stevedores.

Everybody called him "Fingy" Conners then, just as everybody calls him "Fingy" Conners now—much to his disgust. There are two stories about this nickname. One is that one of the companions of the youthful Conners had a pistol.

"Chee," he said, "I wisht I had sumpin' t' shoot at."

"Shoot at me t'umb," Conners replied, holding up his right hand with thumb extended. The boy shot and hit the target, and Conners went home and told his mother he had "losted his fingy"—which gave the neighborhood the chance for the nickname

The other story is that at a dance one night a gentleman friend of Conners bit off the thumb.

Fingy grew on the docks. It was not long until he was bossing a gang. He bossed by right of his brawn and his native shrewdness. The owners of the various freight-lines unloaded their own freight in those days. Conners, observing the workings of the scooping system at the elevators—where there was a boss scooper who had the contract with all the elevators and hired his own men to do the scooping – had the wit to see that the same system would work with the package freight. He started out to get the contracts. There he began his rise to wealth.

He now has the freight contracts at all the ports on the Great Lakes, unloads and loads all the boats, and is, most likely, the greatest stevedore, in point of business done, in this country. His strength and courage were supplemented with a shrewd, money-making mind.

Scooping grain in the holds of boats is frightful work. The men go down with shovels, and their task is to keep the grain up to the leg of the elevator so the ascending buckets shall always be filled. The grain is full of dust, the holds are stiflingly hot, and there is no stopping until the job is done. The scoopers drink heavily. They take a large glass of vile whisky to "cut the dust" and follow it with enormous glasses of beer. Knowing this, and knowing the habit of the men, the boss scooper, years ago, established his own chain of saloons and refused to hire men as scoopers who did not do their drinking at his places.

Conners was quick to see the value of this altruistic idea. He improved it by devising a system of brass checks. Whenever a stevedore in his employ wanted a drink, the boss of the gang gave him a brass check good at a Conners saloon. At the end of the week the men were paid off at the saloons, and the amounts indicated by the brass checks they had taken during the week were deducted from their wages.

Meantime, Conners had been expanding. He mixed in politics. He ran for alderman once in the First Ward, but was beaten so badly that he never looked for elective office after that. His activities turned to other directions. He had an asphalt company that he eventually sold to the asphalt trust for some slight remuneration over and above its first cost. Other similar municipal activities engaged his attention, together with some that were strictly personal, and it came to be known in Buffalo that Conners was rich.

Conners did not deny it. He appeared in the public places with rolls of five-hundred-dollar bills and bestrewn with diamonds like the front window of a Broadway jewelry-shop. He bought more wine than anybody else, told how much money he had and was making, built a fine house out in South Buffalo, had the best horses and the reddest waistcoats. His philosophy was embodied in his reply to the friend who remonstrated with him for wearing so many diamonds. "I've heard tell before that wearin' diamonds is vulgar," said Conners, "but I notice that them that has 'em wears 'em."

He had 'em and he wore 'em, and he boasted day and night of his wealth. This sort of thing went well enough with the Conners brand of people, but it was not long until Conners noticed that he was not getting anywhere with the men with whom he wanted to associate. Conners is smart, supernaturally so in many instances. He sat down and thought it over. During that period of communion with himself he discovered that, next to wealth, respectability is most to be desired. From that moment he started on his new campaign.

He toned down his clothes, discarded his diamonds, ceased, to a degree, his bluster, and endeavored to be a man of affairs. The city did not take him seriously, but he kept at it. One day, everybody shouted with laughter when it was announced that Conners had bought an afternoon newspaper. He put his name at the top of the editorial column and went at it hammer and tongs. He liked the game, so he started a morning paper. Soon afterward he bought another, merged that with his own morning paper, and now he is editor and owner of a morning and an afternoon paper, which, as he says himself, "is going some."

He bought a house on Delaware Avenue, where the exclusive people live, laid in a garageful of automobiles, went into all sorts of schemes for the promotion of his own fortunes, but, incidentally, every time, for the prestige it would give him to be associated with the men in the companies.

He fought for and obtained the State committee chairmanship, because he wanted recognition. That is the spectre always before him. He campaigns incessantly for social standing. He wears dark clothes and pallid, instead of hectic, shirts.

There are times when the Conners of the First Ward, the old Conners, breaks through the Conners of Delaware Avenue, but the Delaware Avenue Conners strangles back the First Ward Conners as soon as he can. One of these days "Fingy" will be a Leading Citizen of Buffalo.

The Hall of Fame

¶ The terrible truth has leaked out that part of Wu Ting-Fang's queue is a switch.

¶ Paul Armstrong, the playwright, has bought a stock farm in Maryland and intends to raise fine horses in intervals between writing plays.

¶ Ervin Wardman, the Editor of the New York Press, wanted to learn to write on a typewriter, so he wrote a novel on one for the practice.

¶ When E. H. Harriman has any big problem to think out, he locks himself in a room and stays there until he has the solution, no matter how long it takes him.

¶ General Stewart Woodford, who was our Minister to Spain just before the Spanish War, has the finest pair of side-whiskers ever seen in the diplomatic service.

¶ Paul Morton, former Secretary of the Navy, and now president of the Equitable Insurance Company, is an athlete, and still finds time to walk ten miles a day.

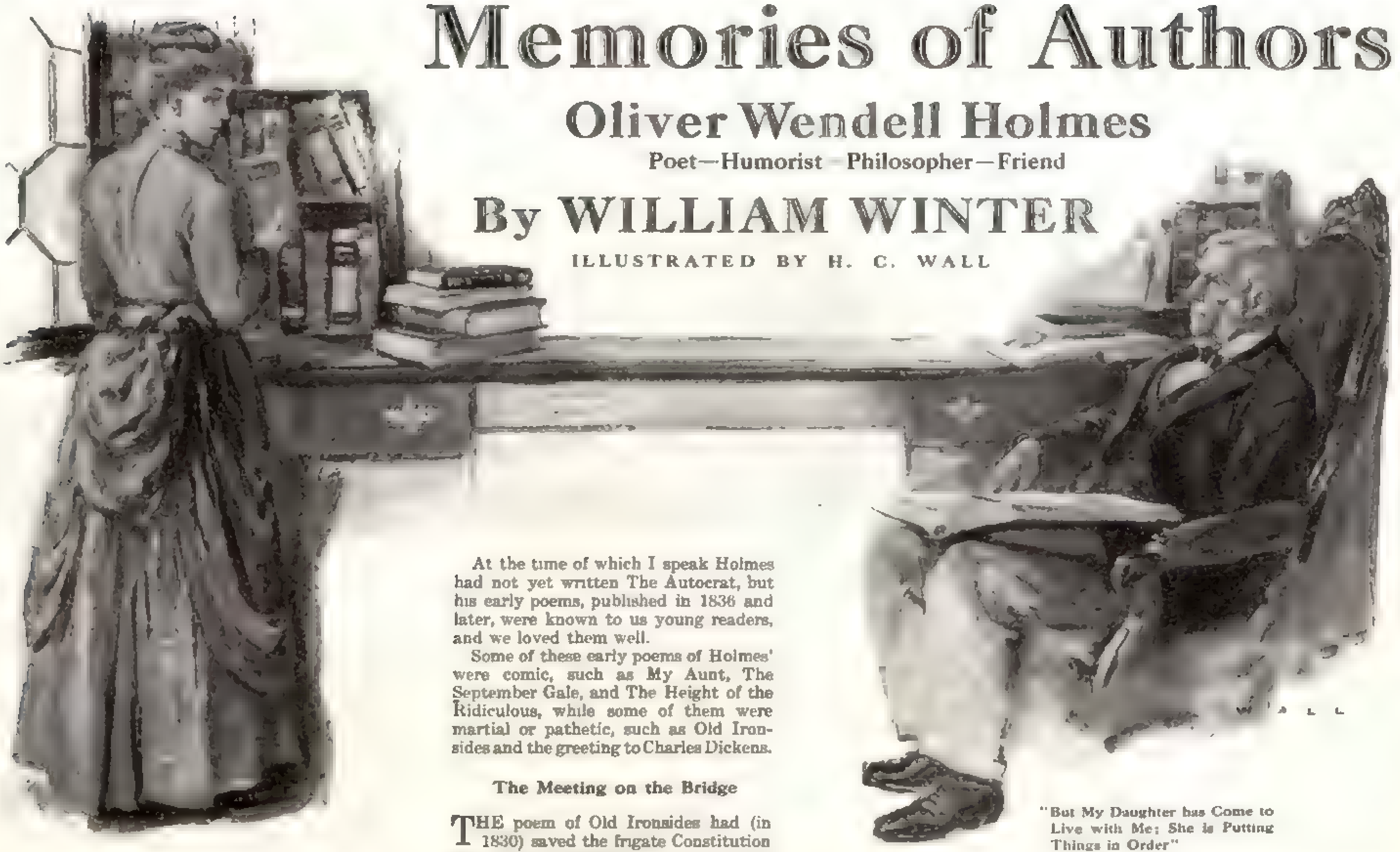
Memories of Authors

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Poet—Humorist—Philosopher—Friend

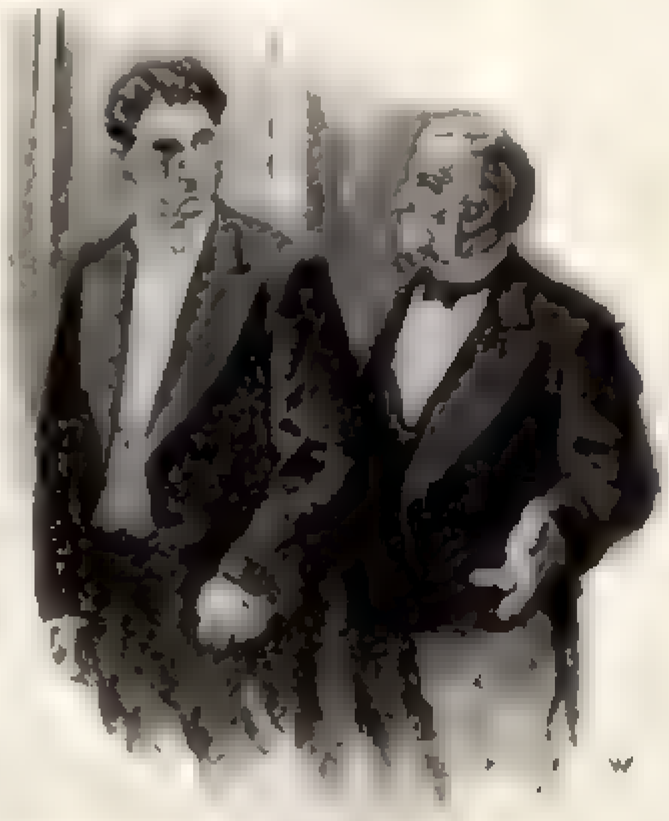
By WILLIAM WINTER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL



"But My Daughter has Come to Live with Me; She is Putting Things in Order"

AS I LOOK back to the distant days of my youth, in the old cities of Boston and Cambridge, and recall the reverent devotion to literature and its eminent professors that then prevailed, I am somewhat painfully conscious of a change that has taken place, either in public sentiment as to those subjects or in my own mind. Those were the days when Dana, Bryant, Halleck, Cooper and Washington Irving were hallowed names, never thought of without spontaneous admiration nor mentioned without profound respect. Those were the days, also, of Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Felton, Holmes, Mitchell, Whipple, and Henry Giles—to mention only a few of the men then conspicuous in the realm of thought—and around all those names there was an atmosphere of sanctity. We who were young never even dreamed of doubting the authenticity of their greatness. Reverence for them was a religion, and that religion was generally prevalent. No such feeling seems to exist now, relative to authors, whether of the past or present. The audacious New Age ignores all reputations and challenges all claims. When Charles Dickens first visited Boston (it was as long ago as 1842), the girls in the fine mansions that he entered would throng around him and furtively cut bits of fur from his sealskin overcoat, to be treasured as souvenirs. No writer is idolized now in any such spirit, or in any spirit at all. In my own breast, I grieve to say, the spring of hero-worship has nearly run dry; but that, I am wishful to believe, is due to the lapse of time. Wordsworth has noticed the "sober coloring" which, from the eyes of ancient watchers of mortality, is taken by "the clouds that gather round the setting sun." For me, however, a remnant of that old devotional enthusiasm still remains. There is, for example, as there always has been, a halo around the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes.



"I Shall Try, To-Night, to Do Something as Nearly as Possible in the Manner of Moore Himself"

At the time of which I speak Holmes had not yet written The Autocrat, but his early poems, published in 1836 and later, were known to us young readers, and we loved them well.

Some of these early poems of Holmes' were comic, such as My Aunt, The September Gale, and The Height of the Ridiculous, while some of them were martial or pathetic, such as Old Ironsides and the greeting to Charles Dickens.

The Meeting on the Bridge

THE poem of Old Ironsides had (in 1830) saved the frigate Constitution from being demolished, and we could see her, still afloat, in the harbor, off the Navy Yard at Charlestown. The Dickens song had given to us a gem of feeling and melody, not to be forgotten:

The Irish harp no longer thrills,
Or breathes a fainter tone;
The clarion blast from Scotland's hills,
Alas! no more is blown;
And Passion's burning lip bewails
Her Harold's wasted fire,
Still ling'ring o'er the dust that veils
The lord of England's lyre.

It is not surprising that Holmes charmed us, for he voiced the ardor of youth and he touched, at one and the same moment, the chords that vibrate to laughter and to tears. Time adjusts the scales in which achievement is weighed and by which reputation is finally determined. Other bards may have excelled Holmes, in later years, and to them may have been accorded a higher rank than has been accorded to him, in the estimation of his countrymen; but no American poet of the middle of the nineteenth century—unless, perhaps, it was Longfellow—was so much loved by the rising generation.

I saw Holmes many times before I became personally acquainted with him. He dwelt, at one time, in Montgomery Place, one of those short, secluded streets open at only one end, like the backwater eddies in the river Thames, of which, in those days, Boston possessed many. I suppose that, mostly, they are gone now. There was Federal Alley, back of the theatre. There was an alley leading from State Street into Dock Square. There was an inlet to Arch Street, and there was an arch, which I dimly remember. There was a narrow, bleak passage leading from Court Square into Washington Street, in which, as he told me long afterward, Edwin P. Whipple (best of American literary critics) once met the illustrious lawyer and orator, Rufus Choate, who passed by him with a stately bow, merely ejaculating, as a comment on that dingy thoroughfare, "ignominious, but convenient." I saw Holmes, several times, emerging from "old Montgomery Place." I saw him walking in "the long path," as he afterward called it, in the quaint, tender, eminently felicitous closing chapter of The Autocrat. I saw him (but that was at a later period) slowly and sadly pacing near the old Cragie mansion, on the desolate summer day of the funeral of Mrs. Longfellow. Once I met him on the bridge that spans the Charles River, westward, from Boston to Cambridge, and the encounter was both singular and amusing. It chanced that we were the only persons then on the bridge. We were strangers; we were on opposite sides of the causeway, proceeding in different directions, and, of course, he took no notice of me. Upon him, on the contrary, my admiring gaze was riveted. He was walking slowly, was musing, and his face was exceedingly grave; but suddenly, without obvious reason, he burst into laughter, and his countenance became radiant with mirth. I do not think that a more illuminative indication could be cited of the peculiar constitution of his mind. He was unconscious of being observed. He was off his guard. He was, at that moment—although I did not know it—the veritable humorist of The Autocrat, passing instantly from a serious thought to a merry one, and exultantly happy in the transition and the mirth of it. Much can be divined if you have the privilege of looking at a great man when he is alone, wrapt in thought and unconscious of observation. I once saw Daniel Webster, on a summer morning, pacing to and fro—no other person in sight and no movement anywhere—at the extreme end of Long Wharf, in Boston; and the image of that noble figure and leonine face, with its gloomy, glorious eyes, has never faded out of my memory.

The Outlook of a Long Life

THE life of Holmes extended over almost the whole of the nineteenth century. He was born August 29, 1809, and he died October 7, 1894. I once heard Rufus Choate—greatest of orators that have been heard in our country!—speak on "The Last Days of Samuel Rogers," the gentle poet of The Pleasures of Memory, who lived for ninety-two years—1763 to 1855—and who, of course, had passed through a seething, tumultuous period of tremendous events and startling changes—events and changes of which, equally of course, the superb speaker painted a magnificent picture, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." There is, in the spacious garden of Holland House, at Kensington, an arbor, facing, at a little distance, Canova's superb bust of Napoleon Bonaparte, in which cozy retreat an inscription, composed and placed by Lord Holland, glances at the friendship of that celebrated nobleman with the equally celebrated poet:

Here ROGERS sat, and here forever dwell.
With me, the pleasures that he sang so well.

Rogers was contemporary with the war in which England lost her American Colonies, with the terrible

French Revolution, and with the entire career of Napoleon; he knew Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, and all the luminaries, whether dramatic, literary or social, who circled around them; he might have talked with Doctor Johnson, and would have done so but for timidity; his time comprised, as to literature, all the achievements of Burns, Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Byron, Landor, Shelley and Keats; and he lived to see the triumphs of Macaulay and Dickens, and to decline the office of poet-laureate in favor of Alfred Tennyson.

The period spanned by the life of Holmes was equally remarkable for social vicissitudes and prodigality of marvels, and it was even more remarkable for its amazing discoveries in science, its diffusion of intelligence, its escape from the shackles of superstition, its advancement in civilization, and its progress toward a rational fellowship of the human race.

It is not my purpose to write his life or to review his career. I wish only to say that the reader of his books discovers that he was always abreast, and often in advance, of the boldest, clearest, best thought of his day, upon every subject of vital interest to mankind. In youth he studied Law, but he soon turned from Law to Medicine, and from Medicine—in which he was highly distinguished—he turned to Literature, which, indeed, was his natural vocation. His first publication was made in 1834; his last in 1888. There are thirteen volumes of his works thus far collected—poems, novels, essays, lectures, and scientific papers—and they are a mine of wisdom and beauty.

One of the Poet's Occasions

THE author of The Voiceless, The Chambered Nautilus, Under the Violets, Our Dead Singer, and The Living Temple—those being only exponents, eloquently indicative, in their significance, of the opulent depth of his poetic nature and faculty—has written his name in letters of golden light, clear and imperishable, on the tablets of our national literature. Holmes was a great poet, even though he never wrote an epic, just as Gray was a great poet for his Elegy alone. It pleased Holmes, however, to write many poems of "occasion," and he has been designated, sometimes a little disdainfully, "an occasional poet." He was more than that. His achievements in that vein, meanwhile, are incomparably fine, and the felicitous verse for "occasion" that he wrote so well was made doubly charming and splendidly effective by his always beautiful delivery of its lines.

At times, when he had thus to speak, he became eagerly animated, joyously excited, keenly conscious of the intellectual value of the feat to be accomplished and of the effect to be produced. His countenance, pleasingly eccentric rather than conventionally handsome, and more remarkable for intensity and variety of expression than for regularity of feature, would, at such moments, glow with fervency of emotion; his brilliant, dark eyes would blaze, as with interior light; his little, fragile person, quivering with the passionate vitality of his spirit, would tower with intrinsic majesty; and his voice, clear and sympathetic, but neither strong nor deep, would tremble, and sometimes momentarily break, with ardor and impetuosity of feeling, while yet he never lost control of either his metrical fabric, his theme, his sensibility, or his hearers. He was a consummate artist, whether in words or in speech.

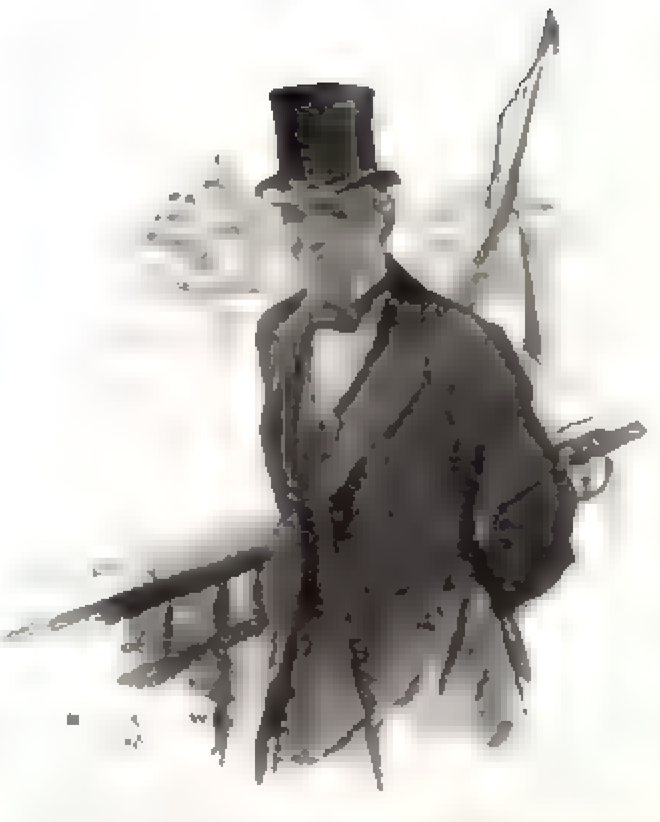
On May 28, 1879, there was a festival, at the Parker House in Boston, commemorative of the centennial of the great Irish poet, Thomas Moore (a man of exquisite genius, and one of the chief benefactors of the world, seeing that he set to music, in the sweetest of words and the loveliest of melodies, its sacred feelings and its best aspirations), and, as we were going into the banquet-room, Holmes took me by the arm and said to me: "I shall try, to-night, to do something as nearly as possible in the manner of Moore himself, and I hope that *you* will like it." He was as eagerly interested and as tremulously nervous as a young girl might be going to her first reception, and he was as ingenuous and winning as a little child; yet then he was a man of seventy, and he was speaking to a man but little more than half his own age. His delivery of his poem was perfect—surpassing all expectation. When he rose to speak he gazed steadily for a few moments at a bust of Moore, which had been placed at the farther end of the hall, immediately opposite to him, and then, without a word of preamble, he ejaculated the first line of that glowing apostrophe to the dead poet—that exquisite interpretation of his spirit—that illuminative parallel between the two great representative bards of Ireland and Scotland ("Enchanter of Erin, whose magic has bound us!"), which, to this day, remains the most felicitous and effective occasional poem existent in the English language.

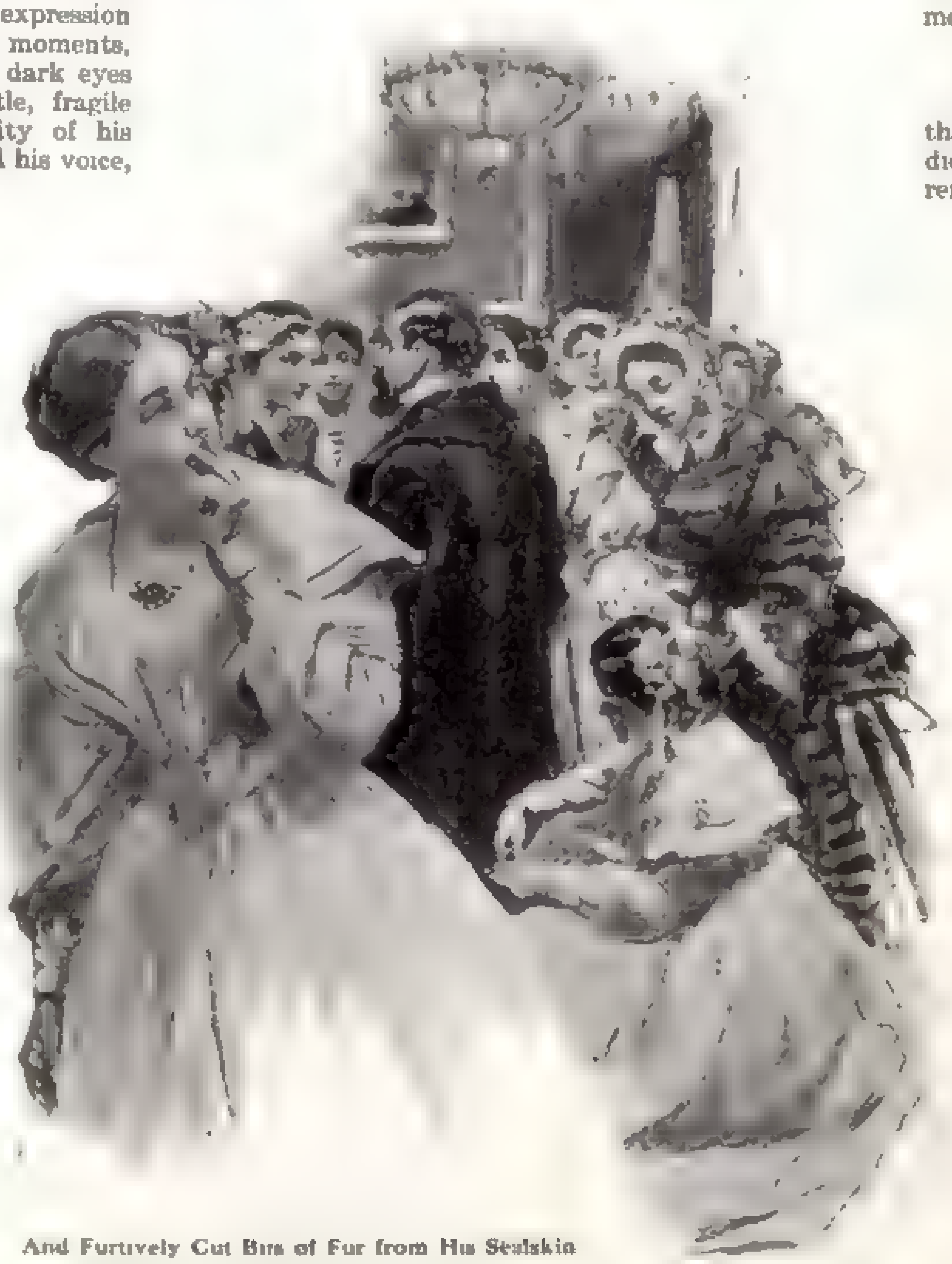
The effect of it was magical. A brilliant assemblage, hushed, almost breathless with excitement, hung, enraptured, upon every syllable and every tone, and when the last word rang from the speaker's lips there was such a tumult of acclamation as seemed to shake the walls. Among the auditors were James T. Fields and the tragedian John McCullough; both were deeply moved. McCullough's Irish heart, as might well be imagined, was thrilled in every fibre.

Long afterward, and again and again, he spoke to me of that occasion and of the marvelous charm of the old poet's passionate eloquence. Indeed, he committed the poem to memory, and often, in the course of our wanderings together, I have heard his deep voice murmuring to himself that lovely tribute to his native land and its immortal singer:

And while the fresh blossoms of summer are braided
For the sea-girdled, stream-silvered, lake-jeweled isle,
While her mantle of verdure is woven unfaded,
While Shannon and Liffey shall dimple and smile,
The land where the staff of Saint Patrick was planted,
Where the shamrock grows green from the cliffs to the shore,
The land of fair maidens and heroes undaunted,
Shall wreath her bright harp with the garlands of Moore.

Another memorable occasion when the venerable poet put forth his characteristic and exceptional powers with brilliant effect was that of the festival in his honor that was given by the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly in honor of his seventieth birthday. The time was December 3, 1879. The place was the great hall of the Brunswick Hotel, in Boston. The assemblage, mainly composed of American authors, was one of the most distinguished that have been seen in this country. Howells, the novelist, gracefully presided, and the tables were surrounded with representatives of letters from almost every State in the Union. Holmes, profoundly agitated by the sense of private friendship and public homage, delivered his noble, pathetic poem called The Iron Gate—that portal which, as he so felicitously intimates, closes behind every man whose work has been done, whose task has been fulfilled, and who no longer appertains to the active movement of the Present Day. The feeling which pervades that poem dimly glimmers—like the tender, fading, golden twilight of an autumn day—in Goldsmith's delicious musing on The Deserted Village; but nowhere in literature, aside from Holmes' poem, can be found such an apt expression of it. He read the lines sweetly, fervently, solemnly, and they touched every heart. If I mention my personal participation in the tribute paid to him on that day it is only that I may preserve his image as I saw it then; for my place was only about twenty feet away from him, and, while I was reading my poem in his honor, his emotion became so excessive that he half rose from his chair, fixing upon me those brilliant eyes of his, suffused with tears that he could scarcely restrain, lost all consciousness of his surroundings, knew only that he was listening to the voice of reverence and love, and seemed more a spirit than a man.


On the Bridge that Spans the Charles River


And Furtively Cut Bits of Fur from His Sealskin Overcoat, to be Treasured as Souvenirs

The Powers of Threescore and Ten

"YOUTH longs and manhood strives, but age remembers." I am older now than Holmes was when he wrote that line in The Iron Gate, and I need not hesitate to use the privilege of age in recalling the letter that he wrote to me, a few days after that memorable meeting, when from far and near the writers of his native land assembled to celebrate their beloved chieftain:

296 BEACON STREET, Dec. 6, 1879.

My dear Mr. Winter:

I did not hurry to write to you so much as to some other friends, because I had the opportunity of telling you, face to face, what I thought of your exquisite poem. I hardly need say to you, what you must have been told many times, that it touched everybody, and brought tears from not a few eyes. It was most feelingly delivered, and yet, when I come to read it, I am not disappointed in its melody, its finish, its pathos. I was not at liberty to shed a tear that evening, or I should have had a good cry. When I cry I cry in earnest, and I made up my mind to keep a stiff upper eyelid in spite of all temptation. If this has to follow you to New York, please remember that I called on you twice to-day, in the hope of seeing you. Believe me, dear Mr. Winter, very sincerely and gratefully yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

Here are two stanzas of my poem; and I have thought that perhaps the old poet was pleased in perceiving that it did not anywhere imply expectation of his precipitate removal to realms of Heavenly bliss:

The silken tress, the mantling wine,
Red roses, summer's whispering leaves,
The lips that kiss, the hands that twine,
The heart that loves, the heart that grieves—
They all have found a deathless shrine
In his rich line.

Ah, well, that voice can charm us yet,
And still that shining tide of song,
Beneath a sun not soon to set,
In golden music flows along.
With dew of joy our eyes are wet—
Not of regret.

There was a playful incident of that occasion which lingers in my memory. The feast was a breakfast, beginning about noon and continuing till the early twilight of the bleak December day. Many ladies were in the company, making the beautiful scene still more beautiful. It was an occasion of state, and in that respect, as in some others, it was, among literary festivals, almost unique. The privilege fell to me of escorting to the table that accomplished gentlewoman, Lucy Larcom—she who drew so well the pathetic word-picture of Poor Lone Hannah, Binding Shoes—a poem that Whittier admired and one of which Wordsworth, had he written it, might well have been proud. I sat at her right, and on her left sat Thomas Wentworth Higginson—stalwart among progressive thinkers, intrepid iconoclast of all entrenched abuses—who, in the serenity of a lovely and honored age, side by side with the venerable and much-loved Donald G. Mitchell, represents all that is highest, and therefore best, in American literature. Our talk, I remember, ranged gayly over many themes, lingering for a moment on Wine. The current potation chanced to be claret, and Miss Larcom, who did not taste it, was insistent (in a low tone) that I should ask Mr. Higginson to take a glass of wine with me—as immediately I did. His response, most courteously made, was to raise to his lips a glass of water. "But," I said, "you do not honor the toast—which is the health of our fair companion;" whereupon he swallowed a teaspoonful, perhaps, of claret, with obvious impatience. I was afterward informed that he was a rigid, inveterate, iron-bound apostle of total abstinence! If his eyes should ever rest on these words he will be amused to learn that Lucy Larcom, notwithstanding all her demure gravity, was not averse to a joke, and that she was then trying her hand at a little playful mischief, of which both he and I were to be the victims.

It was a merry occasion; one of those sweet times that recur to the reminiscent mind, fresh and fragrant, among the tenderest memories of Long Ago. Stedman was one of the merriest of the company. The handsome George Lathrop was in his gayest mood. Osgood, the well-beloved publisher (and it is something of note that a publisher should be well-beloved), seemed to have brought with him enough of sunshine to flood the room. Aldrich, that fine genius, "the frolic and the gentle" (as Wordsworth so happily said of Charles Lamb), was, as ever, demure in his kindly satire and piquant in his spontaneous, playful wit. The gracious presence of Nora Perry, Rose Terry Cooke, and Louise Chandler Moulton charmed the festival, while amply representing the best in poetic art that has been accomplished by the female writers of our land. But for the absence of two or three of the veterans, kept away by illness (who, nevertheless, sent their tributes), there was not a vestige of cloud over that bright throng. Some of those happy guests have flitted to ghost-land since, and they will come no more, except, shadowlike, in pages such as this. Dear comrades, gone before, but not forgotten, I think of you, not with a tear but with a smile! The world is better and brighter because you have lived in it, and soon we shall all meet again!

The Late Blooming Roses

My divination, as to the veteran's future at that seventieth birthday festival, was amply justified. He survived for nearly fifteen years, and some of his loveliest poems are among the product of those latter days. Even in the vein of Occasional Verse the limit of his achievement had not been reached, nor was it reached till very near the end of his life. Once, adverting to that topic, he wrote to me (February 20, 1883) as follows:

> I have done my share in paying tributes of respect to many poets of our own land and other lands, and the time has come when I must claim the privilege of leaving the kind of tasks I have so often undertaken—grateful and honorable as they are—to others who can do full justice to occasions. . . . I told the gentleman who called me up at a dinner the other day that I was an Emeritus Professor, after more than thirty-five years' service—but an Emeritus as Occasional Versifier of more than *fifty years'* standing, and entitled to plead my privilege. . . .

Holmes was fond of the Stage, and that was an additional bond of sympathy between him and me. One of the happiest of his achievements in that difficult Queen Anne style of verse which he used with such brilliant facility (difficult verse because, unlike some other rhythmical forms, it will not allow the substitution of melody for meaning, but exacts thought as well as music) is the pictorial, touching poem of The Old Player. He wrote the Ode for the Shakespeare Tercentennial Celebration, in 1864. He wrote the address—and a fine one it is—for the opening of the lamented Augustin Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York, in 1873. Writing to me (April 25, 1893, when he had received my Shadows of the Stage), he said:

> I remember Mary Duff well, in the character of Desdemona. Forrest and COOPER—"the noblest Roman of them all"—used to take Othello and Iago, by turns, interchanging parts. I remember the elder Booth and others, and, of course, I am glad to know something about them. Many thanks for the book and the pleasure it gives me.

Many years ago, when, by chance, we met at the old Globe Theatre in Boston, and he asked me to name the greatest, in my judgment, of the American actors then prominent, he was, I remember, surprised that I thought Comedy more exacting than Tragedy, and named the comedian Jefferson, then at the zenith of his wonderful career. But, whether comedy or tragedy, the drama was dear to him, and he wrote from his heart when he wrote that:

The poet's song, the bright romancer's page,
The tinsel'd shows that cheat us on the stage,
Lead all our fancies captive at their will
Three years or threescore, we are children still!

I recall with sorrow and joy my last meeting with Holmes—sorrow because it was the last, and joy because it was so pleasant and because it left in my memory such a brilliant image alike of the poet and the man. It occurred at his home in Beacon Street, Boston, a few weeks after the death of his wife. Mrs. Holmes had been ill for a long time, and, as her mind had become somewhat enfeebled, her death was a blest release from mortal durance. The bereaved husband spoke to me freely about her, with deep tenderness, with sweet gravity, and with that winning gentleness for which he was remarkable. There are some men whose minds pass quickly from solemnity to a kind of wistful playfulness. The comedian Jefferson was such a man. Holmes possessed the same sensitive, mercurial temperament, the same capability of instantaneous perception of the humorous side of serious things. "I don't go much into company now," he said, "because, when a man has suffered such a loss as mine, people observe him curiously, and seem to be wondering whether he looks quite as sorry as he ought to look." As he spoke his face brightened; he glanced around at the teeming bookshelves in his study, and then he added: "But my dear daughter has come to live with me; she is putting things in order, and we have begun the world anew."

My son Louis, now dead, was present at that interview, and he had timidly expressed the desire to possess a signed photograph of the poet. "You shall have it, my boy," said the kind veteran, and immediately he produced a picture of himself and began to write upon it. Then, pausing, with suspended pen, he looked earnestly at the lad, and said, with an indescribably arch smile and tone: "Ten—twenty—perhaps even thirty years from now—somebody may be interested to hear you say that you received this picture from the hands of the original: sometimes writers are remembered even as long as that." The picture remains, but both the generous giver and the grateful recipient are gone.

I tried to lead my old friend to speak of earlier times: of the famous group of New England authors in which he had been the most brilliant figure, and of the first days of the Atlantic Monthly; but he was interested more in the Present than in the Past. Once, indeed, he became reminiscent of his youth, and, asking me to come to a window wherefrom could be obtained a wide prospect of the river Charles and the level expanse of country westward of it, he indicated a certain pane through which we looked together, and he said: "It is not every man who can see, at one glance, and through one pane of glass, the house where he was born, the college where he was educated, and the ground in which his ashes will rest; yet there they are, for me." There indeed they were, golden in the radiance of the afternoon sun—old Cambridge in the distance, where his parental mansion still fronts the village green; the quaint buildings, easily discernible, of Harvard University; and, more remote, but in nearly the same line of vision, the round tower that overtops the central hill, among the multitudinous graves of Mount Auburn Cemetery.

The Place of Flowing Hydrants

Almost immediately then, though not till after a moment of musing, he reverted to inquiry about my pursuits and labors in the great city. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "New York is a wonderful place! The *hydrants* are flowing there!" His eyes seemed to blaze as he spoke, and his person to dilate. He was diminutive; very slight; but he was wonderfully vital; his little figure possessed extraordinary dignity; and even the slightest conscious sense of the splendor of power and action seemed to awaken in him an indomitable spirit of emulative sympathy and creative will. One of his classmates at Harvard, that fine, erratic genius, Charles T. Congdon—many years afterward one of my colleagues and friends—told me that Holmes, even in his college days, was remarkable for many peculiarities, and was especially remarkable for the impressive stateliness of his demeanor on ceremonial occasions—a natural stateliness, from which physical exility could not detract.

Humorist he was from the first, possessing a faculty of humor more sprightly than that of Addison, but, like that of Addison, underlaid with noble pride of intellect, purity of heart, and a profoundly reverential spirit. His last word to me was one of blessing, whereof the remembrance has cheered me in many a dark hour and taught patience in many a moment of trial; so that—remembering his example, for so many years cherished, and his personal kindness that only ceased with life—I am moved to reëcho the prayerful apostrophe with which Tickell adjures the shade of Addison, in one of the most beautiful elegies in our language:

Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend;
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Mr. Winter's articles reminiscent of famous literary persons.

Nature as a Faker

ON THE so-called Table Mounds of Iowa are numerous impressions of what look exactly like cloven feet. It is not surprising that superstitious people should attribute them to the Devil, taking his walks abroad—though, as a matter of fact, they are not footprints of any kind whatsoever, but merely weather-worn impressions left by a species of mollusk-like animal known to science as Pentamerus.

To the Smithsonian Institution not long ago somebody sent from the Bad Lands of Nebraska what purported to be a fossil ham. It did in very truth look like a ham, and, to render the verisimilitude complete, the bone was actually sticking out at one end of it. Nevertheless, an investigation showed that the alleged bone was in reality a "baculite"—an extinct mollusk's shell, rodlike in form—and the rest of the "ham" was a mere accidental agglomeration of stony stuff.

One day, quite recently, a young man walked into the National Museum at Washington and presented to the anthropologist in charge a petrified foot. It was received with many thanks, though recognized at a glance as a water-worn fragment of rock which had accidentally assumed a shape resembling a foot.

Such chance imitations as these frequently occur in Nature. Another one, deposited in the same institution, was supposed by the finder to be a petrified oyster. It looks as if on the half shell; all its parts are wonderfully distinct, and there is even a small pearl in it seemingly. Yet it is not an oyster at all.

Many years ago the "Eozoon" was introduced as a fossil to a wondering world by Sir William Dawson, an eminent geologist. It was accepted by science for quite a while as the earliest and oldest of known animals—the "dawn animal," as its name signifies. Recent scientific investigation, however, has proved that it is not, and never was, an animal at all. It is merely a curious crystalline combination of two minerals, which has the look of something that once upon a time was alive.

It has recently been proved that many markings on sedimentary rocks, long supposed to be fossil prints of Algæ and other plants, are, in reality, tracks left by insects, mollusks and worms. Some of these alleged "plants" had actually received names and been classified into genera and species.

But it has been sufficiently shown that markings exactly similar can be produced by allowing such animals as those above mentioned to creep across a surface of moist plaster or wet clay, counterfeiting rock in a plastic and not-yet-hardened condition, and one well-known vegetable, frequently noted as fossil, has in this way been satisfactorily identified with the trail of the larva of the dragon-fly.

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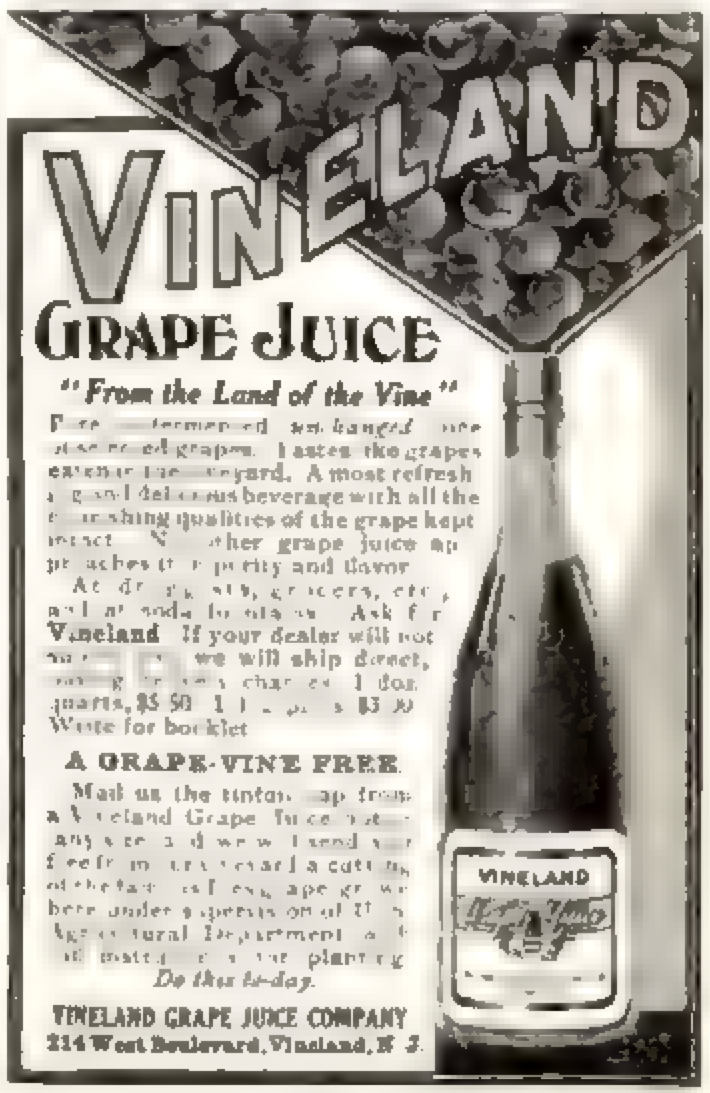

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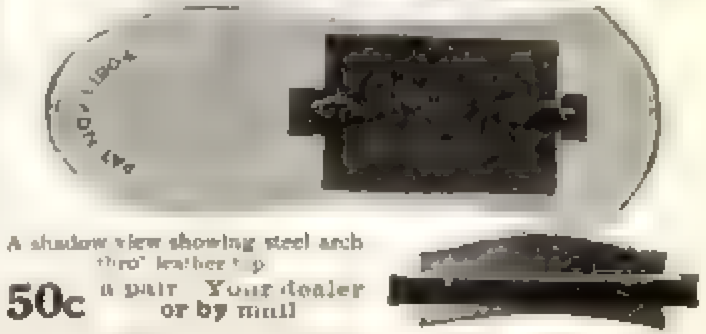

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YOUR SAVINGS

Fire Insurance Stock as an Investment

IF A MAN has a fire in his home or his place of business, one of the first questions asked is, "Was it insured?" Every year the American people pay not less than two hundred and fifty million dollars in fire insurance premiums, which represent a total insurance of approximately twenty-five billions of dollars. At least one out of every sixty persons that you meet has a fire insurance policy or some interest that is protected by fire insurance. Thus fire insurance touches practically all the people. In view of this almost universal feature and the fact that it is one of the real bulwarks of our mercantile credit, an explanation of its securities should be of interest to everybody.

To understand fire insurance securities, there must be some knowledge of the organization of fire insurance companies. Fire insurance, like life insurance, is simply indemnity for loss. There are two kinds of companies—mutual and stock. A mutual company is one organized to interchange indemnity for loss. This means that a number of firms, usually engaged in the same business, contribute to a common fund a certain sum of money from which losses to any of the contributors are paid. Should this sum be insufficient to meet current losses a pro rata assessment is made upon all subscribers.

A stock company, on the other hand, is conducted for profit. Shares are issued and sold, and dividends on these shares are paid out of the earnings, should there be any earnings. The fire insurance securities which are available for investment in the United States are those of the stock companies.

At the very outset you encounter features which sharply distinguish fire insurance securities from those of any other kind of corporation that serves the people. A railroad, for example, issues both stock and bonds. A fire insurance company has only one kind of security, and that is stock. It is neither preferred nor common. It is just stock which makes the owner a partner in the business and eligible to share in its profits or its losses. One would naturally think that on account of the very wide employment of fire insurance its securities would be widely held, but this, in the main, is not so. The stock of some of the great companies is very closely held—that is, owned by a comparatively small number of people. At times it is almost impossible to obtain it. It is seldom listed on stock exchanges. When it is listed it is usually the stock of "home" companies, organized and owned in that city.

The Best Company for Investment

Now, what of fire insurance stock as an investment? In order to make some adequate measure of their investment value it is important to see, first, what the chief requirements of the companies are.

It must always be kept in mind that all fire insurance companies constantly face the danger of a great conflagration like the San Francisco fire, which caused a loss of more than four hundred million dollars, which taxed the companies to the extent of about two hundred and twenty million dollars, and which caused several companies to fail or retire from business. Fires are likely to happen any time and no one knows where they will end. With life insurance it is different. Although everybody must die sooner or later, it has been figured out from experience tables just how long the average man has to live and the life insurance premiums are based on these. As a result, the life companies have something definite on which to estimate losses. With fire insurance there is no certainty that the risk will burn, but the liability that it might burn gives the business a peculiarly speculative quality which must always be considered by the investor.

For the investor, the safest fire insurance company, therefore, is the one that not only operates at the least cost, but has the best equipment for selecting the risks that are least liable to burn. It is important that the company have a surplus sufficient to meet a heavy loss such as was occasioned by the San Francisco fire, and it must be able to continue despite this outlay. Long experience has taught the companies that there is seldom such a thing as an "underwriting profit," which means the straight profit made out of insurance. This profit, although it may be large for some years, is not a fixed quantity, because a big fire might come along and wipe it completely out to-morrow

In order to pay dividends (and it is with these that the stockholder is largely concerned) the company must have another source of income. This source, in the majority of conservative and well-managed companies, is its investments. These investments are made from profits earned in favorable years. The return from them is the real basis for the dividends. The profits form a fund which may be used to pay big and unexpected losses. Like life insurance companies, the fire insurance companies are subject to State supervision, and this censorship applies to investments. Some States are more strict in this respect than others

In buying fire insurance stock for investment it is wise to select a company that is able to pay the dividends on its stock out of the income from its investments. This makes the dividends independent of underwriting profits. Most of the successful companies are able to do this. In fact, they have employed their own profits and other funds so wisely and well that any one of them could retire from underwriting tomorrow and go into the banking business. Thus, a conserving of finance and judicious investment are not only the principal requirements of well-managed companies, but also the real safeguards for the investor.

The Cost and the Yield

The fire insurance company for the investor to avoid is the one that is so anxious to pay dividends on its stock (and thus keep up its market value) that it pays them out of anticipated profits. This often impairs the capital and failure follows. The great majority of companies that failed or went out of business during the past ten years did so far this reason.

Starting a new fire insurance company is often as hazardous as launching a new industrial corporation. With an industrial company the promoters have a patent, a good will, or something tangible to justify confidence or warrant the expectation of a profit. But with a fire insurance company there is the constant hazard of fire, coupled with the natural uncertainty of building up a new business in a field where there is much competition.

Let us now see what the cost and yield of the highest type of fire insurance stocks are. They are very much like the stocks of the great banks and trust companies of New York City which are high in price and correspondingly low in yield. The stocks of five of the greatest fire insurance companies in this country may be regarded as typical and will be used to show just what may be obtained from this kind of investment.

Take, first, the Hartford, of Hartford, Connecticut. Within the past five years this stock has ranged in price from 480 to 1200. The annual dividend has been from 30 to 40 per cent. The latest sale of this stock was at 490. Since the most recent dividend was at the rate of 30 per cent., the yield to the investor at the current price would be about 6 per cent. In the case of another well-known Hartford company, the Aetna, the stock at latest sale brought 300, which would make the yield to the investor, at the current dividend rate of 16 per cent., about 5.3 per cent.

Three of the biggest New York fire insurance companies are the German-American, the Continental and the Home. During the past five years the stock of the German-American has ranged in price from 300 to 450. The latest sale was at 402. Since the dividend is 30 per cent., the yield would be over 7 per cent. The Continental stock has ranged from 800 to 1100. It was last sold at 1100. At the present dividend rate of 45 per cent., the yield would be a little over 4 per cent. The Home stock has brought from 350 to 510. The latest sale was at 436. The current dividend is at the rate of 20 per cent., which would make the yield about 4½ per cent. It will be observed from the foregoing that it is usually necessary to employ a considerable sum of money to obtain even one share of stock in a great company. The question naturally arises, Does the stability of the stock warrant the very high premium that the stockholder is required to pay? One answer is that, despite the losses incurred at San Francisco which hit the companies harder than any other fire in the history of fire insurance, the big companies mentioned in this article kept on paying dividends steadily.

There is not a very broad market for fire insurance stock. A big fire like the one at San Francisco tends to depreciate their value. The usual way to buy these stocks is either through a specialist or at public auction. You will find one of these fire insurance stock specialists in nearly every large city.

Fire insurance stock is largely held by estates, and especially the estates of officers of fire insurance companies, by banks, capitalists, and by the investor generally who wants to tie up his money for a long time because there is no ready market for the stock. Considerable profit has been made by buying fire insurance stocks and holding them for a rise in the market.

Most American fire insurance stock is non-assessable. It sometimes happens, however, that, when a company has suffered a heavy loss and its resources are strained to the utmost, a call is made on the stockholders for funds in order to continue the business. This call is not compulsory. No stockholder is ever liable for more than the par value of his holdings. All American fire insurance stocks are cash paid up, which gives no opportunity for watering.

In this connection it is interesting to call attention to the stock of English fire insurance companies, for the reason that most of them do business in the United States. Very little of the British stock is held on this side and none of it is offered for sale. The British stock differs from the American stock in that it is part paid and assessable. In some cases it is assessable up to its nominal value and in other cases to an unlimited extent. A man may be liable for the extent of his fortune.

While the par value of a British share may be ten pounds, the buyer of one share is not required to pay the full amount of the share. He only pays a portion, which may be one pound, and then he gets the share. His dividend is paid to him on the basis of the cash amount that he has paid in. But should the company encounter heavy losses it has the right to call on the shareholder for the remaining unpaid portion of his share.

To sum up: American fire insurance stock at best must be considered speculative, but when judiciously selected, and in conservative and well-managed companies, it presents an opportunity for a handsome profit and a long-term medium for the employment of surplus funds.

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THROUGH the central part of New Hampshire are immense deposits of mineral mica. In recent years this substance has been found to be the best nonconductor for electrical business in the world. It is now imported from India, there being insufficient mined in New Hampshire to supply the trade. It is got out, not so much by mining as by quarrying, or "hog mining," as they call such work West. Many people who own farms have found mica veins and are developing them. It costs little to extract the product, and there is ready sale at prices ranging from twelve dollars per ton for the waste to two hundred dollars per ton for the best.

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is a small, four page editorial sheet, which treats broadly and without prejudice, current events in the financial, commercial and political world as they bear upon securities and other investments and is of interest and value to investors and business men.

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Speculation—By Our Readers

What Happened to the Miller

FOR two years past I have been speculating in wheat, corn and occasionally in stocks. Previous to that time I was in the banking business and am acquainted with the bankers and money-lenders in this section of the country. Rumors of my option deals have spread until I am unable to borrow money on the best of security, even on my real estate.

I own a controlling interest in a milling company, but left it to be run by the other stockholders.

I asked a banker in an adjoining town to renew a note, and offered him additional security. In reply, he wrote me: "If you could just as conveniently make the additional stock twenty (20) shares instead of ten (10), I would thank you. But if it does not suit you to spare that number, I will be just as satisfied with the ten (10) shares. I certainly hope you will make money out of the mill. I am tempted to add a few words in way of advice to you, personally, but as advice is generally considered to be worth about what it costs, and as that would, in this case, be nothing, I'll refrain."

I replied: "You are right about giving advice. Everybody gives it away. I commenced speculating with my eyes open. I knew how it generally finished with others of my acquaintance. My brokers warned me, and, against their own interest, told me I was going too far. My father told me, and many others gave advice. I lost my reputation and all the money I could get by borrowing—then had to stop. I do not regret it very much, but am glad the desire has left me."

In this form of speculation, the worst feature, after neglect of business, is the extravagance it causes. Losing or winning, some days, from one to three thousand dollars—one dollar, or ten, or one hundred dollars looks like nothing—you lose all conception of value in dollars and cents. I expected this finish in one year, but I started winning; then winning and spending; then winning, losing and spending; then losing and spending—always spending—there's the trouble. I suppose I am out thousands, but some of its value I still have in unnecessary and extravagant personal property.

I learned that with most people cash is reputation, but there are a few real people, and I hope I have not gone so far as to lose my reputation with them also. I can recover with the others, I believe, by making some cash.

We use the other side or form of speculation in the milling business very often. It is a necessary part of it—to sell futures, when we have a large stock of wheat and carry the futures until we can sell the wheat in flour—and to buy futures when the flour sales exceed our stocks of wheat. A Board of Trade is not different from any other business—it's the way you use it.

—A. E. A.

A Greedy Lamb

WALL STREET was an Eldorado then, and many a man felt rich for a few fleeting months. Governor Flower was the magician who forced the rose of boom prices to bloom in the arid desert of Brooklyn Rapid Transit; so much so that it steadily climbed until it topped 135, although its intrinsic value was about 20. In hoisting his favorite he helped along the other stocks and was a great bull leader. Bears were out of fashion; they had taken to cover, for stocks would only move one way.

At first I speculated conservatively, keeping my stocks heavily margined, then grew bolder as profits swelled, so that gradually my holdings became larger and margins thinner. The bulk of my capital was locked up in legitimate business, but I had some three thousand dollars to play with and had soon nursed it up to seven thousand, by which time I was applauding my judgment and thought I knew a little bit about the game. My favorite was American Steel and Wire.

Upon a certain afternoon that will live long in my memory I was doing some hard thinking over my black coffee and cigar, for I was long seven hundred shares of American Steel at an average of 58, and it was selling that morning at 67. My financial nerve was quivering, for there seemed to be a ground swell heaving the money ocean. Like most "lambs" I was disposed to let my profits run, but I had premonitions, and that sixty-three hundred dollars of profit looked good to me. Should I sell or hold? I flipped a coin and it said: "Hold."

That was the identical day that Governor Flower, while taking his ease at a Long Island country club, very inconsiderately ate cold boiled ham, garnished with radishes and washed down with ice-water. The result was acute indigestion, death and a demoralized stock market the next day.

It was the first serious setback for that historical bull movement. American Steel dropped like a falling star, and within two days I was sold out, for I could not respond to the call for more margins. Vanished was my paper profit of sixty-three hundred dollars, and with it went all but a slim twelve hundred dollars of that seven thousand dollars

Messrs. Clews, Reinhardt, Brown *et al.* are right in many of their premises. Exchanges are necessities, but it is absolutely needful to devise some plan whereby the public, if it *will* speculate, can be protected against itself in the matter of margins, for the "lambs" who generally gamble for a rise are always greedy and buy all the stock they can for their money. Ten per cent. is by far too small a margin for safety, especially in these days of financial convulsions.

—S. T. L.

Biscuit Burned His Fingers

SEVERAL years ago, while employed in an office in Chicago in which was located a Western Union wire, the operator informed me "on the quiet" that he had heard a message over the wire from some man, prominent in financial circles, that Biscuit stock was a "good buy." Having about two hundred dollars in the bank I thought here was my opportunity to make a little "easy money," so I drew out one hundred dollars and called upon a reputable broker to whom I gave an order for twenty shares of Biscuit stock on a five-point margin, at the market price, which was $42.50. Within a few days it touched $42.75, a little later dropped to $40 and went back to $42.75. During this time I was busy acquiring information from the "wise ones," and I made up my mind that I had better get a little more at $40, providing it dropped again. I put up the other one hundred dollars, with an order for twenty shares at $40. It was not very long before my stock was purchased at that figure, and unfortunately it kept on going down. When it reached $38.50 the broker telephoned me to protect it or he would have to sell.

A friend of mine had two hundred dollars which I was able to borrow, and that helped me out temporarily, but the promised "boom" was slow in materializing, and Biscuit stock continued to decline. Finally, when I was about all in, I succeeded in getting the cashier of the local bank, with whom I was well acquainted, and who had faith in the stock, to pay the balance due on my forty shares and lift them for me, taking my note for the amount and holding the stock as security. Once more I was saved.

Biscuit stock was very slow in brightening up, and at last the cashier lost faith in it and asked me to see if I couldn't relieve him. Then I started out to skirmish among my friends, finally succeeding in finding one who knew a large-hearted broker to whom he introduced me, and to whom I told my story. He agreed to carry the stock for me on a one-point margin, as he had confidence in our mutual friend, who assured him that, if given time I would make good any loss that was likely to be sustained.

After a period of about a year and a half Biscuit stock improved, and as I had been holding it until I was good and tired, I sold at the first favorable opportunity, when I could realize just about what it cost me. Since that time it has never been dangerous, and has sold twenty-five or thirty points higher.

Of course, when I had pulled through this deal I felt that I was a real speculator, and had learned my lesson well, for during the whole period I had made a close study of market quotations and methods, and I had arrived at the conclusion that margins were decidedly unsafe, and that the only sure way to make money was to buy some cheap stock outright, and hold it until it did go up.

As I had now accumulated about five hundred and eighty dollars I cast around for a cheap stock that had merit in it, at length deciding upon Lake Street Elevated. This stock was then selling at $14.50, and I bought forty shares outright. Inasmuch as the stock was non-assessable I felt safe. However, I have since learned that "non-assessable" has little meaning, at least not much in this case, as the railroad was finally reorganized, new stock issued in less quantity, and each shareholder was obliged to turn in his old stock and pay two dollars per share to get the new. For my forty shares, which had originally cost me five hundred and sixty dollars, and the payment of eighty dollars, I received one and six-tenths shares of preferred stock and sixteen shares of common stock in the new company. To-day the preferred stock is selling at eight dollars and the common at two dollars, making the total value of my holdings $42.80. It looks to me as though when I get this deal wound up my six hundred and sixty dollars will look like "thirty cents."

It's poor business for the fellow with a few hundred dollars only to try to do business in the stock market, for it takes a lot of the little fellows to make it possible for the big ones to make their millions, and I have made up my mind that my "drop in the bucket" will hereafter be conspicuous by its absence.

This is an actual experience, and if I could tell you all my feelings during the time I was "hanging on," and wondering whether I would win or lose, the story would make several times five hundred words. However, the anticipation of probable loss is much worse than the actual realization, for, while the first blow hurts, time is a great healer, and I look back on my experience with more pleasure than regret, for it put me "wise" to many things that without this experience I would never have known.

—W. I. N. C.

Not Always Gambling

IT IS a broad, shadowy line which separates speculation from gambling; he who approaches from the side of speculation is apt to pass the boundary. Persons of experience say that eighty per cent. of public speculators in stocks and commodities fail. It is because they gamble.

Speculation in its true sense is as legitimate as the practice of a profession or the embarkation in business enterprise. The empire builders of history were speculators, but they did not acquire their wealth through chance. They were all men of tireless energy and sound judgment. A few large fortunes have been built up in America by legitimate speculation in stocks and commodities. These fortunes did not come in a single day nor in a single year; each represents a life study of economic and financial history, and sound business judgment.

Industrial and financial history shows there have been a dozen or more periods of financial depression since 1800, followed by corresponding years of inflation. To the student of economics and finance the approaches to these periods can be foretold with reasonable accuracy. The use of sound business judgment in the investment of money in stocks and commodities at such periods of depression and in the sale of the same at such periods of inflation has in many cases brought legitimate rewards. The same is true of every branch of human activity, and the man who is competent to grasp the situation and act upon it reaps a legitimate profit.

Every large community from the dawn of history has had a public market place and always must have. Legislation should guard the conduct of these exchanges for the protection of the investor, but it must not destroy or hamper them to prevent abuses which arise solely from ignorance and human weakness. Abuses that are harmful to the public have arisen through

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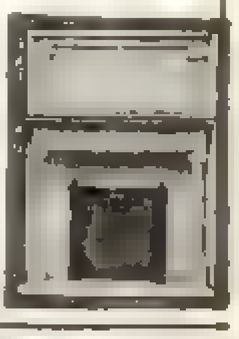

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marginal transactions. Not all such transactions are vicious, and to legislate against them as such would be an interference with the individual right to contract

The most practical campaign is the campaign of education. Educate the public to the dangers of these purely gambling ventures. Precautions which every business man of ordinary ability will always take are forgotten by the stock trader. A business man with fifteen hundred dollars of capital who invests the same in a stock of merchandise which costs him eleven thousand five hundred dollars, and who goes in debt for ten thousand dollars, generally fails, but this is exactly what the average trader in stocks or grain will do. He will buy one hundred shares of a railroad stock at one hundred and fifteen dollars a share on a fifteen-point margin. This simply means that he has deposited fifteen hundred dollars and borrowed ten thousand dollars of a broker, and that, after a shrinkage of six or eight points in the value of his stock, the broker will be compelled, as a matter of self-protection, to sell the stock and return him what is left of his original principal.

In business we call this man a fool, in stocks a gambler, from the simple fact that there is no reasonable certainty that he will ever be able to pay in full for that which he has purchased.

Let the public understand that it is more difficult to apply business principles to stock trading than to merchandise. Explain further that the prices of stocks and commodities are governed by economic laws and are sensitive to financial, political, manipulative and other influences absolutely unfamiliar to the average investor. Unlike faro tables and slot machines, Stock Exchanges all serve necessary and useful purposes, but they furnish means to gamble for those so inclined, and the public at large does not appreciate the risks involved. The average man of common-sense will not sit at a faro table or play a slot machine for profit. Aside from moral considerations, he has been educated to the dangers of these devices. —A. L. H.

Buying Grain for an Advance

I AM inclined in a measure to agree that everything is a speculation to a certain extent. The clothing merchant, the dry-goods man, or any one else who is obliged to place his order for goods in advance is a speculator, for, at the time of placing his order, he cannot foretell the conditions under which he will be obliged to sell the goods purchased.

I remember well my first deal on 'change, in which the element of speculation did not enter to a great extent. At the time I was half-owner and manager of a small grain mill, and at harvest time had some difficulty in buying grain to keep the mill grinding, as the farmers were disposed to hold for higher prices I stood ready to pay 1.02½ per hundredweight for all the grain I could get, having customers who were anxious to contract ahead for a part of their year's supply of feed at a figure that gave a fair profit over cash above named. At this very time that I was willing and unable to buy at 1.02½ per hundredweight, grain was being quoted on the San Francisco Exchange at .97½ per hundredweight for December delivery.

I therefore sold freely on a basis of 1.02½ for future delivery and bought on San Francisco at .97½ per hundredweight. I then went to one of the largest grain-growers in my district and put this proposition before him: "Mr. Farmer, I need your grain for immediate use. If you want to hold grain for a raise, sell me yours at 1.02½ for which I will pay you cash, then buy an equal amount on 'change at .97½ for December delivery. This will give you an immediate profit of five cents per hundredweight, and also an opportunity to take advantage of the market when you see fit to sell."

He saw the point and sold. As it turned out, I not only made a profit on what I sold, but also what I bought on 'change, as the market appreciated about fifteen cents per hundredweight.

Properly conducted, I believe stock exchanges and grain boards proper places to sell and buy the respective commodities handled by them. Unfortunately the manipulations of operators selling something they do not own to influence the market not only bring the Street into disrepute, but very often bring the operator to loss and grief.

Manipulation is often responsible for many unreasonable situations, which do not reflect the true conditions.

To explain I will cite a case of very recent occurrence.

I noticed in the early part of April that the San Francisco Exchange quotations on barley for May delivery were considerably lower than spot grain was selling for, and, knowing that the visible supply was low and could not be increased before July harvest, I could see nothing to make it worth less money in the interim of April and May. My judgment was that it was a move on part of the shorts to bear the market down to a point where they could cover

This influenced me to buy barley for May delivery, which I sold at a profit as soon as the May market advanced to its proper figure. I was guided by information gathered from reliable statistics as to amount of grain in sight and amount consumed, and invested accordingly.

Without any information I would not have bought, and would consider any one going into any deal blindly not a dealer or speculator, but a gambler, pure and simple. —C. C. B.

A False Basis

AN OLD gambler acquaintance of mine, who understood the arts of that profession all the way from shooting craps to turning Jacks from the bottom, said to me, when he found that I had bought stock and grain on margins, "Boy, there ain't but two classes of people that make up gamblers—one the sharks and the other the suckers. If it was not for suckers there would be no gambling."

My experience has taught me that, in the main, he was right.

I first bought cotton futures and lost. Deciding that these were too risky, I changed and bought wheat. Again I lost. I then turned to industrials and continued to-lose.

The "bucket-shop" proprietor told me that I had missed my calling; I should, above all things, buy railroad stocks. I did so and recouped about three hundred dollars of my lost money.

Seeing visions of Wall Street and great financial fame, I then commenced playing the game deeper and harder, and, before I knew it, all I had was gone and I was a broken and ruined man.

Then I got a cold shoulder from the very ones who had pretended to be trying to help me, and eventually found out that the "bucket-shop" owner had even altered the quotations received over the wire in order to freeze me out on several orders. I carried on these operations two years. Results:

1. I lost my home and brought sorrow and shame to my family.
2. I had to give up my business, netting me from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars per month.
3. I took to drink to make me forget my losses and trouble.
4. I lost the respect of the community in which I lived, as well as my own.

That is what it did for me.

The big operators will say, "He was a fool and didn't show wisdom," and yet this is the fate of over eighty per cent. of all who deal in this business.

Again they say, "There is a great difference between a bucket-shop and the New York Exchange."

I stick to the old maxim that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and the financial strength of the big operators does not keep them from being classed with the dirtiest bucket-shop.

Our national independence was not gained by speculation; our Constitution was not based upon speculation, but upon character and wisdom; the growth of our country has not been due to speculation, but to sound business transactions and hard work.

There is but one way to make money honestly, and that is to work for it. When our people fully understand this the bucket-shops, New York Exchange and all slick manipulators will go, and we will be on a firmer basis than ever before.

I would rather be working, as I am, on a salary much smaller than my former income, and have the respect of the public and myself, than to be making thousands by gambling on the stock or grain market and to know that, even though I was succeeding, I was regarded as a parasite upon our nation. —S. K. H.

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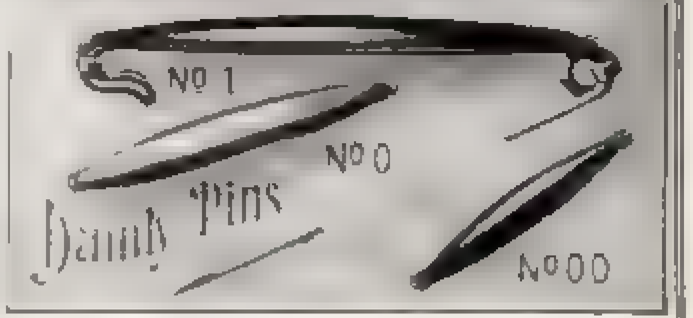

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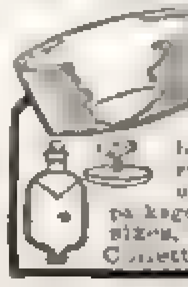

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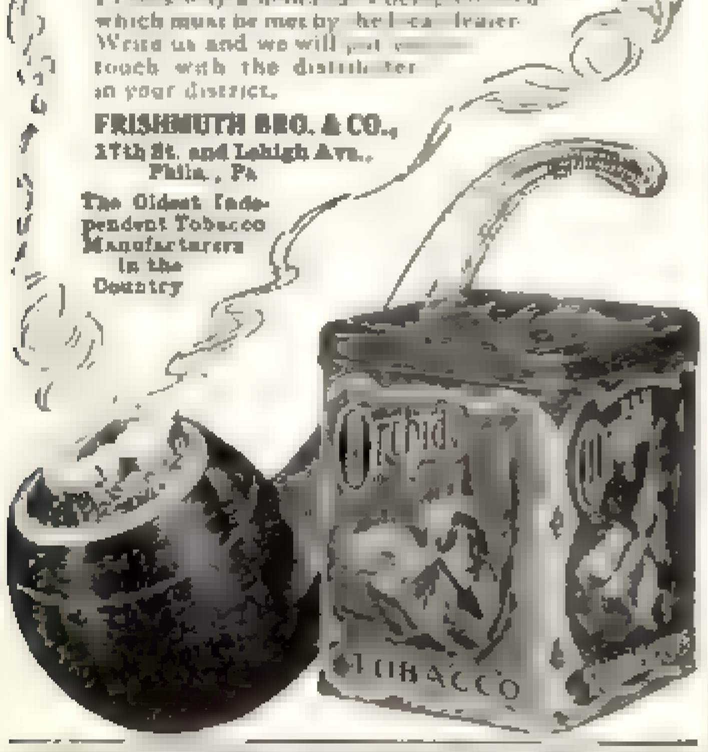

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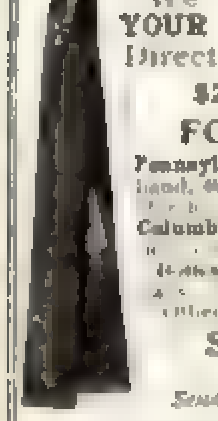

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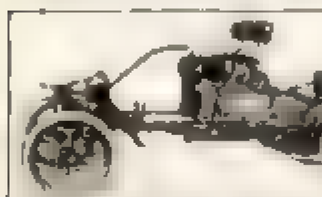

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THE LOOTERS

(Continued from Page 12)

scared him to a moment's immobility; then the pick went up again, and down, then up and down, up and down in quick succession. The whole district resounded to the tom-tom din. Finally the pick went through. With a twist of the handle he pulled it out in a long rip and then glued his eye in the opening. A click of eagerness rang in his throat.

But just then a strange clucking, hacking, sneezing and wheezing called him trotting into the alley again. He arrived just in time. The troublous person there lay on his back rigid, his face purple. "Gee, he's swallowed that doll!" exclaimed Murphy helplessly. "He" hadn't quite swallowed the doll, though. The head still showed. Murphy pulled upon it, and extricated the entire rubber body. The chest of the relieved being rose, rose, rose, round as a balloon, a balloon about to burst; then it suddenly collapsed with a screech to which all previous uproars were but as a great silence.

"Good *Lord!*" cried Spud, paralyzed.

And then, "Well, you simply can't be left alone. You will get into trouble, won't you?" he said in vexed tone. "Come on, then, you bundle of nuisances!" and whisking the "bundle" up under his left arm he ran back to his task.

The situation by this time was literally hot. A subdued roar growled behind Spud; a yellow glare was on the sidewalk, and whirls of smoke and cinders, rising high in the air, swooped back into the street and about his head. Picking at an iron-curtain with one hand he soon found impracticable. "Here, you've got to get down," he said to his cumbersome charge, and laid it on the ground at his feet.

He plied the pick vigorously. Soon he had a hole in the curtain through which he could crawl. As he attempted the feat, though, he was brought to a standstill by a gentle but insistent tugging at the bottom of his trousers. He stooped to disengage himself. Right away his fingers were seized by soft, prehensible little tentacles. He freed them one by one—and immediately found the bottoms of his trousers again in the gentle and implacable grip.

"For the Lord's sake, let go!" he roared, exasperated, and gave a pull with his foot. "Ooh! Wow!" was the answer—this time with an inflection of woe so absolute, expressive to such a degree of wrong and brutal injustice that poor Spud gasped.

A blast of heat and smoke swooped down into the street. For a long moment Spud could see nothing. He shut his eyes, his mouth, his ears. But persistent, through the black swirl, a thin wail came to him, and he could feel, like a calming caress, like an assurance of comradeship in his isolation, the soft hold about his feet. When the blast had gone, and he reopened his eyes, though, the wail had ceased and the hold had dropped.

Then Spud Murphy gave up; and whisking up the child he ran for the fresh air, away from the fire, away from his loot, his chance and his Dream.

IV

THE silence which had so startled Spud Murphy did not last long. He had gone only a few blocks before all the trumpets of Jericho again seemed ringing in his ears. "Here, take it," he said, rushing to the first sentry he came to of the gradually widening military cordon about the burning district.

The young infantryman fell back two steps, and from behind his Krag, held out at arms' length in front of him in a diagonal barrier, he contemplated long and curiously the squirming and resonant phenomenon in Spud Murphy's arms. "*You* keep it!" he said finally, with great decision.

And shouldering his gun, he turned on his heel and paced away, with ostentatious elusion of all responsibility.

Spud looked at him reproachfully, then angrily, a long moment. "You bum!" he murmured. Then, accepting the situation with drooping shoulders, he turned his back squarely on the fire and made for Russian Hill, looming black before him.

He went up a narrow street, rough-cobbled and tinsel-balconied. It was dusk now, a monstrous orange-hued dusk. Behind him, lower, the fire roared, screeched, whistled. At times huge flares fell upon the pavement, the colored façades of the house, as if, behind, by demon-stokers eager on the feeding, the doors of some cataclysmal furnace had been clanged open. In his arms the burden wailed.

He climbed on, saggingly, and at the end of a first rise he sat down at the gate of a rich man's palace which squatted there with shuttered windows, black and monolithic, as if in brooding defiance of the oncoming tidal wave of fiery Fate. And suddenly his nose was seized in a pinching clutch like that of a crab; simultaneously the hopeless wailing against his chest abruptly ceased.

"Here, you!" cried Murphy, tears coming to his eyes with the vigor of the pressure. He bent his head and carefully disengaged his aching proboscis. Instantly, however, there rose a shriek so piercing, so surprising that Spud instinctively lowered his head again. "Here, take it, take it," he said hurriedly. The nose was "taken." A silence followed, then a pleased sort of gurgle. "Goo," said the tyrant; "g-g-g-oo!"

To climb with the main part of one's breathing apparatus in chancery is rather fatiguing; when Spud finally reached the top of the hill he sat down very limply in the grass. He was not alone. The little plateau was filled with vague dark forms. At times a flare from the burning city below flashed them up, and Spud saw men in all sorts of incongruous and incomplete attire, and women wrapped in shawls. Some squatted, limp with dejection; others busied themselves aimlessly about a curious heap of trunks, boxes, baby-carriages, pots, pans and cages; there were whisperings, murmurings, sighs, but none spoke aloud. Off to one side, on the edge of the declivity, a woman with diamonds in her ears, a sealskin sacque open upon a befrilled nightdress, her bare feet in slippers, an extraordinary spring hat atilt upon her disheveled golden hair, sat morosely.

"What you got there, honey?"

An obstacle opaque and wide as a wall had come before Murphy. His astonished glance after a while resolved it into a gigantic negress, standing there, looking down upon him. "Foah de Lawd's sake!" she boomed out in great chest tones. "Foah de Lawd's sake, man, wot *are* you doin' wid dat chile? Oh, de poah little mite. Why, you great, big, fool man! Heah, give it to me!"

Spud gave it up with alacrity; but right away a strange feeling of emptiness came there, in the hollow of his chest, where the vibrant nose-pulling tyrant had lain warm. The negress sat down; she fumbled at her waist. There was a gurgle, then a soft little suckling murmur. The negress rocked to and fro, crooning; the burning city threw flares upon her bronze profile, loose-lipped with animal tenderness.

The groups on the hill were amalgamating. The men had somewhere secured a quarter of meat, and they were toasting bleeding fragments at the ends of long sticks and passing them around. A fellowship arose; the people drew together, stirred by vague hereditary memories of just such feasts in the infancy of the race. They ate side by side, man and woman, rich and poor, the lady with the diamonds and the negress with her babes; they exchanged rudimentary amenities; they talked. But the talking was in whispers.

Then, little by little, the silence came again. People squatted here and there, or lay on their sides, watching below them the sea of fire which was beginning to send its red surf up the slopes. A cold fog was coming from the sea. It came ceaselessly and mournfully out of the profundity to the west in great black rags. It slid over the hill with noiseless, batlike flight, and then, coming over the area of conflagration, was instantaneously flashed up into squadrons of flaming beasts.

Spud, his hands about his knees, looked on all this, stupefied. Below him the fire growled, rumbled, sputtered, shrieked; the heated sky was copper-hued. At intervals great columns of sparks rose like fountains, and in the centre of the incandescence a skyscraper, which long and stubbornly had resisted, now was burning from the top, slowly and solemnly like a taper on an altar. Spud dozed, woke, dozed, woke again. Within him was a strange, unknown feeling, something full and satisfying, and austere; something which for years he had not felt, and which he could not name.

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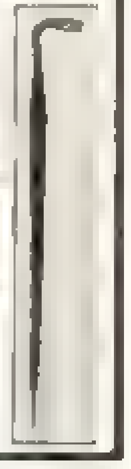

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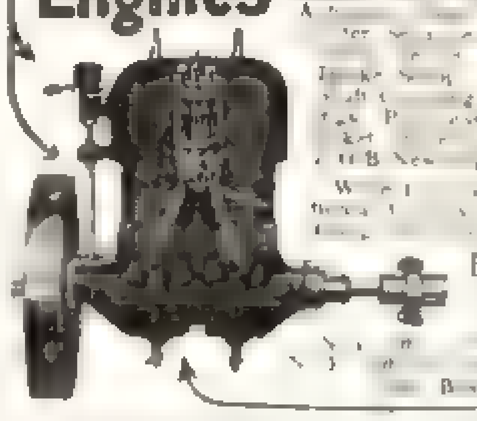

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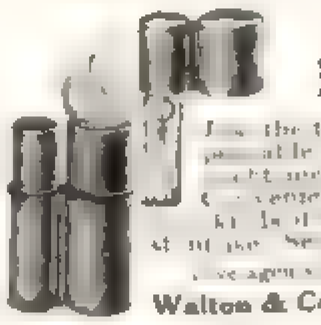

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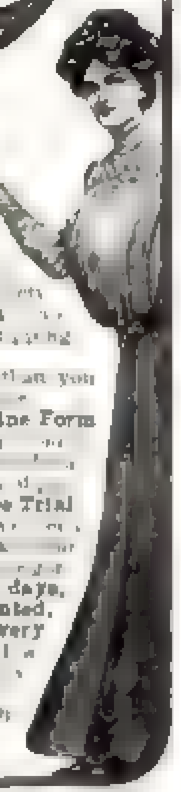

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After a time he felt some one sit down by him; he heard a sigh. And out of the corner of his eye he saw against the fire's glow the bearded, disreputable profile of the Judge.

"Hello, Judge," he whispered.

"Hello, Spud," whispered the Judge. He looked immensely weary, incredibly old, there with his head bent, his soiled beard upon his knees.

"What did you do, Judge?"

"Saw mother-in-law. Just like I said. House collapsed. Mother-in-law *was* in the cellar."

He raised his head, looked down into the burning city; his head fell back upon his chest, as if too heavy to be borne.

"Dug her out," he said. "All day, dug. With saw, with axe, with my hands." He spread out his palms. "See? All cut up. Dug all day; got her out!"

A sigh escaped him; his head fell into his hands. "Guess what she said," he asked.

"What did she say?"

"She said, said she, 'Judge, you'se been drinking again.' *That's* what she said!"

Again his head went into his hands, those hands so tortured with unrequited service, and he was silent, his beard on his knees, bent as if upon his shoulders lay tons of trouble. For a long time the two derelicts sat thus side by side. They dozed, woke, dozed and woke; at their feet the city agonized in its sheet of flame.

The Judge straightened up suddenly; his eyes turned upon Spud in scrutiny; and in a manner singularly alert. "Spud," he asked, "what did you get? The loot. How much?"

Spud turned his eyes away; he looked into the fire; he coughed.

"Didn't get nothing," he admitted finally.

The Judge's head fell back upon his knees, his hands folded themselves over it. "Poor wifie!" he murmured.

"You see, Judge," Spud went on, conscience-stricken with this despair; "you see, I didn't have no time. I ——"

He was at a loss for a long moment. Within his breast again was that singular feeling that had been puzzling him, that feeling of fullness, of vague pride, of austere satisfaction. It had something to do with his excuse. Gropingly, he arrived finally at the obscure connection.

"I didn't have no time," he began again. "You see, Judge, I've been ——"

He hesitated. But yes, that was it, the explanation, the adequate excuse; it came from him now with finality, in a clear-voiced burst.

"I've been working, Judge!"

Sense and Nonsense

Alternative Drs.

So greatly her Doctor's bill shocked her,
She cried: "I shall have to get better.
I must either get rid of this Dr
Or else be forever his Dr."

—R. Rochester.

Visible Talk

IN THIS imperfect world beauty and wit, as everybody knows, are not inseparable companions. Mr. Swinburne has said as much, and more, in Chastelard, and he has pointed out that men of brains can very easily love women who are without them. Nevertheless, some critics cease not to wonder.

One day recently, for example, an intimate friend of William Vaughn Moody was inquiring of that poet and dramatist how it was that he could pass an hour at the side of a certain Chicago débutante.

"Moody," he moaned, "how do you stand it?"

"Why," replied Moody, "she is one of the most beautiful young girls I have ever seen."

"Surely," replied the friend; "but she is really nothing more nor less than a loquacious simpleton."

"I know it," the dramatist admitted, "but," he added, "I love to *see* her talk."

He was an Englishman

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has long since declared against the "Little Englishmen"; there is nothing insular about him. Nevertheless, there remains a good deal that is English—in more senses than one. Not long ago this was made evident when, at a London club, he encountered one of those unfortunate beings who give their leisure moments to a study of the Baconian cipher.

This person engaged Mr. Kipling in talk; at any rate, he engaged the novelist in listening. For fully fifteen minutes he poured forth his arguments, and, in the end, wound up with:

"Now, sir, I think even you cannot doubt that it was Bacon who wrote the plays of Shakespeare."

"Indeed?" replied Kipling with an unaffected yawn. "That may be, but really, what difference does it make so long as it was an Englishman?"

Mark Twain Tells Some Secrets

AT THE annual dinner of the American Booksellers held in New York not long ago, Mark Twain told secrets about the sales of his books which surprised some of the bookmen present. Among other things he said that he had a contract with his publishers which many authors would like to duplicate, namely, that they account to him every year, for five years, for fifty thousand copies of his books, whether they were sold or not. During the past four years, he stated, exactly four hundred and ninety thousand copies of his books have been sold.

The interesting part of it is that most of them were his old books. Innocents Abroad, for example, which is now forty years old, sold forty-six thousand copies; Roughing It, now in its thirty-eighth year, sold forty thousand copies, and Tom Sawyer registered forty-one thousand copies. His Joan of Arc, which is a serious book and which the author has said was written for love and not for profit, has sold nearly twenty thousand copies during four years.

Incidentally, Mr. Clemens disclosed the reason why he allowed part of his autobiography to be published during his lifetime. Among his friends it had long been known that one of his pet desires was that this work should not come out until he was dead. From Mr. Clemens' confession it appears that he started to build a fine country home at Redding, Connecticut, and it cost a great deal more than he expected. In order to get the money to complete it, he allowed one-fifth of the autobiography to be published last year.

Forgotten

The red, red roses from your hair
You gave me laughingly,
And I scarce dared to keep them, lest
You grew too dear to me.

But, oh, there's that that lives on fear
And stronger grows on doubt!
And so the more I put love by,
The more I sought love out.

I vowed I would forget you, and
Each vow the deeper drew
Upon the tablets of my heart
The memory of you.

Now, though the years are creeping by,
Our world is wondering yet,
And I have taught my lips to smile
To show that I forget.

The Flowers of Speech

WORTHILY or unworthily, the Honorable John Barrett has the reputation of being the champion amateur broad-jump and hurdle speechmaker of the United States. He used to be the American Minister to Siam; he has since been made the Director of the Bureau of American Republics, and is still hoping. But his friends say he can talk, and will talk, if you only ask him, on anything between Siam and Brazil, and won't mind guessing at a few more things besides.

Yet even the Honorable John himself admits that he has had his setbacks. One of these, he says, occurred in Siam.

"Along about 1905," he recently remarked, "when I was in Siam, I was honored by an invitation to deliver the graduation address at the commencement exercises of that country's only and most

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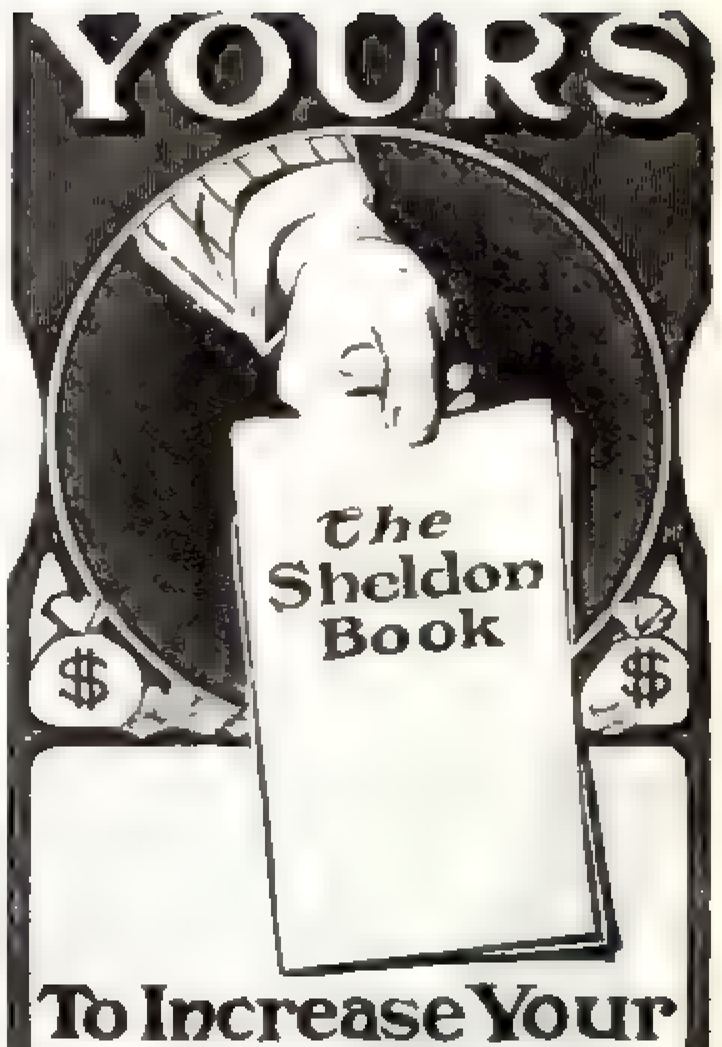

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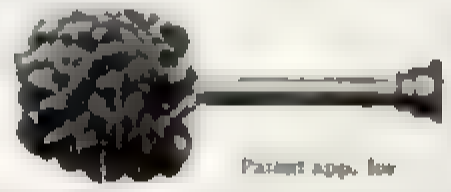

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select ladies' seminary. I had studied the language hard, and thought I knew something about it, but the native tongue depends almost entirely upon inflection; what may be praise when uttered in the key of C is blame when spoken in B flat—which is where I erred.

"I began famously. Every one applauded me, and the girls smiled. Then, as I went on, I noticed bewilderment in the faces of my hearers. This emotion gave way to consternation, and finally, bringing myself to an embarrassed halt, I turned to a native friend of mine beside me.

"'What's the trouble?' I whispered to him in English.

"'Trouble?' he repeated. 'Why, the trouble is what your excellency is saying.'

"'But,' I protested, 'I am saying: "I am delighted to see so many young noblewomen rising to intellectual heights, with fine brains and large appreciation."'

"'Oh, no, you're not,' corrected my friend. 'Your excellency is saying: "I am pleased to see so many small lionesses growing large and fat, with big noses and huge feet."'"

Some Famous Literary "Fists"

THE old belief that you can read a man's character in his handwriting does not hold good with some well-known literary people. Rudyard Kipling, for example, whose work is virile and strong, writes a slight, even hand, with no suggestion of strength in it. The same is true of Conan Doyle and John Fox, whose writing is a trifle stronger and looks like a succession of straight lines up and down. On the other hand, James Lane Allen writes the strong, big hand commonly known among the people who do not write as a "literary hand." Mr. Allen's writing is characteristic and well formed. Hamilton W. Mabie writes a very fine hand.

No American writer of fiction perhaps has so microscopic a chirography as James Branch Cabell, whose manuscript looks as if it were etched on steel. Hamlin Garland's writing is plain and businesslike. The direct opposite of this is furnished by William Vaughn Moody, the poet-playwright, who writes a thin, delicate hand. One of the surprises is that of Rex Beach, a big mountain of flesh and muscle, whose writing might be taken for a woman's. Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman write firm, good hands.

Among the successful American women writers Ellen Glasgow probably writes the strongest hand. If you saw the signature "E. Glasgow," you would think it was a man's. Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Deland all write stronger hands than most of the men writers. Alice Hegan Rice, who wrote Mrs. Wiggs, writes a round, almost schoolgirlish hand.

The prize for bad handwriting among all the Americans who write to-day is probably held by Colonel Henry Watterson, the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal. It is probably the most illegible fist since Greeley's, and many compositors who have vainly struggled with it say it is just as hard to set up. Mr. Watterson always writes with a heavy stub pen and his manuscript looks like the traditional chicken scratches.

A Soft Answer

IN TORONTO, Canada, the Police Magistrate is Colonel of one of the regiments and a celebrity in military circles. In fact, some years ago, he won the prize offered by the Czar of Russia for the best treatise on "Cavalry tactics." Whether these were in vogue during the recent slight bickerings between Russia and Japan, deponent saith not. The Chief of Police is also a Colonel, and the appellation "the finest," attached to the force under his command, is no misnomer, as it comprises many ex-guardsmen from the old sod, whose chests have not slipped down below their belts. In short, remembering that comparisons—especially international comparisons—are odious, the personnel of the force is not the result of political preferment, but, rather, of physical competence.

Toronto may, therefore, be truthfully said to be under a perpetual state of martial law.

The administration of (police court) justice is not hampered by technicalities, and when there is a conflict between law and common-sense the doughty Colonel gives short shrift to the young lawyer, or barrister, as the latter prefers it spelled, whose Blackstonian precepts are being outraged.

As a result, the old offender prefers to throw himself "on the mercy of the Court," knowing that legal grandiloquence, however successful before a jury, is entirely lost on this Sherlock of the Bench.

As an illustration, a man bearing the hallmark of trampdom was being arraigned as a vagrant and with great show of dignity was protesting against the base accusation. He insisted that he should be classed as a tourist.

"Well," said the ready dispenser of British justice, "how much money have you?"

After a diligent search through the pockets contained in one coat, one pair of trousers—really only pants—and two vests, a number of coins, mostly pennies—"coppers" in Canada—were spread along the rail in front of the prisoner's box.

In confident tones, not unmixed with a purse-proud cadence, the prisoner announced, "Sixty cints, yer honor!"

"I draw the line between a tramp and a tourist at seventy-five cents. Fifteen days in jail," said the Colonel.

With the vicelike grip of the law on his arm, the condemned was about to be escorted to that great social leveler, the "Black Maria," when the light of a fine inspiration gleamed in the corner of his eye. Turning this particular optic, with a slight droop—almost suggestive of a wink—upon the Colonel, he said, in tones that would indicate that he was willing to share a new arithmetical discovery with his traducer, "Say, Colonel! Ef yer give me fifteen cints instid of fifteen days—I'm not guilty."

"Here it is!" said the Colonel. And the sergeant-at-arms rapped loudly for "order in the court."

—*P. J.*

Maxims of Namreh eht Esiw

(Vth Dynasty)

The Rooster that crows in the Morning
shrinks down on his Perch at the Night.
Boast not of thy courage, my Brother, for
Some one may turn out the Light.

My Son, at your ease you may Borrow, and
once in a while you may Lend,
But when you are asked for the Payment,
Pay—if you value a Friend.

He who is fording the River laughs not at
the Roar of the Fall.
The Wise yield in peace to a Woman, and
Fools try their strength with the Squall.

Laugh, if you want to be Welcomed. Weep,
if you want to be guyed.
Enter my dwelling, Old Fellow, but please
leave your Troubles outside.

Lend to your Friend of your Shekels; go out
and get him a Vote.
But, if you value Contentment, sign not your
Name to a Note.

The Rain has come down on a Sudden, and
draggled the overbold Hen.
If you would gain Merit, my Sister, avoid ye
the gaze of the Men.

The Jackass may dress as a Lion, but look
how it runs at a Roar!
Because He rides by in an Auto is cause to
suspect Him the more.

Who puts on the Dress you admire, and seeks
your advice in a Plan!
Take heed to thy freedom, O Brother, for She
is in love with a Man.

Accept of his friendship when offered, but let
thy Acceptance be cool.
The strength of the Wise is in Silence, and
Speech is the Death of a Fool.

Two things may no Man be forgiven if that
at his Door they be laid:
Forgetting a Date with a Woman, and
leaving a Card Debt unpaid.

What then, if She greet you with Laughter,
and straightway begin to be Sad?
Remember that she is a Woman, and there-
fore a little bit Mad.

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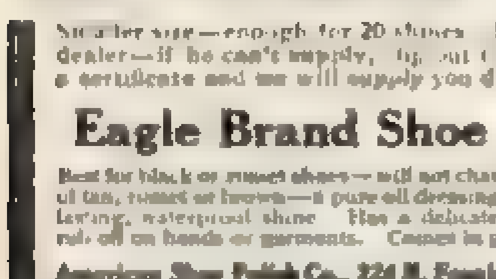

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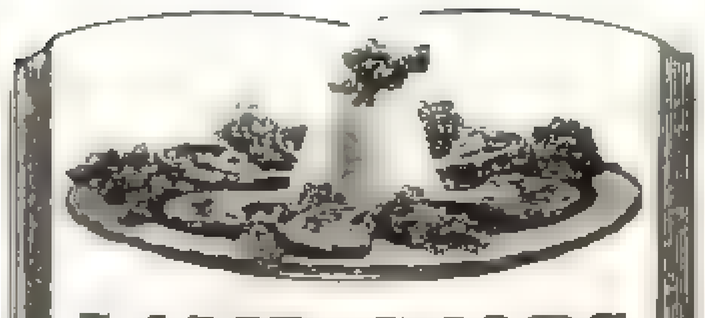

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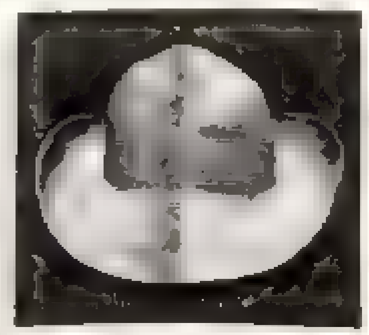

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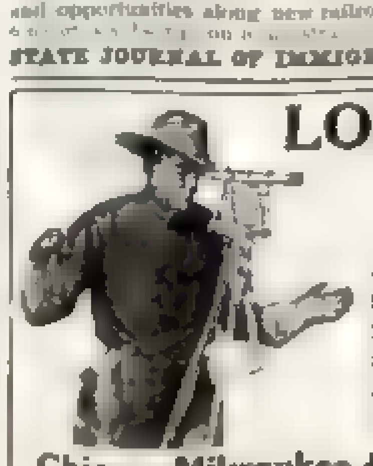

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THE GIFT HORSE

(Continued from Page 5)

to his eyes, shutting them still more to follow the writing, and handed it back to me, saying merely, "Pretty good."

"I'll leave it over at the E A for him," I explained.

"Yes. Pretty good," said McDonough, as if I was venturing nothing

I made an early start, tying some food and a kettle and my "slicker" to my saddle. McDonough watched me curiously.

"Leavin' your wagon and truck?" he inquired

"Why, yes, of course. I'll be back for it. I'm going to the E A now. Are you a poet?" I continued. "I've begun a thing." And I handed him the lines, which I had entitled "At Gift Horse Ranch." "You don't object to that?"

"Object to what?"

"Why the title, 'At Gift Horse Ranch.'"

He took the paper down from his eyes and I saw that his face had turned suddenly scarlet. He stood blinking for a moment, and then he said:

"I'd kind of like to hear it."

"You shall, when it's finished."

Again he stood blinking before he spoke. "I'll not fool you. I can't read or write. Nobody ever taught me nothin'."

"Oh!" I murmured, getting red myself.

"Never had any folks, you see—to know 'em, that is. Well, so long till you're back."

The sorrel had taken a few steps when it came over me that McDonough knew nothing of my project. "Do you think," I called back, laughing, "that your horse can take me to Still Hunt Spring?"

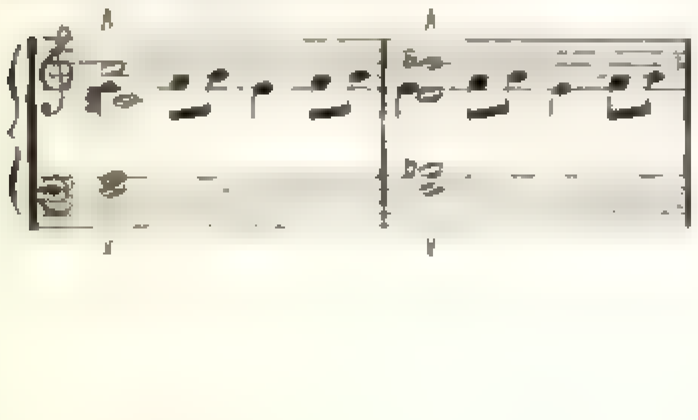
I am sure now that a flash of some totally different expression crossed his face, but at the time I was not sure, for he was instantly smiling. "Take you anywhere," he called. "Take you to Mexico, take you to Hell!"

"Oh, not yet!" I responded. So he thought I would not dare to go alone to Still Hunt Spring! Well and good; they should all believe me by Friday evening.

I reached the E A ranch (where it used to be twenty-five years since) in less than two hours. Leaving my note there for Scipio took but a minute, and now on the level trail down Wind River I made good time, so that before ten o'clock I had crossed back over it above the Blue Holes, skirted by where the Circle fence is to-day, crossed North Fork here, gone up a gulch and dropped down again upon Wind River below its abrupt bend, and reached the desolate Sand Gulch. I nooned at the spring which lies, no bigger than a hat, some seven miles up the Sand Gulch on its north side. This was the starting point of the trail that old Washakie had drawn for me; here I crossed the threshold of the mysterious and the untrodden.

This unfooted country had always looked monotonous from the bluffs of Wind River, but I found no tedium in it; my delicious solitude was thrilled at each new stage of the trail by meeting the successive signs and landmarks which Washakie had bidden me look for. The first was a great dull-red stone, carved rudely by some ancient savage hand to represent a tortoise. Perhaps, in another mood the grim appearance of this monster might have seemed a symbol of menace, but when I came upon it, just where my map indicated that it was to be expected, I hailed it with triumph

After the tortoise came several guiding signs: a big gash in the soil, cut by a cloud-burst; an old corral where I turned sharp left; a pile of white buffalo bones five miles onward; until at length I passed through a belt of low hills, bare and baked and colored, some pink, and others magenta, and entered a more level region covered with sparse grass and sage-brush. Great white patches of alkali, acres in extent, lay upon this plain. There was no water (Washakie had told me there would be none), and the gleamy waste stretched away on all sides; endlessly in front, and right and left to long lines of distant mountains, full of light and silence. Let the reader who is susceptible to tone combinations listen to the following measures, played slowly over and over:



for they will picture that landscape better than any words I could write. I think it was really a very mournful landscape, grand and grave with suggestion of ages unknown, of huge eras when the sea was not where it is now, and animals never seen by man wandered over the half-made world. Earth did not seem one's own here, but alien and aloof, as if through some sudden translation one had fallen upon another planet, which was perhaps a dying one. Yet during these hours of nearing my goal no such melancholy fancies overtook me; I rode forward like some explorer, and I tried to carry out the verses which I had begun at McDonough's:

Would I might prison in my speech,
And so keep with me all the year
Some portion of that wilderness
Of freedom that I walk in here.

But nothing resulted from this unless the surprisingly swift flight of time. I was aware all at once that day was gone, that the rose and saffron heaven would soon be a great field of stars. I had watched one by one the signs on my map with the realities around me, and now had reached the map's last word; I was to stop when I found myself on a line between a hollow dip in the mountains to the left and a circular patch of forest high up on those to the right. On this line I was to travel to the right "a little way," said Washakie. This I began to do, wondering if the twilight would last, and for the first time anxious. After "a little way" I found nothing new—the plain, the sage-brush, the dry ground—no more; and again a little farther it was the same, while the twilight was sinking and disquiet grew within me. Lost I could not well be, but I could fail; food would give out, and, before that, the sorrel and I must retrace our way to water at the Sand Gulch, seven hours behind us. The twilight deepened. Had I passed it? Should I ride in a circle? Rueful thoughts of a "dry camp" began to assert themselves, and my demoralized hand grew doubtful on the reins, when I discovered that the sorrel knew where he was going.

Before this extraordinary fact became a certainty to me the chasm opened at my feet; the sorrel was trotting quickly along the brink of Still Hunt Spring. In broad day I should have seen it a moment sooner, and the manner in which, in the semi-obscurity, it had leaped into my view close beside me produced a startling impression. The Indian magic legend was easy to account for; indeed, I have met often enough, among our unlettered and rustic white population, with minds that would have been ready to believe, after such a shock as I had just received, that they had beheld the earth open supernaturally. The sorrel's trot had become a canter as we continued to skirt the brink. Looking down I discovered in shadowy form the line of tall cottonwoods, spindled from their usual shape to the gaunt figures described as being on stilts, and then the horse turned into the entrance. This steep and narrow trail was barred at a suitable place by a barrier of brush, which I replaced after passing it. A haunting uneasiness caused me to regret the departure of day, but this I presently overcame. Before we reached the bottom I saw a number of horses grazing down among the trees, and they set up a great running about and kicking their heels upon my arrival among them. There must have been twenty or thirty.

Lassitude and satisfaction now divided my sensations as I made my way to the spring, whose cool, sweet water fulfilled all expectancy. My good map served me to the last, for with it I lighted my cooking-fire, addressing it aloud as I did so. "Burn!" I said, "your work is done." I needed no map to go back! I had mastered the trail! In my complacency I quite forgot how much I owed to the sorrel. While picking up dry sticks I stumbled upon what turned out to be a number of branding irons, which was quite consistent with the presence of the horses and the barrier at the entrance. Evidently the place sometimes served as a natural pasture and corral to owners of stock gathered on the round-up far strayed from where they belonged. Perhaps some one was camping here now. I shouted several times; but my unanswered voice merely made the silence more extreme, and the influence of the magic legend returned upon me for a while. With

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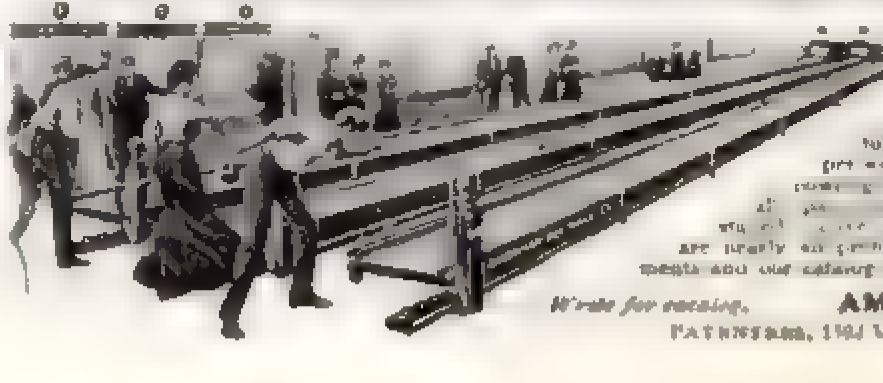

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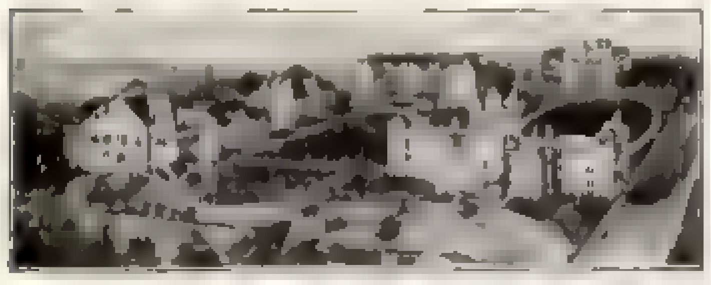

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this my fancy played not unpleasantly while the kettle—or rather the coffee-pot was boiling. What stories could be made about this place by a skillful writer! The lost traveler stumbles upon it, enters, suspects himself to be not alone, calls out, and immediately the haunted walls close and he is shut in the bowels of the earth. How release him? There would be the story. Or—the lost traveler, well-nigh dead of thirst, hastens to the spring amid the frolicsome gambols of the horses. No sooner has he drunk than he becomes a horse himself, and all the others neigh loud greetings to a brother victim. Then a giant red man appears and brands him. How release all the horses from the spell?

As I lay by my little cooking-fire in the warm night, after some bacon and several cups of good tea made in the coffee-pot, I was too contented to do aught in the way of exploration, and I continued to recline, hearing no sound but the grazing horses, and seeing nothing but the nearer trees, the dark sides of the valley, and the open piece of sky with its stars. My saddle blanket and "slicker" served me for what bed I needed, the saddle with my coat did for a pillow, and the cups of tea could not keep me from immediate and deep slumber.

I opened my eyes in sunlight, and the first object that they rested upon was a maroon-colored straw hat. With the mental confusion that frequently attends a traveler upon first waking in a new place, I lay considering the hat and wondering where I was, until at a sound I turned to see the hat's owner stooping to the spring. Instantly Lem Speed, cattleman and owner of a store and bank in Lander, a house in Salt Lake, a wife in Los Angeles, and a son at Yale, covered me with a rifle.

"Stay still," was his remark.

I smiled. "I could not hurt you if I wished to."

"You will never hurt me any more."

Another voice then added: "He is not going to hurt any of us any more."

"Stay still!" sharply commented Lem Speed, for I had half-risen.

"For whom do you take me?" I asked.

"For one of the people we want."

I continued to be amused. "I'll be glad to know what you want me for. I'll be glad to know what damage I've done. I'll be happy to make it good. I came over here last night for——"

"Go on. What did you come for?"

"Nothing. Simply to see this place. I've wanted to see it for a year. I wanted to see if I could find it by myself." And I told them who I was and where I lived.

"That's a good one, ain't it?" said a third man to Lem Speed.

"And so," said he, "you, claiming you're an Eastern tenderfoot, found this place, first trip, all by yourself across fifty miles of country old-timers get lost in?"

"No. Washakie gave me a map."

"Let's see your map."

"I lighted my fire with it."

Somebody laughed. There were now five or six of them standing round me.

"If some of you gentlemen will condescend to tell me what you think my name is, and what you think I have done——"

"We don't know what your name is, and we don't care. As to what you've done, that's as well known to you as it is to us, and you've got gall to ask, when we've caught you right on the spot, branding irons and all."

"Well, I'm beginning to understand. You think you've caught a cattle thief."

"Horse thief," corrected one.

"Both, probably," added another.

"I'll not ask you to believe me any more," I now said. "Don't I see the post-trader over there among those horses?"

"No."

"Very well, take me to him at Washakie. He has known me for years. I demand it."

"We'll not take you anywhere. We're going to leave you here."

And now the truth, the appalling, incredible truth, which my brain had totally failed to take in hitherto, burst like a blast of heat or ice over my whole being, penetrating the innermost recesses of my spirit with a blinding glare. They intended to put me to death at once; their minds were as stone vaults closed against all explanation on my part. Here in this hidden crack of the wilderness my body would be left hanging, and far away my family and friends would never know by what hideous outrage I had perished. Slowly they would become anxious at getting no news of me; there would be an inquiry, a mystery, then sorrow, and finally acceptance of my unknown fate. Broken visions of home, incongruous minglings of loved faces and commonplace objects, like my room with its table and chairs, rushed upon me. Had I not been seated I must have fallen in the first shock of this stroke. They stood watching me.

"But," I began, feeling that my very appearance was telling against me, while my own voice sounded guilty to my ears—"But it's not true."

"What's the use in him talking any more to us?" said a man to Lem Speed.

Lem Speed addressed me. "You claim this: You're an Eastern traveler. You come here for curiosity. You risk getting lost in the hardest country around here for curiosity. But you come all straight because an Indian's map guides you, only you've burnt it. And you're a stranger, ignorant that this is a *cache* for rustlers. That's what you claim. It don't sound like much against these facts: Last year you and another man that's wanted in several places and that we're after now—you and him was known to be thick. You offered to pay his doctor's bill. You come back to the country where he's been operating right along, and first thing you do you come over to this *cache* when he's got stolen horses right in it, and you ride a stolen horse that's known to have been in his possession, and that's got on it now the brand of the outfit this gentleman here represents—all for curiosity."

"We've just found six more of our stock in here," said the gentleman indicated by Speed.

I repeated my story in a raised voice—I had not yet had time to regain composure. I accounted for each of my movements from the beginning until now, vehemently reasserting my ignorance and innocence. But I saw that they were not even attending to me any longer; they looked at me only now and then, they spoke low to each other, pointing to the other end of the valley, and turned, while I was still talking, to receive the report of another man, who came from among the stolen horses.

Then I fell silent. I sat by my saddle, locking my hands round my knees, and turning my eyes first upon the men, and then upon the whole place. A strange crystal desolation descended upon me, quiet and cold. The early sunlight showed every object in an extraordinary and delicate distinctness; the stones high up the sides of the valley; the separate leaves on the small high branches of the cottonwoods; the interstices on the bark on lower trunks some distance away; the fine sand and grass of the valley's level bottom, with little wild rose-bushes here and there—all these things I noticed, and more, and then my eyes came back to my little dead fire, and the blackened coffee-pot in which I had made the tea. "Your friend McDonough," they had said to me at Washakie, and I had wondered what was behind their reticence when I inquired about him. They were always ready, I bitterly reflected, to feed lies to a tenderfoot, but a piece of truth about McDonough's suspected honesty, a word which would have saved me from this, they were unwilling to speak. It was natural, of course; everything was natural. I saw also why McDonough had been so particular in asking which way I expected to travel. Over on Snake River, and in Idaho, the horse was in no danger of identification, and therefore I should be safe. But even with the whole chain of evidence: the doctor's bill, the sorrel, my unlucky tale of a map, and the branding irons with which they believed I was going to alter the legitimate brands—what right had they to deny me a chance?

The last two of them now came from the horses to make their report: "Five brands. Thirty-two head. N lazy Y, Bar Circle Zee, Goose Egg, Seventy-Six and V R."

"Not one of you," I broke out, "knows a word against me, except some appearances which the post-trader will set right in one minute. I demand to be taken to him."

"Ain't we better be getting along, Lem?" said one.

"Most eight o'clock," said another, looking at his watch.

"Stand up," said Lem Speed.

Upon being thus ordered, like a felon, my utterance was suddenly choked, and it was with difficulty that I mastered the tears which surged hotly to my eyes.

"Any message you want to write——"

"No!" I shouted.

"Then let's be getting along," said the first man.

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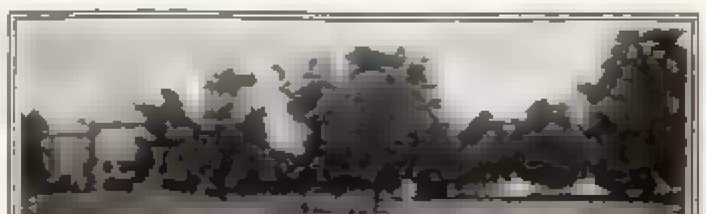

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"Any message I wrote you would not deliver, for it would put a rope round your neck, too. And, Mr. Lem Speed, with your store, and bank, and house, and wife, and son, I hope you will live to see them come to the worst ruin and disgrace that the world knows."

A horse was led to me and I got on by myself, a man on each side of me. Memory after that records nothing. We must have been some time – for I think we walked – in reaching the other end of the valley, yet I cannot say what was spoken around me, or if anything was spoken; I can recall only the sides of the valley passing, and the warmer sense of the sun on my shoulders. What firmness or lack of firmness I might have displayed at the very end I can never know, for before we halted at the tree of my proposed execution, and while the rage I had been flung into was still sustaining me, a noise of rattling stones caused us all to look upward, and there, galloping down the steep trail and wildly waving and calling to us, was Scipio Le Moyne. It reeled through me that I was saved.

He rode into our midst at breakneck speed, drew up so short that his horse slid, and burst out furiously – not to my captors but to me. "You need a nurse!" he cried hoarsely. "Any traveling you do should be in a baby coach."

Breath failed him; he sat in his saddle, bowed over and panting, his hand shaking, his face dripping with sweat, his shirt drenched with it, as was the trembling horse he rode. After a minute he looked at Speed. "So I'm in time! I've ridden all night. I'd have been here an hour sooner only I forgot about the turn at the corral. Here. That's the way I knowed it."

He handed over my letter, left for him at the E A ranch. This, with a few words from him, cleared me. All that I had said was verified; they saw what they had been about to do.

"Well, now, well!" exclaimed one.

"To think of us getting fooled that way!" another remarked.

"But it's all right now," said a third.

"That's so!" a fourth agreed. "No harm done. But we had a close shave, didn't we?"

Lem Speed approached me. "No hard feelings," he said, and he held out his hand.

I turned to Scipio. "Tell this man that anything he wishes to say to me he will say through you."

Speed flushed darkly. Had he kept his temper he could easily have turned my speech to ridicule. But such a manner of meeting him was new to a man used to having his brutal way wherever he went, and he was disconcerted. He spoke loudly and with bluster:

"You said some things about my wife and son that don't go now."

This delivered him into my hands. Again I addressed Scipio. "Say that I wish his family no misfortune; they have enough in having him for husband and father."

I think he would have attacked me, but the others were now laughing. "He's called the turn on you, Lem. Leave him be. He's been annoyed some this morning."

They now made ready to depart with their recovered property.

"You and your friend will come along with us?" one said to Scipio.

"Thank you," I answered; "I have seen all that I ever wish to see of any of you."

I had not known – I had felt so quiet and cool – how great was the reaction taking place in my nerves; at this moment I slid from the horse and lost consciousness.

They had gone when I waked; Scipio and I were the only human tenants of the valley. He sat watching me, and I nodded to him, and then silently shook my head at his question if I wanted anything. I lay looking at the rocks and trees – the tall trees, with their leaves gently shaking. It was a beautiful, serene place, and I gazed upon it with those feelings of languid pleasure a man has who is recovering his strength after a serious illness. We began to talk presently, and I learned that the sorrel had been left at my complete disposal. But I would accept no amends from that party; I would ride the sorrel back to Wind River, and then I would send a check to the proper person, as if I had hired the horse. This intention I may say at once I duly carried out. Scipio upbraided me for the spirit I was showing; they had meant no harm to *me*, he argued; they were doing their best now – but I turned upon him.

"Don't get any warped Western notions of slipshod good nature in a thing like this," I said. "I know lynching must be where there is no other law. But look what it does to those who practice it. They were so sure of themselves that they shut me off from the post-trader – one of their own secret faction! I don't complain of anything else; appearances were against me; but that was not even 'natural justice.'"

To this Scipio could find no answer, but he remained unconvinced, muttering that "tenderfeet shouldn't monkey with this country by themselves"; and in this sentiment I heartily concurred.

We spent the day and night at Still Hunt Spring. There was nothing to call us away, and I found my physical powers more ready for rest than for a long ride. Scipio dried out his clothes at the spring, and refreshed his lank body from the perspiration and dust which had covered it. He narrated how it had been whispered that the cattlemen were on the eve of "demonstrating"; how McDonough's practices and associates had been gradually ascertained; how it was known that Still Hunt Spring had become a hiding-place for stolen stock. So my letter, designed to be a joke, had quite failed of its design. He had not found it until evening, and had set forth after dark, with no precise knowledge of my danger, but only a general fear for my safety.

This night I slept more soundly and long even than on its predecessor. Scipio, after his night ride, slept like me; we did not wake until the sun was high and warm. After breakfast – it was the last morsel we had between us – I took a final drink at the gentle and lovely pool where I had undergone such terrible emotions, and we rode slowly and silently down the long line of trees toward the exit of the valley. Suddenly the sorrel swerved violently. There, from the tree which was to have been my doom, hung the corpse of McDonough. They had caught him coming to his *cache*, and left him while we slept by the spring at the upper end of the valley.

I recalled his simple, uncomplaining words, when he confessed that he could not read or write, that "nobody had ever taught him nothin'." Poor fellow, with his good-humored face and perplexed eyes! Poor devil! Life had given but a meagre chance to him, and he had lost it.

Breathing Fruit

IT SEEMS that apples – or fruits of any kind – keep better in cold storage, because there they do not breathe so fast.

Parts of plants that have been cut from the main stem do not die at once, but retain life and continue to breathe for quite a while. This is true of flowers as well as of fruits. Some live much longer than others, and an apple, after being picked, will breathe for many weeks.

Breathing, in plants or animals, causes destruction of matter in their cells. Under ordinary conditions this loss is made good by food supplied in one way or another. But fruit that has been picked is undergoing a process of progressive starvation. It still breathes, with nothing to compensate for the loss. Consequently, it steadily diminishes in weight.

An apple will keep longer if its respiration is made slower. This is accomplished by putting it into cold storage – whence the effectiveness of that method of preserving fruit. The fruit breathes from four to six times as fast out of cold storage as in it.

The loss of weight shown by apples in cold storage is not due, as used to be supposed, to the mere drying out of the water they contain. If that were so the proportion of water to dry matter in the fruit would become progressively less. But the fact is that the proportions of water and dry matter remain approximately the same.

Fruit breathes much more rapidly when warmer and more slowly when cooler. In a cool cellar, for this reason, it keeps more than twice as long as in an ordinary room, though only half as long as in cold storage.

The breathing of an apple may be observed at leisure by putting it into a glass jar, shut tight. In a few hours a dewy film will cover the inner surface, and in time the moisture will collect in drops and trickle to the bottom. Open the jar, pour in a little clear lime-water (without touching the fruit), and it will turn milky, just as would happen if an animal's breath were forced through it.

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THE SINS OF THE SHOEMAKER

(Concluded from Page 7)

to immortalize has been as generous in its proportions as it is graceful and vigorous in its outlines. And yet we can bring the blush of shame or the red hue of embarrassment to even the manliest cheek by jeering at the size of his feet, if they happen to exceed the arbitrary limits of decency — No. 9. A big, well-grown body should have a big, well-grown foot if it is to be really vigorous and efficient.

Though every one will admit that shoes should be worn loose, the difficulty lies in the standard of looseness. Practically, with most of us, if on putting on a new shoe we can force our foot into it without too much effort, and without positive discomfort, we think it is loose enough, and proceed to "break it in." It would be much more accurate if we applied that term to the foot instead of the shoe.

Now consider, just for a moment, precisely what the function of the foot is, and we can see at once how inadequate both of these standards are. In the first place, the foot is not flat, but arched for a perfectly obvious mechanical reason — to give elasticity to the gait, and to lessen the jar to the body and head. The only way in which an arch can give elasticity is by expanding, as illustrated in the familiar carriage spring. You might just as well put an ordinary carriage spring in a rigid frame which pressed upon it firmly at both ends and then expect it to "give," or spring, as to expect the foot to work properly in a shoe which doesn't give it at least three-quarters of an inch of leeway or expansion in length, and half an inch for expansion in width. In other words, your great toe, when your foot is simply resting on the ground without any weight upon it, ought to be at least three-quarters of an inch short of the tip of your shoe, but an inch is better. Another way to test it is to throw the weight firmly forward upon the foot, as if in the act of stepping off, and see whether there is the slightest sensation of contact at the end of the toe. There should be at least a quarter, and better a half, inch of leeway when the foot is also in this position. This length requirement is not such a difficult matter to secure, either from yourself or from your shoedealer or shoemaker, for the reason that the latter realizes now that one of the best ways to make a foot look slim and pretty is to increase its length in proportion to its breadth. So that, as a rule, you will not have to fight very vigorously in order to get a shoe which is adequate in point of length.

When, however, it comes to the other expansion requirement of adequate width, then the battle is on in earnest. Not only will the average salesman insist upon showing you his idea of a "pretty" shoe for your particular form of pedal extremity, and warn you that corns and blisters and all sorts of things will chafe upon your feet if they slide about in the shoes, but the average shoemaker can neither be induced nor intimidated to give you a shoe which has width unless threatened with a curt refusal to accept the first pair of shoes which he makes for you which do not come up to your standard of comfort.

Why the Foot is Arched

It is not fair, however, to blame him, or the salesman, for they know perfectly well that, whatever you may say about comfort and common-sense, in your heart of hearts you would like better than anything else a shoe that will make your foot look pretty according to fashionable standards; and that at least three-quarters of us — present company always excepted, of course — will come back and abuse them if our comfortable shoe settles into an ungraceful shape, or shows wrinkles.

As we have already seen, the shorter the foot the weaker its leverage upon the ground, and the higher the heel the more seriously and radically the balance of the entire body is disturbed. Nobody outside of an institution for the feeble-minded, or ultra-fashionable circles, would for a moment defend the high heel on rational or hygienic grounds. Closely related with the height of the heel and, indeed, as the only excuse for the existence even of a low one, is the question of maintaining the arch of the foot. This is important. But it should be done *from above, not from below*.

The business of the arch of the foot is to "give." And no matter how high it is kept, by curved pieces of wood, heavy leather or metal in the sole of the shoe, its usefulness is destroyed if these resist in any marked degree its descent. As a matter of fact, the arch of the foot is best and most beautifully developed in children who have never worn shoes at all, or only flat or "spring-heeled" shoes, in sandal-wearing peoples and in savages. Nature built the arch of the foot in the first place, and can be trusted to take care of it, if not interfered with too much. And it is supported naturally by the crosswise tension of a group of muscles on the front and the back of the leg proper (the shin, and deep muscles of the calf); and, in addition, from before backward, by the long and short *flexors*, or benders, of the toes, which run across its under surface from heel to ball of foot, like a bowstring across the arch of a bow. Let alone, it is one of the most beautifully elastic, yielding and resilient arches, in proportion to its strength, in the animal world. But every attempt to "support it" mechanically from below interferes with this bowstring and elastic suspension action. Even in the distressing and disabling condition known as "flat foot," or "broken arch," when this supporting curve is lowered or broken and the weight of the body thrown right down upon the ground through the instep, while metal and other supports in the instep of the shoe are valuable as a temporary relief, yet, nowadays, we do not dream of depending upon them for permanent results; but, on the contrary, vigorously and systematically exercise the foot in outward rolling and other movements, to tone up these muscles and bring the arch into its normal condition of elastic suspension once more, at the same time toning up the general muscular and systemic vigor of the patient and relieving the feet of any abnormal and excessive strain, and particularly from prolonged standing. Unless we can restore the muscular tone we fail of a permanent cure.

Proper Shape for Shoes

Now comes the puzzling and the much-debated question of the shape of the shoe. After much and wrathful debate, authorities are fairly well agreed that this should be as nearly literally "foot-form" as possible, with the additional three-quarters of an inch to an inch in length, and at least half an inch in breadth to allow for expansion under pressure. The chief point of disagreement is as to the shape of the toe, one school holding that it should continue forward the natural outward slope of the sides of the foot from instep to ball, ending in a broad, shovel-shaped, square toe; the other holding that, after adequate and proper breadth has been attained across the ball of the foot, the outer border of the shoe may then be diverted to run parallel with the line of the ends of toes in moderate expansion. The general balance of opinion inclines more and more toward the latter shape, for two reasons. First, that it is becoming recognized that our two feet are to be considered each as lateral ends of one transverse arch or support, and that we do not rest in either walking or standing upon the flat breadth of the sole, but upon a broad curved line extending from the heel behind along the outer side of the foot and slanting across the ball of the toes to the great or inner toe. What we need, then, for firm and graceful support in our shoes are two broad, gently curving arches, about two to three inches wide, with their convexities toward each other, and all the sole which extends out in front of the ends of the toes is pure waste material, as far as actual utility is concerned. The other consideration confirms this position even more strongly, inasmuch as it points out that when we walk naturally we do not thrust each foot straight forward in the direct line in which we wish to go, after the fashion of the celebrated "goose-step" of the German Army. But that we swing it first outward, then forward, then inward, rotating, in fact, our body around the hip-joint of the foot that rests upon the ground.

In other words, the natural mode of progress of the human body is a series of short, concentric, half-parallel curves, each of about a quarter of a circle in degree — the gait, in fact, which an extra width of the hips, or an excessive amount of adipose, or lack of muscular vigor converts by exaggeration into the ungainly "waddle."

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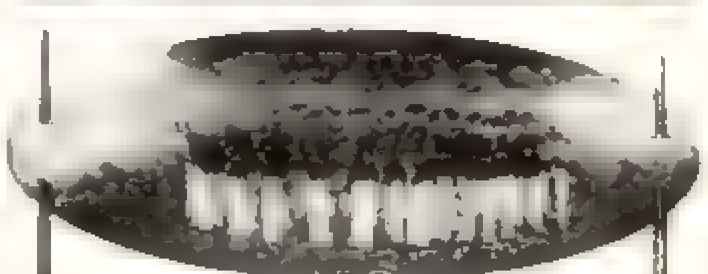

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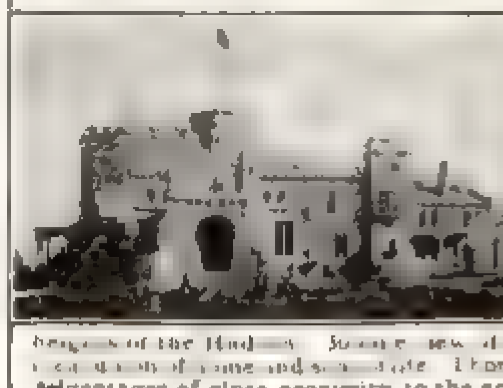

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THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 15)

Portlaw was so innocently delighted with the idea which bore Malcourt's stamp of authority that young Mrs. Malcourt found it difficult to refuse; and a few moments later, armed with a friendly but cautious note, he climbed laboriously aboard a huge chestnut hack, sat there doubtfully while a groom made all fast and tight for heavy weather, then, with a groan, set spurs to his mount, and went pounding away through the forest, upon diplomacy intent.

Hamil, walking about the lawns in the sunshine, saw him come careering past, making heavy weather of it, and smiled in salute; Shiela on a rustic ladder, pruning-knife in hand, gazed over her garden wall until the woods swallowed rotund rider and steed. As she turned to descend her glance fell upon Hamil, who was crossing the lawn directly below. For a moment they looked at one another without sign of recognition; then, scarcely aware of what she did, she made him a carelessly gay salute with her pruning-knife, clinging to the ladder with the other hand in sheer fear of falling, so suddenly unsteady her limbs and body.

He went directly toward her; and she, her knees scarcely supporting her, mounted the last rung of the ladder and seated herself sidewise on the top of the wall, looking down at him, leaning on one arm.

"It is nice to see you out," she said, as he came to the foot of the sunny wall. "Do you really feel as thin as you look? . . . I had a letter from your aunt to-day asking an outsider's opinion of your condition, and now I'll be able to give it. . . . You do look pathetically thin—but I sha'n't tell her that. . . . If you are tired standing up you may come into my garden where there are some very agreeable benches. . . . I would like to have you come if you care to."

She herself scarcely knew what she was saying; smile, voice, animation were forced; the havoc of his illness stared at her from his sharp cheek-bones, thin, bloodless hands, eyes still slow in turning, listless, heavy-lidded.

"I thought, perhaps, you would come to call," he said listlessly.

She flushed.

"You *did* come, once?"

"Yes."

"You did not come again while I was conscious, did you?"

"No."

He passed his thin hand across eyes and forehead.

She folded her arms under her breast and hung far over the shadow-dappled wall, half-screened in young vine-leaves. Over her pink sunbonnet and dainty shoulders the hot spring sunshine fell; her face was in shadow; his, under the full glare of the unclouded sky, every ravage starkly revealed. And she could not turn her fascinated gaze or crush out the swelling tenderness that closed her throat to speech and set her eyes glimmering.

The lids closed slowly; she leaned there without a word, living through in the space of a dozen pulse-beats the agony and sweetness of the past; then laid her flushed cheek on her arms and opened her eyes, looking at him in silence.

But he dared not sustain her gaze, and took refuge from it in a forced gayety, comparing his reappearance to the return of Ulysses where Dame Art, that respectable old *Haus-Frau*, awaited him in a rocking-chair, chastely preoccupied with her tatting, while rival architects squatted anxiously around her, urging their claims to a dead man's shoes.

She strove to smile at him and to speak calmly: "Will you come in? I have finished the vines and presently I'm going to dig. Wait a moment"—looking behind her and searching with one tentative foot for the ladder—"I will have to let you in ——"

A moment later she met him at the grille and flung it wide, holding out her hand in welcome with a careless frankness not quite natural—nor was the nervously vigorous handshake, nor the laughter, light as a breeze, leaving her breathing fast and unevenly with the hue of excitement deepening on lip and cheek.

So, the handshaking safely over, and chatting together in a tone louder and more animated than usual, they walked down the moist gravel path together—the extreme width of the path apart.

"I think," she said, considering the question, with small head tipped sideways, "that you had better sit on this bench because the paint is dry, and besides, I can talk to you here and dig up these seedling larkspurs at the same time."

"Don't you want me to do some weeding?"

"With pleasure, when you are a little stronger ——"

"I'm all right now ——"

He stood looking seriously at the bare flower-bed along the wall where amber shoots of peonies were feathering out into palmate grace, and older larkspurs had pushed up into fringed mounds of green foliage.

She had knelt down on the bed's edge, trowel in hand, pink sunbonnet fallen back neglected; and with blade and gloved fingers she began transferring the irresponsible larkspur seedlings to the confines of their proper spheres, patting each frail little plant into place caressingly.

And he was thinking of her as he had last seen her—on her knees at the edge of another bed, her hair fallen unheeded as her sunbonnet hung now, and the small hands clasping, twisting, very busy with their agony—as busy as her gloved fingers were now, restlessly in motion among the thickets of living green.

"Tell me," she said, not looking back over her shoulder, "it must be heavenly to be out-of-doors again."

"It is rather pleasant," he assented.

"Did you—they said you had dreadful visions. Did you?"

He laughed. "Some of them were absurd, Shiela; the most abominably grotesque creatures came swarming and crowding around the bed—faces without bodies—creatures that grew while I looked at them, swelling to gigantic proportions. Oh, it was a merry carnival ——"

Neither spoke. Her back was toward him as she knelt there very much occupied with her straying seedlings in the cool shade of the wall.

Jonquils in heavy golden patches stretched away into sun-flecked perspective, broken by the cool silver-green of iris thickets and the white star-clusters of narcissus nodding under sprays of bleeding-heart.

The air was sweet with the scent of late apple-bloom and lilac, and Hamil, brooding there on his bench in the sun, clasped his thin hands over his walking-stick and bent his head to the fragrant memories of Calypso's own perfume—the lilac-odor of china-berry in bloom under the Southern stars.

He drew his breath sharply, raising his head—because this sort of thing would not do to begin life with again.

"How is Louis?" he asked in a pleasantly deliberate voice.

The thing had to be said sooner or later. They both knew that. It was over now, with no sign of effort, nothing in his voice or manner to betray him. Fortunately for him her face was turned away—fortunately for her, too.

There was a few moments' silence; the trowel, driven abruptly into the earth to the hilt, served as a prop for her clinched hand.

"I think—Louis—is very well," she said.

"He is remaining permanently with Mr. Portlaw?"

"I think so."

"I hope it will be agreeable for you—both."

"It is a very beautiful country." She rose to her slender, graceful height and surveyed her work: "A pretty country, a pretty house and garden," she said steadily. "After all, you know, that is the main thing in this world."

"What?"

"Why, an agreeable environment; isn't it?"

She turned smilingly, walked to the bench and seated herself.

"Your environment promises to be a little lonely at times," he ventured.

"Oh, yes. But I rather like it when it's not overpopulated. There will be a great deal for me to do in my garden—teaching young plants self-control."

"Gardens freeze up, Shiela."

"Yes, that is true."

"But you'll have good shooting ——"

"I will never again draw trigger on any living thing!"

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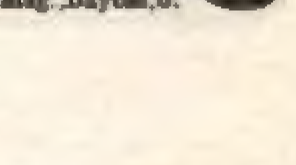

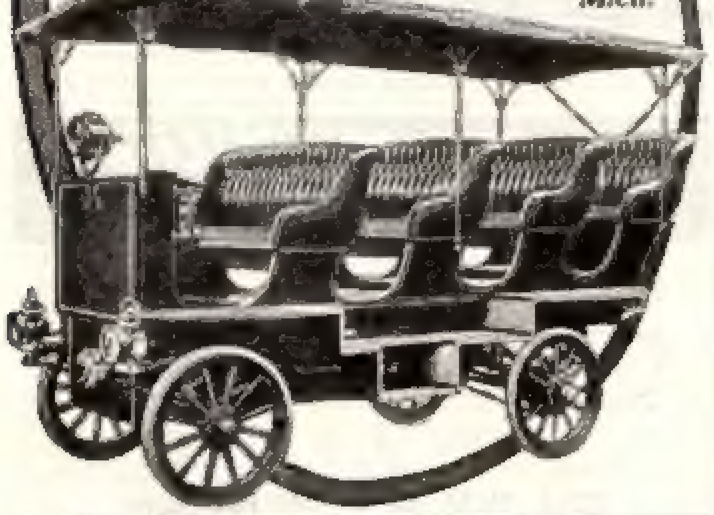

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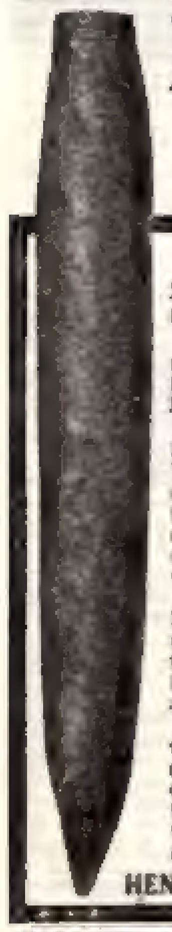

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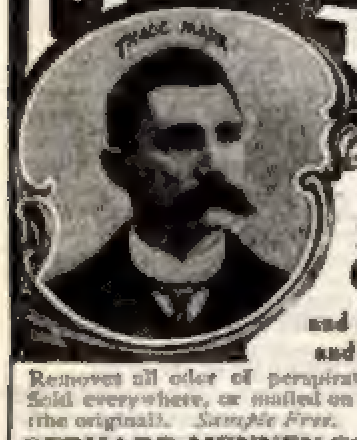

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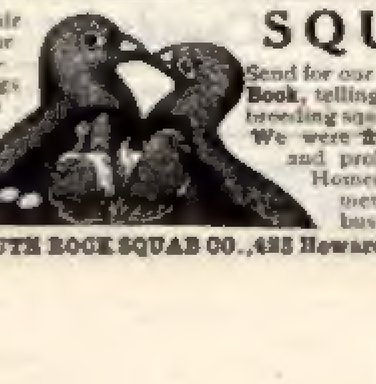

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"You rather astonish me?" he said, pretending amusement.

She sat very still, thoughtful eyes roaming, then rested her chin on her hand, dropping one knee over the other to support her elbow. And he saw the sensitive mouth droop a little, and the white lids drooping, too, until the lashes rested on the bloom of the curved cheek. So he had seen her often, silent, absent-minded, thoughts astray amid some blessed daydream in that golden fable they had lived—and died in.

She said, as though to herself: "A child—yes. But how can a woman slay? . . . I think those who have ever been victims of pain never desire to inflict it again on any living thing."

She looked up humbly, searching his face.

"You know it has become such a dreadful thing to me—the responsibility for pain and death. . . . It is horrible for humanity to usurp such a power—to dare interfere with life—to mar it, end it! . . . Children do not understand. I was nothing more a few months ago. To my intelligence the shallow arguments of those takers of life called sportsmen were sufficient. I supposed that, because almost all the little children of the wild were doomed to die by violence, sooner or later, the quicker death I offered was pardonable on the score of mercy." . . . She shook her head. "Why death and pain exist I do not know; He who deals them must know why."

He said, surprised at her seriousness: "Right or wrong, a matter of taste cannot be argued ——"

"A matter of taste! Every fibre of me rebels at the thought of death—of inflicting it on anything. God knows how I could have done it when I had so much of happiness myself!" She swung around toward him:

"Sooner or later what remains to say between us must be said, Garry. I think the time is now—here in my garden—in the clear daylight of the young summer. . . . You have that last letter of my girlhood?"

"I burned it."

"I have every letter you ever wrote me. They are in my desk upstairs. The desk is not locked."

"Had you not better destroy them?"

"Why?"

"As you wish," he said, looking at the ground.

"One keeps the letters of the dead," she said; "your youth and mine"—she made a little gesture downward as though smoothing a grave.

They were very unwise, sitting there in the sunshine side by side, tremendously impressed with the catastrophe of life and with each other—still young enough to be in earnest, to take life and each other with that awesome finality which is the blessed privilege of youth.

She spoke with conviction of the mockery of life, of wisdom and its sadness; he looked upon the world in all the serious disillusion of youth and saw it strewn with the fragments of their wrecked happiness.

They were very emotional, very unhappy, very, very much in love; but the truly pathetic part of it all lay in her innocent conviction that a marriage witnessed by the world was a sanctuary within the circle of which neither she nor he had any reason to fear each other or themselves.

The thing was done; hope slain.

They, the mourners, might now meet in safety to talk together over the dead—suffer together among the graves of common memories, sadly tracing, reverently marking with epitaphs appropriate the tombs which held the dead days of their youth.

Youth believes; Age is the skeptic. So they did not know that, as Nature abhors a vacuum, youth cannot long tolerate the vacuity of grief. Rose-vines, cut to the roots, climb the higher. No checking ever killed a passion. Just now her inexperience was driving her into platitudes.

"Dear Garry," she said gently, "it is such happiness to talk to you like this; to know that you understand."

There is a regulation forbidding prisoners to converse upon the subject of their misdemeanors, but neither he nor she seemed to be aware of it.

Moreover, she was truly convinced that no nun in cloister was as hopelessly certain of safety from world and flesh and devil as was her heart and its meditations, under the ægis of admitted wedlock.

She looked down at the ring she wore, and a faint shiver passed over her.

"You are going to Mrs. Ascott?"

"Yes, to make her a Trianon and a smirking little park. I can't quarrel with my bread and butter, but I wish people would let these woods alone."

She sat very still and thoughtful, hands clasped on her knee.

"So you are going to Mrs. Ascott," she repeated. And, still thoughtful: "I am so fond of Alida Ascott. . . . She is very pretty, isn't she?"

"Very," he said absently.

"Don't you think so?"—warmly.

"I never met her but once."

She was considering him, the knuckle of one forefinger resting against her chin in an almost childish attitude of thoughtful perplexity.

"How long are you to remain there, Garry?"

"Where?"—coming out of abstraction.

"There—at Mrs. Ascott's?"

"Oh, I don't know—a month, I suppose."

"Not longer?"

"I can't tell, Shiela."

Young Mrs. Malcourt fell silent, eyes on the ground, one knee loosely crossed over the other, and her small foot swinging gently above its shadow on the gravel.

Some details in the eternal scheme of things were troubling her already; for one, the liberty of this man to come and go at will, and the dawning perception of her own chaining.

It was curious, too, to be sitting here so idly beside him, and realize that she had belonged to him so absolutely—remembering the thousand thrilling intimacies that bound them immortally together—and now to be actually so isolated, so beyond his reach, so alone, so miserably certain of her soul's safety! . . . And now, for the first time, she missed the pleasures of fear—the exquisite trepidation that lay in unsafety—the blessed thrill of peril warning her to avoid his eyes, his touch, his—yes, his lips.

She glanced uneasily at him, a slow side gaze, and met his eyes.

Her heart had begun beating faster; a glow grew in her veins; she closed her eyes, sitting there surprised—not yet frightened.

Time throbbed on; rigid, motionless, she endured the pulsing silence while the blood quickened till body and limbs seemed burning, and suddenly from heart to throat the tension tightened as though a cry, echoing within her, was being strangled.

"Perhaps you had better—go ——" she managed to say.

"Why?"

She looked down at her restless fingers interlacing, too confused to be actually afraid of herself or him.

What was there to fear? What occult uneasiness was haunting them? Where might lie any peril now? How could the battle begin again when all was quiet along the firing line—quiet with the quiet of death? Do dead memories surge up into furies? Can dead hopes burn again? Is there any resurrection for the insurgent passions of the past laid forever under the ban of wedlock? The fear within her turned to impatience—to a proud incredulity.

Of the degradation of love she had now learned a little—enough to be aware of it, coldly aloof from curiosity concerning it. To her it remained an incomprehensible truth—an abstract fact, foreign to the understanding, and which could never concern the little world in which she lived, nor touch her interest even indirectly.

To her it was not even lawless, not even shameful; only something indefinitely disagreeable which hovered over the distant tragedies of that outer world of people which to her was as far away as the burned-out stars.

And now she felt the calm reaction as though, unbidden, an ugly dream, passing, had shadowed her unawakened senses for a moment and passed away.

As long as they lived there was nothing to be done. Endurance could cease only with death. What was there to fear? she asked herself, waiting half contemptuously for an answer. But her unknown self had now subsided into the obscurity from whence it rose. The Phantom of the Future was laid.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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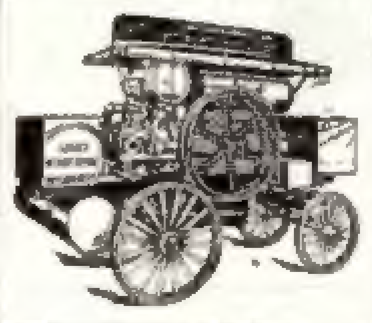

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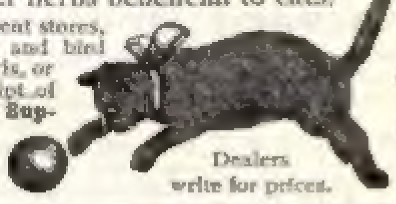

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